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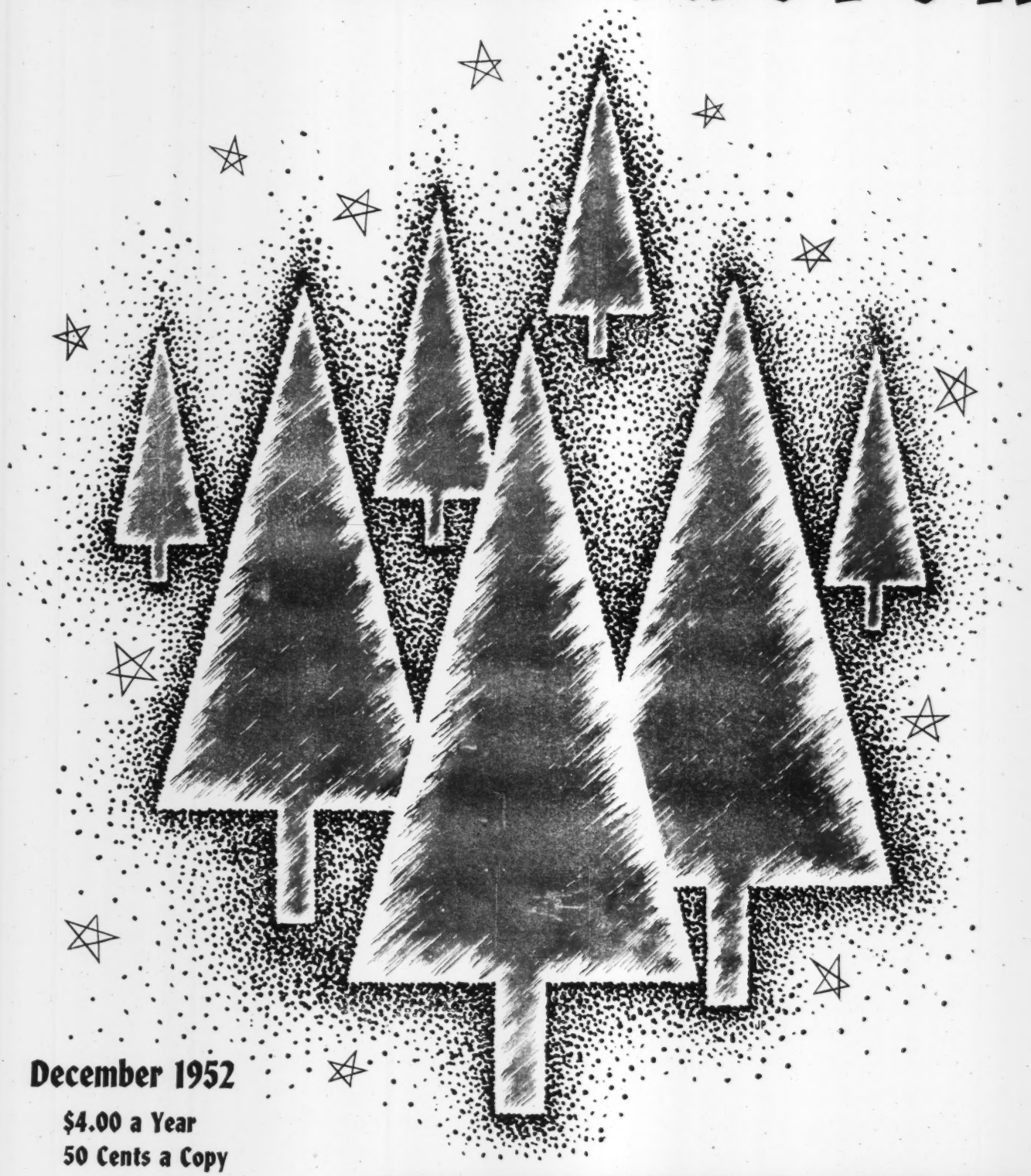

December 1952

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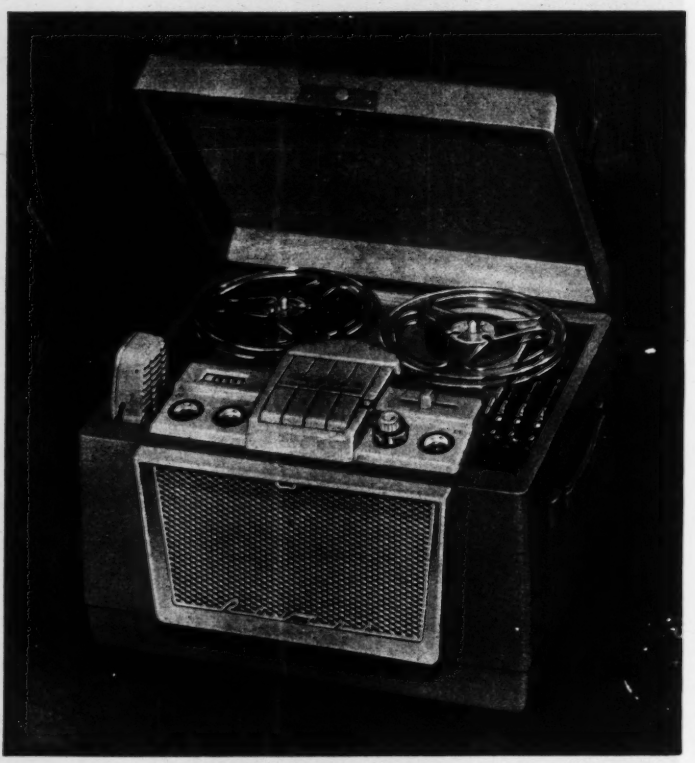

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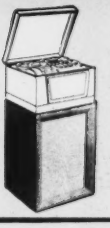

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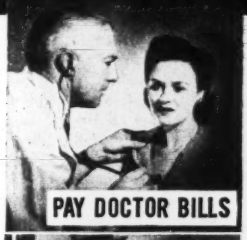

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Husband or wife's employment..... Salary per month $.....

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Amount you owe bank? $..... Monthly payments? $.....

What security on bank loan?.....

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$.....	$.....	.....	.....
$.....	$.....	.....	.....
$.....	$.....	.....	.....

FILE INFORMATION ONLY — Please list below relative information for our confidential files

Name of Relative..... (Relationship).....
Street..... Town..... State..... Occup.....

Name of Relative..... (Relationship).....
Street..... Town..... State..... Occup.....

Name of Relative..... (Relationship).....
Street..... Town..... State..... Occup.....

Name of Relative..... (Relationship).....
Street..... Town..... State..... Occup.....

The above statements are made for the purpose of securing a loan. I agree that if any loan be completed, the U.S. Mail shall be regarded as my agent.

Sign Full Name Here _____ Street Address.....

Town..... County..... State.....

NOTE

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Default in the payment of any instalment of the principal or charges, or either, shall at payee's option, without notice, render the then unpaid balance due and payable.

It is agreed that the validity and construction of this note shall be determined under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Nebraska.

This note and any evidence of security accompanying it are subject to acceptance by the payee at its office located as shown above. It is understood that if the loan is not approved, this note and any evidence of security accompanying it will be promptly returned to the undersigned.

NO PRINCIPAL PAYMENTS REQUIRED DURING MONTHS IN WHICH TEACHING SALARY IS NOT RECEIVED.

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_____

_____

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25th Year Serving Teachers coast-to-coast.

Talking It Over-

Friendly Chats with the Editor

I HOPE that "Merry Christmas to You" rings from every page of your *Instructor*. Last year the Christmas issue surprised (maybe "overwhelmed" is the word) us with its popularity, so when we started to plan this year, we took a big gulp and said, "It had better be good or else!" *Instructor* fans know that the Christmas issue is different from the others—no units or articles, but more stories, twice as many plays, verse, and songs, and double the amount of handwork. Everyone has to pitch in on December and work like the dickens—but right at this point we feel pretty satisfied. How did we do?

Early in September, when you were starting school, we decided to put the lovely Fra Angelico and Fra Filippo Lippi "Adoration of the Magi," chosen for the cover, on an inside page (p. 25), and create our own cover. *Margaret Mason* conferred with *Else Bartlett* and *Skip Palmer*, and Else produced the first draft of the present cover. Skip left it on his drawing board for a week or two, giving it an eye now and then. Finally he executed it as you see it here. If you look closely enough, you will find his initials. He selected a special type for the page—Valiant by name—artistic lettering done by a Dutch craftsman. Although on page 24 *Harriet Garrels* talks about "Adoration of the Magi," I think that the cover, too, would make the basis of a fine discussion on arrangement and values.

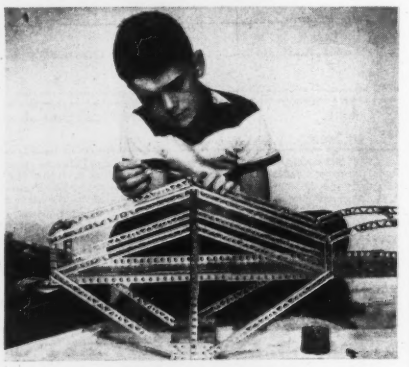
Several weeks ago I took the night train to New York City to see Irene Cypher, *who as you know reviews filmstrips for us. The name Cypher seems to be to the audio-visual field what Heinz is to pickles. The reason for my trip was a special audio-visual supplement for our January issue. Irene agreed to serve as special editor for the supplement, and then and there we outlined the topics to be included. Many outstanding specialists in the A-V field are going to write articles for us, and the emphasis will be on practical A-V suggestions for your school and your classroom. Watch for it in January!*

It isn't often that I get around to talking about a book in this column but here's an exception. When we received Petunia's Christmas *by Roger Duvoisin (Knopf) we fell in love with it immediately. It's a tender love story, with a jolly flavor, about a goose's efforts to save a neighboring gander from the hatchet. The story is climaxed by Charles' and Petunia's marriage. The illustrations are priceless, especially that of the happy couple as they leave the farmer's house, and the gay four-color spread of the wedding reception. It's a Christmas story, but children will love it at any season of the year.*

In last year's mailbag there were many requests from teachers for information to pass on to parents about educational toys that they could buy for their children. So this year we have included, on pages 81 and 82, a description of gifts with a purpose, a tested selection that you can recommend with pride. (One of these toys is holding the attention of a lucky youngster in the picture below.) You may like to distribute a recommended list at your November or December PTA or Mothers' Club meeting.

When Christmas dawns in your homes all over America, Betty Noon *and I will be halfway through our Christmas celebration, for we will be in Nairobi, East Africa, with her brother and his family. But our thoughts will easily stretch across half the world and we will be wishing all of you a happy and joyous Christmas Day. And to our Jewish friends we say in reverence that we are all worshipers of one God. Surely our differences are few, especially during this holiday season of both faiths. Peace and good will to you!*

Mary E. Dwen



Club Exchange

THIS free service is open to elementary-school teachers and pupils. Reply to any of the notices given here by mailing your answers directly to the teacher whose address is given; or send us a notice of your own, mentioning some point of interest in your locality. All letters received during the six weeks following publication of your notice should be answered. Items should give complete addresses, and be signed by the teachers themselves. Send them early, addressed to: Club Exchange, THE INSTRUCTOR, *Dansville, N.Y. We are unable to supply names of individual pen pals.*

California.—Mrs. Faye Wills and her sixth-grade class are eager to exchange letters and souvenirs with other classes anywhere in the world. We live near Los Angeles and the Pacific Coast in a large oil district. Other prominent industries are dairying and aviation work, including aircraft factories and flying schools. We shall gladly send souvenirs of these industries to our pen pals and we shall arrange souvenirs from them in a public display. Address mail to: Mrs. Faye Wills, c/o May Thompson School, Bellflower, California.

California.—My sixth-graders and I should like to exchange letters and ideas with other pupils of schools in the United States and its territories. We are located in scenic southern California in the metropolitan area of Los Angeles. Address correspondence to: Mr. Laurence Knudsen, 836 N. Hoover Ave., Whittier, California.

Connecticut.—Boys and girls in my fifth grade and I desire to exchange letters with pupils and teachers in Texas, Florida, California, and United States possessions. We are interested in exchanging stamps, friendly correspondence, and snapshots. Milford is a pretty New England community situated between Bridgeport and New Haven. It was founded in 1639. Address mail to: Mr. Frederic G. Sobanik, Kay Avenue School, Milford, Connecticut.

Delaware.—Mrs. M. E. Dunning and pupils of grades five to eight welcome new and old pen pals in the United States and across the sea—especially across the sea. We will gladly exchange products and souvenirs as well as letters. May we hear from you? Address all correspondence to: Mrs. M. E. Dunning, Cheswold School No. 143, Cheswold, Delaware.

Illinois.—My seventh- and eighth-grade pupils would like to exchange letters, school materials, and ideas with other schools in the United States, our possessions, and other countries. We live in "Little Egypt," or southern Illinois. Address all correspondence to: Mrs. Grace Jackson, Alma School, Alma, Illinois.

Illinois.—My fourth-grade pupils and I are interested in exchanging lettters, photographs, ideas, program materials, stamps, Indian legends of Alton, and products with other pupils and teachers of the United States and foreign countries. We are located on the Mississippi River twenty-six miles north of St. Louis, Mo. Alton itself is a manufacturing city. Farming and fruit raising are carried on in the rural area. Address all correspondence to: Mrs. William Burt, 121 West Elm St., McKinley School, Alton, Illinois.

Iowa.—My rural pupils and I would like to exchange letters and picture post cards of state capitals with other schools. We live in the corn belt about fifty miles from Omaha. Address mail to: Miss Lucille Bailey, Griswold, Iowa.

Michigan.—The children of Eden Rural School would like to exchange letters, school materials, and ideas with other schools in the United States and foreign countries. We live twelve miles south of our capital city, Lansing, and are near fields of peppermint and of onions. Address all mail to: Mrs. Louis Lori, Eden School, Eden, Michigan.

Minnesota.—My sixth-grade pupils wish to exchange letters and pictures with pupils of other schools in the United States and foreign countries. Ada is in the Red River Valley. Our important products are potatoes, wheat, and sugar beets. Address all mail to: Mr. Ray Brooks, Ada Grade School, Ada, Minnesota.

New York.—My sixth grade is interested in corresponding with other sixth-graders throughout the country. We live in a fine residential and farming area near Buffalo and Lake Erie. East Aurora was the home of Elbert Hubbard and his famous Roycroft publishers. Address all correspondence to: Mr. W. H. Posner, South Side Elementary School, East Aurora, New York.

North Dakota.—My pupils, grades five to eight, and I should like to exchange letters, souvenirs, ideas, and local information with pupils and teachers anywhere in the United States and foreign countries. We live in the Williston Basin where oil was discovered, and are not far from the Garrison Dam, the largest earth dam in the world. Farming, ranching, and coal mining are our chief occupations. Address all mail to: Mrs. Florence Porsborg, Judson, North Dakota.

Ohio.—My fifth-grade pupils and I should like to exchange letters with school children and teachers from other states and foreign countries. Address correspondence to: Mrs. Charles Zeigler, Jr., R.D. 3, Box 13, Swanton, Ohio.

Vermont.—My fifth-grade pupils and I should like to correspond with children and teachers of other schools in the United States and its territories. Our class has a Hobby Club. We are making a collection of postmarks and we pin-point the location of each on a map. We should be glad to contribute to your collections or hobbies. Address all mail to: Mrs. Gladys H. Seaver, Rural Route 1, Essex Junction, Vermont.

FULL COLOR FILMSTRIPS

Transportation affects our very lives. It affects our food, our clothing, our shelter, our work, and our way of living. This series of nine FULL COLOR FILMSTRIPS shows how the development of civilization parallels the development of transportation. The entire story of transportation from the earliest primitive stages to the most modern forms is developed and depicted.

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THE RAILROAD IN TRANSPORTATION
TRANSPORTATION IN THE AIR
MODERN LAND TRANSPORTATION

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BRINGS YOU TEN FULL COLOR FILMSTRIPS FOR ONLY $25.00 Per Set

Each set includes 10 FULL COLOR FILMSTRIPS, containing at least 250 full color pictures.

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3. Members may select one additional set free of charge when they have paid for any three sets within a year. Members also get a single bonus filmstrip in each package.

SOLD BY LEADING AUDIO-VISUAL DEALERS EVERYWHERE

---MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!---
FOR PREVIEW SET

Gentlemen:

☐ Please enroll our school as a member of the EYE GATE FILMSTRIP CLUB PLAN. Send enrollment blank and descriptive literature.
☐ Kindly send the filmstrips set titled "THE STORY OF TRANSPORTATION." It is understood that this set may be returned within 10 days if not fully satisfied.
☐ Kindly send FREE the new fully illustrated 1952-1953 edition of the EYE GATE FILMSTRIP CATALOG.

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Everyone in Your Class
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Attractive 12 page *Sani-Flush* booklet on Science of Bathroom Sanitation and Septic Tank Action.

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Please send me copies (specify number wanted) of your free Bathroom Booklet.
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America's Best Source of Supplies for Vocational Education and Crafts Classes
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COMPLETE STOCK
Everything from Beginners' Kits of READY CUT projects, to supplies and leathers for advanced hobbyists.
HIGHEST QUALITY
All materials, moderately-priced tooling leathers, calf-skin, etc., top quality.
Write today for FREE CATALOG
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Our established policy is to ship orders the same day we receive them.
J. C. LARSON COMPANY
820 S. Tripp Ave., Dept. 2515, Chicago 24, Ill.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN "GUIDE"
A New "G & S" Production "Study Guide" by Warren Lee Terry. Uses *Pinafore* as example. Tells "How To Cast," "How To Rehearse," "How To Handle Production," THINGS TO REMEMBER. Send $1.00 to Choral & Organ Enterprises, 166 W. 48th, New York 36, N.Y.

PERSONAL MEMO PADS
"From the desk of" (Your Name) on 20-lb. Bond paper. An ideal gift for business or personal use. 5 Pads of 50, $3; 20 Pads, $7.50. (4½" x 6¾" sheets). Print name plainly. Prepaid orders sent postpaid.
BRAYER PRESS, 51 Lenox, Rochester 11, N. Y.

Books for Children

REVIEWED BY Christine Gilbert
Director of Curriculum and Public Relations, Public Schools, Manhasset, Long Island, New York

Six New Christmas Books

CHRISTMAS IN THE BARN
By Margaret Wise Brown
In lovely rhythmic prose and beautiful pictures by Barbara Cooney the story of the Nativity is presented very simply and very effectively.
Ages 3–6 — *Thomas Y. Crowell; $1.75*

SANTA CLAUS BOOK
By Kathryn Jackson
This "Big Golden Book" is an anthology of forty-three Christmas stories and poems for children, colorfully illustrated by Retta Worcester. While it is not a book of supreme importance, many teachers will find it very useful in their classrooms.
Ages 5–9 — *Simon & Schuster; $1.50*

THE SANTA CLAUS BEARS
Written and illustrated by Dorothy Sherrill
Roly and Poly were Teddy bears and acted as Santa's helpers. One Christmas Eve they fell from Santa's sleigh and found that they could do much to help make Christmas merry for all the birds and animals.
Ages 2–6 — *Thomas Y. Crowell; $1.50*

PETUNIA'S CHRISTMAS
Text and pictures by Roger Duvoisin
Petunia the goose is rapidly becoming a personality in children's literature, and in her latest adventure she tries to rescue Charles the gander from the sorry fate of being sold for twenty pounds of Christmas meat.
Ages 4–8 — *Alfred A. Knopf; $2.00*

A MONTH OF CHRISTMASES
By Siddie Joe Johnson; illustrated by Henrietta Jones Moon
Milla and John spent many happy December days with their aunt and uncle in Fredericksburg, Texas. Here they learned to appreciate the Old World traditions and customs their aunt and uncle had brought from Germany.
Ages 8–12 — *Longmans, Green & Co.; $2.50*

SNOWFLAKE
By Dorothy Childs Hogner; pictures by Nils Hogner
Dasher, or Snowflake as he was called by the other reindeer, wanted to help pull Santa's sleigh but wandered off and had an exciting adventure all by himself.
Ages 6–10 — *Oxford University Press; $1.75*

Other Books

MARKET-DAY FOR TI ANDRE
By Maia Rodman
Going to market in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, was very exciting to Ti André, for it was his first trip outside his native village. As Ti André absorbs the fascinating experiences of the colorful and teeming market, the reader gets the picture of the life and customs of this West Indian island community. The illustrations are by Wilson Bigaud.
Ages 6–10 — *The Viking Press; $2.00*

APE IN A CAPE
By Fritz Eichenberg
In recent years we have had few good alphabet books, so this refreshing and original ABC book will find a ready market. The rhymed alphabet will appeal to many children.
Ages 4–6 — *Harcourt, Brace & Co.; $2.00*

YOUR TELEPHONE AND HOW IT WORKS
By Herman and Nina Schneider; pictures by Jeanne Bendick
This book explains the working of the telephone: how sound vibrations are carried, how the dial works without the operators, and how the new ship-to-shore, radio-to-tower, and other "telephones that travel" work.
Ages 8–14 — *Whittlesey House; $2.00*

GIVE AN
Esterbrook®
FOUNTAIN PEN

This Christmas, give an Esterbrook —the gift of easier, smoother writing. This fountain pen is certain to please because the user may select the right point for the way he writes, or for his own particular writing job.

POCKET SET
There's an Esterbrook Push-Pencil to match the pocket pen you select. Just push the cap for a new point. Holds 12 sticks of lead.

The pen with the right point for easy writing

(ONLY A FEW OF THE MORE POPULAR POINT STYLES SHOWN)

TO SELECT OR REPLACE . . . HERE'S ALL YOU DO

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FOUNTAIN PEN
ESTERBROOK—AMERICA'S PEN NAME SINCE 1858

Books for Teachers

REVIEWED BY Ruth M. Northway
Elementary Principal, Central School, Springville, New York

School Texts

YOUR COUNTRY AND THE WORLD
By Robert M. Glendinning
YOUR LIFE AS A CITIZEN
By Harriet Fullen Smith
These additions to the Tiegs-Adams Social-Studies Series follow its standards of readability, excellent organization, and carefully selected photographs. There are maps in color and black and white, study questions, and, at the end of each chapter, a variety of references. *Ginn & Co.; $3.72 each*

OUR NUMBER WORKSHOP, BOOK 1 and BOOK 2
By Hartung, Van Engen, and Mahoney
Part of the Curriculum Foundation Series, these books include the provision of adequate independent work, elimination of time-consuming pasting and coloring, simple response symbols, and the use of color in a functional, rather than a merely decorative, way. Full directions are included on each page. *Scott, Foresman & Co.; $.56 and $.60*

THE ROBIN HOOD STORIES
Adapted by William Kottmeyer
This is one of five books in the Junior Everyreader Series, of high interest and low difficulty, written on third-grade reading level for children between the ages of 8 and 13. With this approach, each pupil may read materials he likes, not "baby" books that insult his pride. Thus these children have a second chance to grow in reading ability, to gain new status with their classmates, and to rekindle their interest in reading. *Webster Pub. Co.; $.99*

CAPITOL HILL
By Desider Holisher and Graham Beckel
This is the story of Congress, with 100 photographs accompanied by text. Picture topics include Congress at work, historical art of the Capitol, the process of lawmaking, and a tour of the various departments of government. *Henry Schuman, Inc.; $3.00*

Professional Books

SELF-EXPRESSION THROUGH ART
By Elizabeth Harrison
In this book the author demonstrates the purpose of creative art teaching and its importance in today's curriculum. Contents include how to evaluate a child's picture, how to plan a comprehensive art program, and activities for the art period. Color illustrations add interest. A bibliography is included. *Charles A. Bennett Co.; $4.00*

FREE AND INEXPENSIVE LEARNING MATERIALS
Division of Surveys and Field Services, George Peabody College
The fifth edition of this booklet contains 2521 entries classified under 270 headings. Each publication has been judged for accuracy, timeliness, clarity, and objectivity. This booklet is an invaluable source for teaching materials at all grade levels. *The College, Nashville, Tenn.; $1.00*

YOUR CHILDREN'S MANNERS
By Rhoda W. Bacmeister
HELPING CHILDREN UNDERSTAND SEX
By Lester Kirkendall
A GUIDE FOR CHILD-STUDY GROUPS
By Ethel Kawin
These booklets discuss important problems which face parents, teachers, and leaders of children today. Each booklet is simply written and cleverly illustrated with interesting line drawings. *Science Research Associates, 57 West Grand Ave., Chicago 10; $.40 each*

THE BOOK OF GAMES
By C. S. Ripley
This is a comprehensive, up-to-date manual of group games and entertainment for boys and girls from the age of seven through the teens. Games suitable for indoors and out-of-doors, contests and tournaments as well as stunts, magic tricks, and puzzles are fully explained. One section gives excellent advice to recreation and game leaders. *Association Press, 291 Broadway, New York 7; $3.00*

When all you need is

Stik-tack

Miracle Discs

- end tack and tape damage
- stick to any dry surface including metal, glass, wood, blackboards

Just press Stik-tack gently onto any surface. Then press whatever you're "pinning up" onto Stik-tack. Adhesive on both sides, Stik-tacks hold to any dry, clean surface. Can be used over and over again without damage to walls or woodwork. Ideal for mounting charts, drawing paper, student papers, cut-outs, maps. Enthusiastically acclaimed by schools and colleges throughout the country.

Order from your school supplier or use mail order form

Adhesive on both sides

School Pack
328 discs $1.00

THOMPSON'S Dept. I, 1299 Boylston St. Boston, Massachusetts

Please send ..... School Packs of STIK-TACKS (328 discs per pack) 1.00 each.

Send to: .....
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City ..... Zone ..... State .....
Your School .....

As advertised in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*...

Merry Christmas to all

FROM

The **All-Family Drink!**

COMMENDED by the CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU of PARENTS' MAGAZINE

"Fresh up" with Seven-Up... so pure, so good, so wholesome for everyone—including the tiniest tots!

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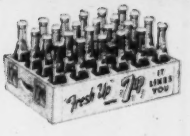
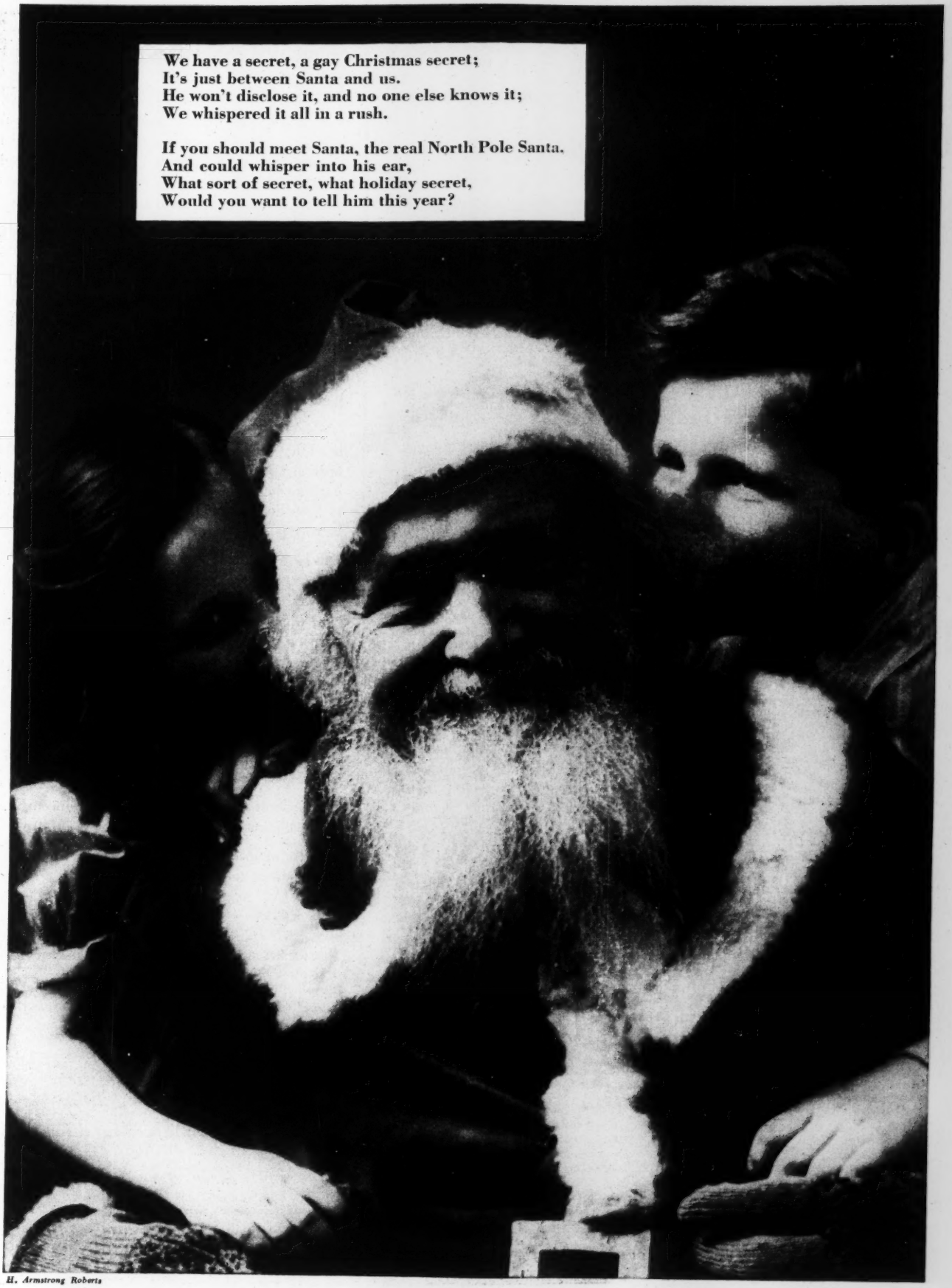
You like it... it likes you!



BUY 7-Up BY THE CASE FOR FAMILY AND GUESTS!

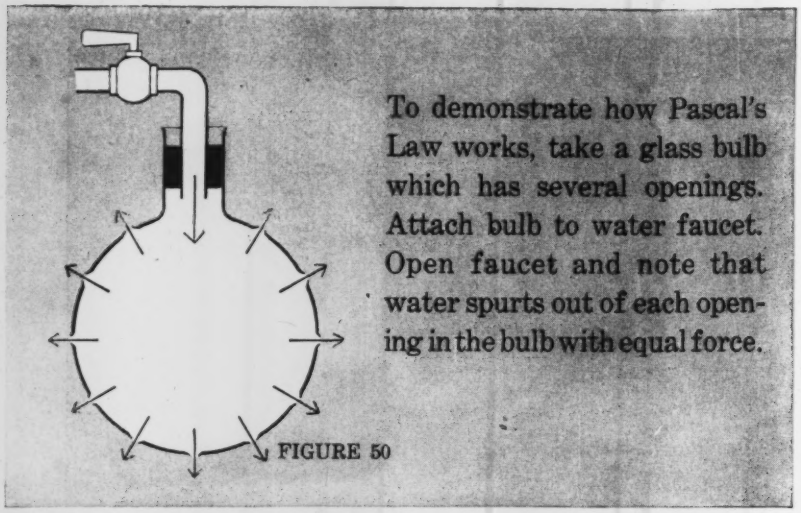
We have a secret, a gay Christmas secret;
It's just between Santa and us.
He won't disclose it, and no one else knows it;
We whispered it all in a rush.

If you should meet Santa, the real North Pole Santa,
And could whisper into his ear,
What sort of secret, what holiday secret,
Would you want to tell him this year?



H. Armstrong Roberts

From this 1653 idea IN YOUR PHYSICS BOOK



To demonstrate how Pascal's Law works, take a glass bulb which has several openings. Attach bulb to water faucet. Open faucet and note that water spurts out of each opening in the bulb with equal force.

FIGURE 50

comes the 1952 idea

OF "POWER STEERING" FOR YOUR FAMILY MOTORCAR

When you're asked to learn laws and principles and theories that date back often hundreds of years—you may think such study has very little practical point these days.

Why bother, for instance, to learn Pascal's Law, which the famous French scientist gave the world way back three hundred years ago? You know—the law that states: "Pressure applied to an enclosed fluid is transmitted equally in all directions without loss, and acts with equal force on all surfaces."

Well, our General Motors engineers will give you a mighty quick answer!

For the automatic devices which serve many purposes on a General Motors car—from lifting and lowering windows to equalizing brake pressure—are modern applications of Pascal's Law.

So are automatic transmission controls.

So is GM's "Power Steering."

GM's "Power Steering" is an automatic helping hand that saves four-fifths of the effort required for ordinary steering. Makes it easier for mother to park at the supermarket. Makes it easier for dad to keep his car under smooth and sure control as he travels a curve or a rough road.

And here is how it works: When the effort needed to turn the wheel gets beyond a certain point—a hydraulic valve opens. This admits oil under pressure which works an extra gear that helps turn the steering gear.

So—thanks to Pascal and the idea he gave the world way back in 1653—today's motorcars are even easier to drive.

All of which should make you think twice before you question the good that comes from having a solid knowledge of whatever science you're studying.

For General Motors—like all industry—needs well-trained scientists and engineers.

And training starts by knowing science and math—and knowing them "cold."

* * * * * * * * * * *

How GM Research Improved Power Steering—Here you see a General Motors engineer testing the benefits of "Power Steering" in a test car equipped with a special "steering effort" wheel that measures the force needed to steer a car under various road and traffic conditions.

* * * * * * * * * * *

NOTE TO TEACHERS: *Reprints of this advertisement, which appears in current issues of American Farm Youth, Scholastic Magazines and Boys' Life, are available upon request. Also in limited quantities the interesting booklet, "Power Primer" may be obtained free by writing General Motors, Department of Public Relations, 11-170-AA, Detroit 2, Michigan.*

Hear HENRY J. TAYLOR on the air every Monday evening over the ABC Network, coast to coast.

"More and Better Things for More People"

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE
GMC TRUCK & COACH • GM DIESEL • DELCO • UNITED MOTORS SERVICE • AC SPARK PLUGS

YOUR KEY TO GREATER VALUE—THE KEY TO A GENERAL MOTORS CAR

Fifty Years Ago
in the Normal Instructor

On December 21, 1902, the first radio message was sent and received. In the December *Normal Instructor*, "the largest automobile in the world" was announced—"a combine sixty feet long and thirty feet wide, that requires eight men to operate it."

"The perfect holiday gift—perfume in the newest odors—clovera, golden jasmine, goya lily, and violet dew."

"Draw on the blackboard a large Christmas tree and draw packages all over it. Give the children a chance to prepare the names of presents to go in the packages and learn to spell them. For example if Willie can spell jackknife, top, marbles, book, and gun, and the names of five children he has the privilege of labeling five packages."

From Sears Roebuck, for Christmas of 1902, a free-trial electric-belt offer. "Treat yourself to this alternating electric current belt that gives quick cure for more than 50 ailments. The only sure cure for all nervous diseases, weaknesses, and disorders. A completely sealed confidential catalog in a plain envelope on request."

"A delicate compliment is given to a bright young teacher when she is spoken of as an animated question mark."

Better than today's home permanents was the "new, improved, and permanent process of filling your teeth at home. Full directions and material for two fillings sent by mail for twenty-five cents."

"A command, like a punishment, should be only a last resort. Instead of saying 'Take out your slates,' 'Put up the readers,' and 'Stand,' try instead—'Let us take our slates,' 'The readers may be put away,' 'You may stand.'"

"A Christmas gift never to be forgotten—an adjustable exerciser for home exercise. Gives every motion, exercises every muscle from one position. Beautifully finished in box with artistic chart. $2.00 prepaid."

Christmas Wrappings

A Christmas Message from The Very Rev. Francis B. Sayre, Jr.

Dean of Washington Cathedral

It is said of Jesus' mother that when He was born she "wrapped him in swaddling clothes."

I have often wondered whether this is the reason why we wrap presents so carefully at Christmas. A little lad made me wonder all the more when I found him on Christmas Eve up to his ears in paper and ribbon, and his fingers inextricably welded to a mountain of shiny tape. "All this wrapping," he said ruefully, "just so Mother can rip it off again in the morning!"

That was logic. Of what use all the tinsel and flounces? But a deeper logic will soon discover that wrappings serve a wonderful purpose. Not simply that they lend surprise and mystery to the gift, but that as much as the present itself, they convey the thoughtful love of the giver. How bald a Christmas tree without its trimmings, and how prosaic the scarf for Mother apart from the awkward affectionate red bows on the box!

Sometimes I think the wrapping part is the best part of Christmas. Think of the joy and love with which Mary wrapped the Christ child and laid her holy present in the manger!

A great newspaper once asked a number of prominent people to describe their most memorable Christmas. In each case it was the surroundings that dramatized the meaning. The owner of a big restaurant in New York told of when he was a boy in northern Italy. It was so cold on Christmas that to keep warm the family had to move into the barn with the animals. "We had to be Christlike, whether we liked it or not," he told the paper.

Another person interviewed was a well-known movie actress. She remembered one time in Mexico when her parents were too poor to buy any presents at all. When she woke up on Christmas morn her grandfather had made a tree of cardboard, and the only decorations were little green Mexican peppers. "It was the happiest Christmas I ever had," she said.

As with human gifts the great gift of God at Christmastide is often revealed by the setting in which it is seen. Last year I received a Christmas card that stood out from the rest. It was a drawing by a Negro artist who happens to live in the town where I grew up. The picture shows the backside of that town—the tawdry slums, the ash cans, and vacant lots piled high with junk. Between two tumbledown shanties a sign is visible on a store across the street: "Do your Christmas shopping early." In the foreground, in a board shack, old and dirty and dripping with ice, are seen three figures huddled against the cold—Joseph, Mary, and the Baby. Beneath this scene are written the familiar words: "She brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger."

Here, in this powerful contrast between the miserable poverty of human life and the miraculous love of God, is the secret of Christmas. God does not wait for the world to be ready for His coming; He does not wait for us to become Christlike before giving us the present of the Christ child. He sends Him as He is, love divine, in humbleness and beauty, in forgiveness and sacrifice: the greatest gift that the world ever imagined to receive.

But each year God leaves the wrappings to us. Shall we clothe the Christ in the usual sentimental commercial hypocrisy or shall the garment be one of love and brotherhood in our thoughts and lives?

Francis B. Sayre, Jr.

THE KINDERGARTEN CHILD

Good Advice from Santa

MARY CLARK

PEGGY wondered and wondered. It seemed right, but then again it didn't. She thought she'd ask her kindergarten teacher, Miss Hale, but that would be letting her in on the secret. She thought she would ask her mummy but if she did it wouldn't be a surprise at all.

It started a week ago when she went to Mr. Frank's variety store around the corner for a spool of thread. Peggy liked Mr. Frank's store and wanted to stop to look at every counter.

The store was decorated for Christmas. First Peggy looked at the tinsel and pretty Christmas balls. There was an angel, too, with silver wings. Then she went to the toy section. Mr. Frank had a whole shelf of dolls, and the counter in front of it was loaded with all sorts of toys.

But when Peggy reached the dish and glass counter her eyes really popped. There was a candy dish for twenty-five cents—just the kind her mother wanted. And at the end of the counter was a dish for paper clips that Miss Hale needed for her desk and it was only twenty-five cents, too.

Peggy already had most of her other Christmas presents. Mother had helped her decorate a box for Daddy to hold his handkerchiefs. She was making a stuffed dog at school for Baby Brother. She had woven dish mats for Grandmother. If only she had two quarters she could buy the gifts for Mummy and Miss Hale.

On the way home Peggy thought a lot about this. She couldn't ask Mummy for money to buy her a present. In fact she didn't want to ask anyone. She wanted to do it by herself.

Then Peggy thought of her bank; why couldn't she shake two quarters out of it? It wouldn't be stealing; it was her own money. Still she wasn't sure it was right. Daddy and Mummy had never told her *not* to take money from her bank, but Peggy had never done so.

The next day Susy asked Peggy if she wanted to go downtown after school to Jackson's Department Store. Her mother was going to take her to see Santa Claus. Mummy said Peggy could go.

While Peggy was standing in line to see Santa Claus she got an idea. Why not ask Santa if it would be all right to take the money from her bank?

When it was her turn, Peggy whispered the whole story in Santa's ear.

"I don't know," he said. Then he thought a minute, and said, "Why not ask your daddy? He'll know if it's all right."

Of course that was the thing to do! Peggy wondered why she hadn't thought of it before.

That night Peggy dried the dishes for Mummy very quickly. Then while Mummy was finishing the pans she went to talk to Daddy. He was seated at his desk working on his account books, and Peggy climbed up on his knee and told him about the wonderful dishes at Mr. Frank's. Then she told him about her bank and what Santa had said.

"Why, Peggy," Daddy said, "I must have forgotten to give you your Christmas money! See, it's right here in my book. 'Two dollars for Peggy.'"

Peggy looked. Sure enough, there was money for Daddy to spend, money for Mummy to spend, and money for Peggy to spend. "But I only need fifty cents, Daddy," she said.

"Well, suppose I give you fifty cents now," Daddy said. "Then if you find you need more Christmas money you can ask me for it." He got out his wallet and handed two quarters to Peggy. "Don't lose them," he said.

"I won't," replied Peggy happily, and she ran upstairs to put the money away in her red pocketbook. Tomorrow she would make a trip to Mr. Frank's store.

Rhythms at Christmas Time

NO SEASON of the year suggests as many delightful rhythmic activities as Christmas. Almost any music can be applied to some fitting rhythmic pattern.

The children may want to be prancing reindeer ready to haul Santa's sleigh. They will love being jack-in-the-boxes, waddling ducks, loose-limbed clowns, or wound-up tractors and trucks ready to move as the music starts.

The girls will enjoy tiptoeing like Christmas fairies, and the boys can be rollicking elves. Mr. Santa coming down the chimney or staggering under his load of toys makes a good activity.

All kindergarten children enjoy being marching toy soldiers but they like quiet music too. Try having them rock their babies to "Away in a Manger." Play "Silent Night" to close your rhythmics with a rest period.

Use a variety of musical effects —drums for the toy soldiers, cymbals for the jack-in-the-boxes, and sleigh bells for the reindeer. Tinkling bells will inspire your fairies and elves.

Gingerbread Men *to Take Home*

MAKING gingerbread men at Christmas provides an opportunity for creative modeling.

If your group is sufficiently advanced you may want to mix the dough with them, choosing a simple recipe and making one batch of it right in the classroom. The remainder of the dough can be made after the children have gone home. Chill it in the school refrigerator overnight.

For less mature children use a prepared mix, having the children add sufficient water to make the proper consistency. (You will find directions on the box.)

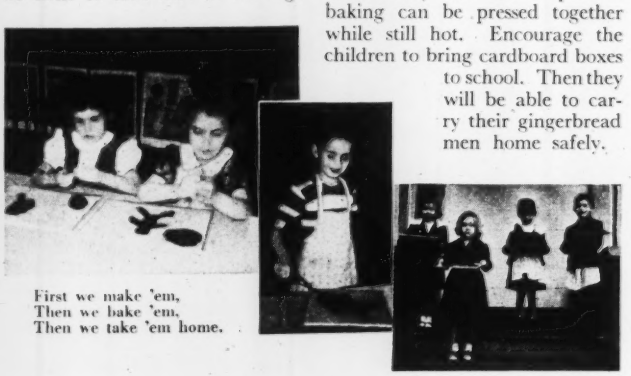
Let each child work on a scrubbed board, or right on the table if it has been washed in advance. The child has a small lump of dough, and molds his own gingerbread man to suit his own fancy.

Raisins and other decorations should be supplied. Originality will come to the fore as the children perfect their gingerbread men.

By using pancake turners, the children can help each other get the gingerbread men onto the greased cookie trays.

Some repair work may need to be done to take care of the legs that fall off. Each child should fasten his name on the pan near his gingerbread man for easy identification after they are baked.

You may want several mothers to assist in the baking. Remind them to loosen the gingerbread men as soon as they are out of the oven. Any that come apart in baking can be pressed together while still hot. Encourage the children to bring cardboard boxes to school. Then they will be able to carry their gingerbread men home safely.



First we make 'em,
Then we bake 'em,
Then we take 'em home.

The Little Red Cuckoo

Ruth E. Libbey

THE little red cuckoo wished and wished that he could stay awhile outside the old cuckoo clock. He wanted very much to get a good, l-o-n-g look at the family Christmas tree this year.

But the tiny brown door near the roof of the Cuckoo Clock always shoved him back in such a hurry.

The longest time he ever had out was when it was twelve o'clock. Then he was so busy bowing and singing "Cuckoo!" that he never saw half enough.

"Oh, I wish I could see the blue balls, silver stars, and candy canes closer," he sighed. "I'd like to see Bobby and Jane when they come in early Christmas morning. They'll be so happy when they see all their presents under the tree."

The day before Christmas the little red cuckoo leaned out farther and farther every time the tiny brown door popped open.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, when he sang "Cuckoo!" he saw a tin horn on the Christmas tree.

At two o'clock when he sang, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" he saw a drum and two drumsticks.

At three o'clock when he sang "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" a funny clown doll waved at him.

At four o'clock when he sang "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" he saw color books and crayons.

The room was dark except for a street light shining in.

At five o'clock when he sang "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" he saw two cowboy hats.

At six o'clock when he sang "Cuckoo!" six times, he saw a yellow dump truck.

At seven o'clock when he sang "Cuckoo!" seven times, a baby doll with blue eyes blinked at him.

At eight o'clock when he sang "Cuckoo!" eight times, he saw a wind-up music box.

At nine o'clock when he sang "Cuckoo!" nine times, he saw a cowboy suit.

At ten o'clock when he sang "Cuckoo!" ten times, he saw two pairs of roller skates.

At eleven o'clock when he sang "Cuckoo!" eleven times, he saw two long red stockings hanging in front of the fireplace.

At twelve o'clock the tiny brown door popped open. The little red cuckoo was so excited that he flippity-flopped, whirlity-whirled right out into the room. He didn't have time to see anything at all.

"Ouch! Ouch!" boomed a loud voice. "Clown Doll, did you throw anything at me?"

"Why, no! Santa, I wouldn't do that," grinned the clown doll.

"Well, something strange is happening around here," boomed Santa as he plumped himself down in a billowy chair. "Ouch-ity-OUCH!" he boomed again. "Something is sticking into me."

How Santa puffed as he leaned over and pulled off a shiny, black boot. Out tumbled the frightened red cuckoo. A piece of wire was fastened to the little wooden bird. It pricked Santa's leg when the cuckoo fell inside Santa's boot.

"So it's you, little red cuckoo," chuckled *(Continued on page 72)*

The Christmas Fairy

Verdie McMillen

"I WISH I could be a Christmas fairy," said Sally as she slipped into her warm brown coat. "But Christmas fairies are always dressed in white. I wish I had a soft white woolly coat. Then I could be a Christmas fairy. People would look at me and say, 'Hello, Little Christmas Fairy.' "

Sally wrinkled her turned-up nose and puckered her cherry-red lips. She looked at herself in the mirror as she pulled on her red cap. "I'm going to the grocery store to get a pound of cranberries and some peanuts for peanut brittle," she said. "A Christmas fairy would not be doing that, I'm sure. I wonder just what a Christmas fairy would do."

Sally went out the door and stood on the doorstep for a moment. She watched the soft white snowflakes flutter down like feathers. She felt them touch her eyelashes and the tip of her nose. She put out her red tongue and felt the cold snowflakes on it.

A sprig of holly broke from the wreath above her head and fell at her feet. She picked it up and carried it in her hand as she skipped along the street.

"Hello, Mrs. Mills," Sally called as she met a neighbor. "Don't you want this holly to pin on your coat?"

"Thank you, Sally. You must be a Christmas fairy," and Mrs. Mills smiled as she took the holly.

"But my coat is brown and my cap is red. A Christmas Fairy wears white. Maybe Mrs. Mills doesn't see very well," puzzled Sally as she skipped along.

In the next block she met Mr. Baker carrying a bag of groceries in one arm and a tiny Christmas tree in the other. "Hello, Sally," he said. "Could you hold this tree a minute while I change these groceries to my other arm?"

"Oh, yes." Sally held the tree in front of her. "It's a cute baby tree, isn't it?" she said admiringly.

As Mr. Baker walked on down the street he said, "Thank you, Little Christmas Fairy."

There it was again. "Christmas Fairy!" Sally couldn't understand it.

As Sally came around the corner close to the grocery store she saw Billy Banks slip on a piece of ice. As he fell, his bag of groceries came open. Oranges, celery, nuts, and cans of milk rolled about him.

"Are you hurt, Billy?" Sally asked as she ran up to him.

"No, not a bit," he answered.

The two children ran about picking up rolling cans and oranges.

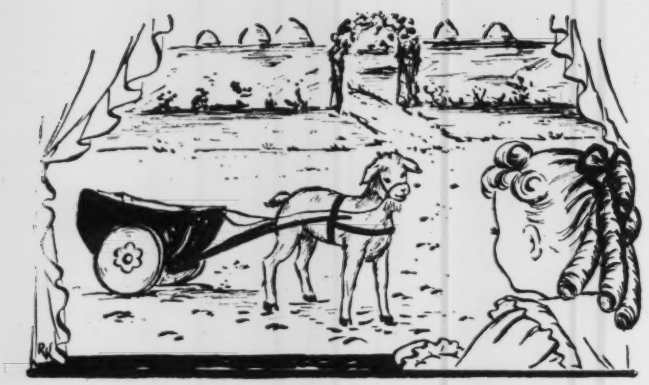
"Watch your step, Billy," called a friend. "There aren't Christmas fairies to help you pick things up on every corner."

"People say the queerest things today," Sally was thinking as she went into the store. She bought her cranberries and peanuts and started home.

As she walked by Mr. Baker's house, she stopped to watch a brown squirrel frisking about in a large pine tree. An evergreen branch tapped her red cap. Thousands of pine needles shook their snow blankets over her.

"Oh, dear me! I'm covered with snow." She was laughing and wiping the snow from her face. "Maybe I look a little like a fairy now!"

Then she noticed how close the squirrel *(Continued on page 73)*



What Kitty-Byrd Wanted

Sarah Grames Clark

KITTY-BYRD is the name of a little American girl who lived in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. That is, she lived there Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. But late on Friday afternoons she went with her father and mother to visit her grandmother who lived high up in the Organ Mountains.

It was not very far from Kitty-Byrd's house to her grandmother's, but it took a long time to get there because the mountains were so steep. Kitty-Byrd thought it great fun to go up the mountain in the little train with its green cars. The engine burned wood and made lots of smoke!

When the train reached the place where the mountains went straight up into the clouds, it stopped to wait for help. Strong, hump-backed engines would come puffing up. They were built high in back and low in front, to keep their water boilers level, and they looked as though they were all humped over, ready to play leapfrog. These little engines tooted and puffed and huffed, while everybody waited for the train to be taken up in sections. When everything was ready, two cars were pushed to the top—then two more cars—then two more! At last, all the cars would be in line again. Then another engine would come to pull the train proudly into the Petropolis station.

Next Kitty-Byrd and her parents climbed into an open carriage and rode clippity-clop over the cobblestones until they came to the high iron gate of Grandmother's garden.

Then Kitty-Byrd was the happiest little girl in all Brazil! Her feet flew over the cool green grass as she went first to say "Hello" to the goldfish in the garden pool and next through the white gate to visit her little yellow ducks. Then she would dance along to her playhouse. When she had lifted the latch she welcomed herself by saying, "Come right in. I'm so glad you're back and I wish you'd never have to go away again!" Later, she would join her grandmother, mother, and daddy on the terrace for tea.

One day she surprised everybody, even herself, by asking, "Do you suppose Santa Claus ever brings goats for Christmas?"

"Goats?" asked Grandmother and Mother and Daddy all in one breath.

"Yes, and goat carts to ride in, like the ones down in the park."

"And where could we ever keep a goat?" her mother asked.

"Right here in Grandmother's garden!"

"A goat—my, my!" Grandmother said slowly. "Perhaps we *could* keep him in the shed back of the laundry and Pedro could take care of him. Your daddy had a goat right in this same garden when he was a little boy!"

"Ohhhh, goody! Please write to Santa right now. I want to say, 'Dear Santa, do you have a white goat I could have for Christmas? Please bring it to Grandmother's house where we always have our tree. Thank you and a kiss, Kitty-Byrd. P.S. A red cart to ride in too, Santa, please.'"

"Goats are quite a problem," her father told her as they went hand in hand to the post office, where Kitty-Byrd reached very high to mail her letter.

"How will Santa ever manage a goat in a sleighful of toys?"

"Santa manages some pretty big things," Daddy grinned.

"Yes—but goats are *alive*—ohhhh, Daddy!" Kitty-Byrd's blue eyes widened. "I never said in my letter that I wanted a *live* goat. Maybe he'll think I want just a stuffed one like my Teddy bear and my giraffe!"

"But you told him about the red cart to ride in. He'd know a little stuffed goat couldn't pull a red cart."

Kitty-Byrd felt better but she still wondered about a toy goat.

On Christmas morning, just as the first sunbeam peeked into her window, Kitty-Byrd woke up. She listened a minute, but nobody seemed to be up.

"But I do think I hear a goat," she said to her favorite doll, Bonita, who had been sleeping under her knee all night. "Let's look!"

The glass doorknob with pictures of roses in it turned very hard, but she finally got the heavy door open. As she stooped to pick up Bonita, slam went the door—and there she was back in the room again! But the slam woke up Grandmother and Mother and Daddy and they all came to wish her a Merry Christmas! Then she ran down the long hall to the kitchen wing, the ruffles of her pink nightgown floating out behind her like fancy wings!

"Come! Come, everybody! Come to the dining room to have our merry Christmas all together!" Little roly-poly Edwina took so long to put on her white apron and Sara to set her cap straight, and Grandmother to get a warm shawl, that Kitty-Byrd couldn't wait any longer. "Hurry, everybody," she called, and led the procession into the dining room.

Suddenly, Kitty-Byrd stopped! She looked at the glittering tree and at the gay bundles and the toys on the floor underneath the tree. She looked longest at one particular toy—a small stuffed animal with horns, hitched to a tiny red cart. Then she asked in a teary voice, "Is *that* my Christmas goat?" *(Continued on page 80)*

Santa Needed Help

Gladys Brierly Ashour

PETEY sat at his little maple desk, bent over the blank sheet of writing paper in front of him. He was writing to Santa Claus. His older brother, Paul, had done it for him other years. But now Petey was in the third grade and could write neatly himself. He dipped his pen in the ink bottle and began: "Dear Santa—"

"Oh, dear," thought Petey, "I don't know how to spell *bicycle*."

Just then, Paul looked in the bedroom door. "Don't you think a pencil would be better?" he asked.

"Oh, I couldn't write to someone special like Santa with a pencil!" Petey protested. "When you wrote to thank Aunt Jane for Boots, Mother said it was only courteous to use a pen."

Boots, the kitten, who had been sleeping on Petey's rug, opened his agate eyes and stretched first his white front paws and then his white back paws. Then, he began washing his black middle.

"Do you think I'm big enough for a bicycle this year?" Petey asked.

"Oh, I don't know," said Paul. "What's the matter with your three-wheeler?"

At that moment Boots jumped and landed right on top of the ink bottle on the desk. The bottle shot to the floor with a splash. Boots jumped to the floor too and hid under the bed.

"I'll wipe it up," said Paul. "But you will have to start another letter."

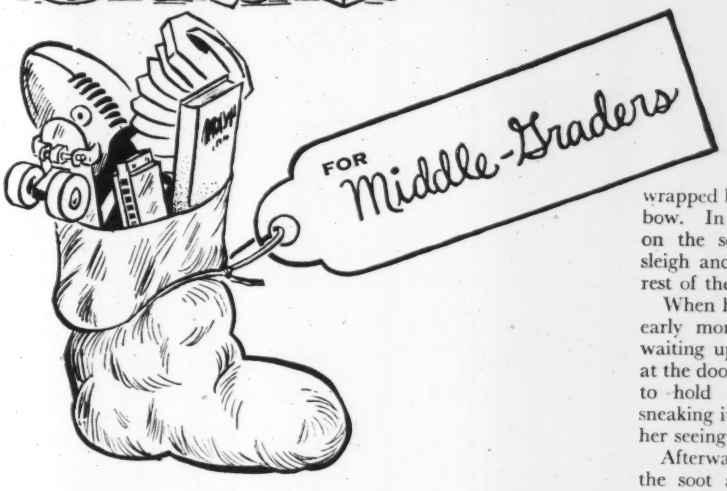
As he helped Petey clean the ink from the linoleum, Paul said, "Why don't we just go down to Reynolds' Department Store and tell Santa Claus what you want. Tomorrow is Saturday."

The next afternoon Paul and Petey went to town. They got off the bus and walked slowly along the street, looking in the windows of the shops they passed.

Suddenly Paul nudged his brother. "Look over there," he whispered, "with their noses against that window."

"It's Bennie and Debbie," Pete whispered back, "the children who came to live with Mr. Glazier, the shoe-repair man."

Debbie's eyes were shining. "That doll," she said. "I like it, oh, I like it." *(Continued on page 66)*



Mrs. Santa's Riddle

Ida Tyson Wagner

MRS. SANTA knew just what she wanted for Christmas. She had seen it while thumbing through the mail-order catalogue. Besides being useful, it would look pretty on the kitchen shelf.

"I'll tell Santa," she said. Only instead of telling him outright, Mrs. Santa decided to make a riddle out of it. (Santa Claus loves riddles.)

So the following morning at the breakfast table she said, "For Christmas I want something sweet and brown that runs."

Santa, busy spooning oatmeal into his cherry-red mouth, looked up. "Hmmm, let me think." He twinkled his blue eyes and went on eating. This was going to be fun. Hmmm, hmmm, what could it be? Suddenly, lifting his snowy eyebrows very high, he exclaimed, "I know, a brown puppy dog!" For he couldn't think of anything else that was sweet and brown that ran.

Mrs. Santa laughed till all her silvery curls were bobbing. "No, guess again," she said, removing the empty bowl so he could help himself to a stack of hot cakes. Once they were yellow with butter, Santa dribbled syrup all over them. The syrup, Mrs. Santa's favorite kind, was in a little brown jug. All the time Santa ate, he kept thinking about the riddle.

Finally just as he finished the last hot cake, which took the very last drop of syrup, he looked long and hard at the little brown jug and smiled. Wasn't it brown, and wasn't syrup sweet and didn't it run? The jug was empty, too.

"Hol–ly ber–ries, I have it!" he exclaimed, bringing his fist down with a bang on the table. Only he didn't tell her what it was. No, indeed. He merely said, "What a clever riddle, my dear. How stupid of me not to have thought of the right answer sooner."

Mrs. Santa blushed till her cheeks were as red as Santa's suit. Then, just to make sure he had guessed the right thing, she asked, "Would it look pretty over there on the shelf?"

Santa cocked his head thoughtfully to one side and squinted his eyes in that direction. "We–ll," he replied a minute later, "I don't see why it wouldn't," although he did think it was a queer place to keep the syrup jug.

When Santa went to deliver all the presents on Christmas Eve, he stopped at the first big store he came to. He wanted to make sure to get Mrs. Santa her gift. After parking his sleigh on the roof he hurried inside the store. Sure enough, in no time he found her favorite syrup, and the jug had sprigs of holly painted on each side. Why, it even would look pretty on the kitchen shelf! Santa beamed with pride.

The clerk put the jug in a box. Because Santa wanted it wrapped as a gift, he had to take it to another part of the store. The place was crowded with people. The woman just ahead of him had a box the same size as his.

"It's a clock for my daughter," she said, letting him peek inside.

In order to save time, Santa left Mrs. Santa's gift, calling for it after he had delivered part of his load. My, how his eyes twinkled when he saw the silver-wrapped box tied with a huge red bow. In no time he had it safe on the seat beside him in the sleigh and was off to deliver the rest of the toys.

When he returned home in the early morning, Mrs. Santa was waiting up for him and met him at the door, but Santa was careful to hold the box behind him, sneaking it under the tree without her seeing it.

Afterwards he brushed off all the soot and cobwebs from his clothes, washed, and had breakfast.

Once it was over, they hurried into the living room to open their presents. Mrs. Santa had knitted him a red and green plaid sweater with socks to match. My, he was pleased! He had to put them on right away.

"Now for your gift." Santa stooped under the tree and handed her the pretty box. He was so excited, he could hardly wait for her to open it.

"Oooh," she squealed a minute later, "it's b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l, simply beautiful! Why, it's ever so much prettier than the one I saw in the catalogue."

Santa beamed with pride.

"I'll wind it," she continued, "and—"

"W-h-a-t!" gasped Santa, expecting to see the jug of syrup. Instead, Mrs. Santa lifted out a sweet little clock with a brown walnut case.

Santa was so surprised that he almost jumped out of his boots. Why, it was the very clock the woman in the store had showed him! In a flash he knew what had happened. The two boxes had become exchanged when they were wrapped.

But he didn't tell Mrs. Santa—at least not for a long, long time. No, indeed. Because he didn't want her to know he hadn't guessed the riddle right to begin with. Anyway, Santa sighed with relief, he did get the right answer!

Christmas on the Ranch

Thelma Harrison

TOMMY looked at the gaily decorated packages beneath the big tree. "Did it have to snow so *much*," he sighed, "just because I wanted snow for Christmas?"

Mother looked up sympathetically. "We planned such a big Christmas with Grandma, Grandpa, Aunt Ellen, Uncle Jim, and the children all coming to our house," she said.

"And Aunt Bessie and Uncle Tyler from the city," Tommy added. "And now nobody can get here. That's the trouble with living on a ranch."

"The ranch has its disadvantages," Mother agreed wisely. "But think how we would miss it. I would be lonely for the good old Oregon hills. You would miss your big dog. And where would you keep Star in town?"

Tommy knew he couldn't get along without his pals, his dog and his horse. "Well, anyway, Christmas is spoiled," he said.

Dad came in rubbing his red hands. "That snow comes up to my hips," he said, "wet stuff too. Wonder what your folks'll do."

"They could drive the car on the main highway to our cutoff," Mother said. "But it's too far for them to walk the rest of the way. And they'll have packages."

At the mention of packages, Tommy groaned. Most of the packages under the tree were for relatives. He'd have to wait.

"I could hitch up the sleigh and meet them at the highway," Dad offered.

Mother shook her head. "I can't get them on the phone. Wires are down, I guess."

"They'll be all right," Father said. "Aunt Ellen lives on the ranch next to theirs. They'll get together somehow."

Tommy was looking at the tree with the pretty (*See next page*)

paper chains he had made. Yesterday he and Dad had taken the ax and walked into the hills with Snag romping beside them.

"Won't we have snow for Christmas, Dad?" Tommy asked.

"There always is," Dad had said. "Now watch for a good tree. There, see that nice bushy one?"

Dad chopped down the tree and they carried it home. "This tree would cost six dollars in the city," Dad said.

"I wouldn't want to live in an old city," Tommy said. "We are lucky."

Now he wished he had never said that. Living on a ranch was hard—in the winter anyway—especially on Christmas. If he lived in the city where there were paved streets, things like this wouldn't happen.

"Let's have breakfast," Mother said, breaking in on Tommy's thoughts. "We'll open our packages later and the day won't seem so long."

The kitchen certainly smelled delicious. Tommy could hear the big turkey already sizzling in the oven. He sighed, thinking that they must eat it all alone.

"Isn't it time to take care of your stock, Tommy?" Dad asked shortly after breakfast.

Tommy pulled on his heavy wraps. He was thinking of his cousins Dolly and Bud as he went out to feed Star. It would be such fun to play with them, and Tommy had saved up things to show them—the nest of mice in the barn and the piece of apple wood shaped like a duck.

Tommy put some hay in the manger for his horse, and gave him a piece of sugar. Star nuzzled Tommy for more. "No more sugar. But here's an apple. Merry Christmas, Star."

Tommy carefully closed the barn door *(Continued on page 68)*

The Red Lacquer Box

Mary Louise Sherer

"But, Mother, I *can't* give one of the puppies to Jeannie," said Rene. "I want them both."

"You are the one to decide about that," her mother answered. "I just mentioned it because I thought you might want to give Jeannie a special Christmas present. She is alone so much that a dog would be company for her."

"Oh, I'll find her something special," Rene said. "I saw a whole window full of things for sixth-graders like Jeannie."

"I'm going up to the attic and get out the Christmas decorations," Mother said. "Coming?"

"I'll be up later. I want to see if my puppies are all right."

As soon as she opened the outside door, the two cocker puppies ran to meet her. Snoopy pulled her shoe strings and then bounced off to investigate a dried leaf blowing across the walk.

Rene scooped Chub up in her arms. One of his droopy ears caressed her cheek as he snuggled his soft nose in her neck. "I just can't give you away, Chub," she whispered, holding him so tightly that he squirmed to get down.

Rene set the puppy gently on his wobbly legs and they raced together up and down the walk, joined by Snoopy who wanted to share in the fun. When they were tired she tucked the little dogs snugly into their box. Then she went back to the house.

Inside all was quiet. So Rene went to see if Mother had finished getting out the ornaments.

Barely had she opened the attic door when she spied a gleaming red box as tall as her doll's table. "I never saw this before," she said, stroking the fine finish.

"Perhaps when you are older it will be yours, Rene."

Rene pulled at a silver ring and the snug little door on the front opened. Inside were tiny drawers, each with a little silver handle. "Oh, Mother, what's it for and where did you get it?"

Mother took the dainty chest and stroked the lacquered top gently. "This is the dressing table of a Japanese lady," she explained. "A little mirror rests on top and the lady sits on the floor to tidy her hair or put on the white rice powder she uses."

"What's inside?" Rene asked.

"Sit down, Rene, and I'll tell you. The things inside are gifts that I received one Christmas, and I bought the box to keep them in.

"I have told you about my visit to Japan when I was a young girl. Most of my time was spent not in the modern cities like Tokyo, but in the country where very few white people were ever seen. Well, while I was there I had to spend some time in the hospital. It was a mission hospital where only the doctor and the head nurse were of my race. No one else spoke my language and I couldn't understand more than a few words of theirs."

"But, Mother, if you wanted a drink, how could you ask for it?"

"I couldn't, at least at first. I just made signs. The Japanese nurses were kind. They looked after my needs very well, but the time dragged for me because I had no one to visit with."

Rene could not wait. "Go on, Mother," she urged.

"It was almost Christmas and I wanted to go to Tokyo. I knew there would be no shop windows full of toys and no Santa Claus talking to the children, for the Japanese do not celebrate the birth of Christ as we do. But in Tokyo there were Americans who would be giving parties I could attend.

"The nearer it came to Christmas the more unhappy I was. I was feeling very sorry for myself. Wasn't that silly?"

"I don't think it was silly," Rene said, imagining herself in a hospital bed surrounded by people she couldn't understand.

"I cried myself to sleep on Christmas Eve," Mother went on. "But when I awoke just at daybreak I could hear singing in the distance—the singing of Christmas carols. Half asleep, I listened to 'Silent Night' and 'Little Town of Bethlehem.' The words were strange but the music means Christmas the world over. Later the hospital staff marched through my room, each carrying a lighted candle.

"All the nurses who had served me clustered round the bed and wished me 'Merry Christmas.' I couldn't understand all they said, but I knew they wanted to share some of the joy they felt in their acceptance of the Christ Child. You and I say 'Merry Christmas' much as we say 'Good Morning,' but a very special happiness rang out in their greeting."

"Oh, Mom!" Rene said softly.

"Yes," Mother went on, "their 'Merry Christmas!' held rejoicing and they wanted me to feel that joy too. Then each girl gave me a tiny gift."

Mother took from the different drawers a needle on a square of scalloped flannelette, half a bar of soap carefully cut so as not to waste the shavings, and half a spool of thread.

"One girl gave me an apple," Mother remembered. "Her uncle had carried it many miles on foot from his home in the North."

"Imagine apples being so hard to get!" marveled Rene. "And aren't needles and soap funny Christmas presents, Mother?"

"Those girls were poor, Rene. Christmas for them was a sharing of whatever they had. Perhaps the girl who gave me a needle had only two. After all, that's the true spirit of Christmas—sharing what you have—not just buying something out of a store."

Rene sat still for a long time. Then she jumped up and raced downstairs.

A little later when her mother came down to the living room, Rene was practicing tying a big red bow on Chub's collar. "Won't Chub look like a real Christmas present when I give him to Jeannie?" she asked happily.

FOR *Older Boys and Girls*

The Golden Cup

Elizabeth F. Noon

IT WAS the day before Christmas in the market city of Toulouse. The streets were crowded with busy people shouting merrily to their friends, but there was a heavy silence within the Gold Shop of Master Anton, broken only by the clatter of tools and the muttered directions from Master Anton as he sat on his hard stool, hunched over the beautiful gold cup. Marcus, who was his journeyman, stood by his side, with the crucible of hot metal, giving the master more gold as he worked on the fleur-de-lis design at the base. Jean and Rouget, the two apprentices, stood at the back of the room tending the fire under the alternate crucible.

The sun was slanting toward the west, and a sudden shaft of light came through the high, narrow windows, almost blinding the Master. Quickly the boys drew the curtains and lighted the candles—not a moment must be lost if the beautiful cup was to be finished.

As Jean watched his brother Marcus he remembered the day, three weeks before, when the Mayor of Toulouse had called the master craftsmen together. The Bishop was to visit their beautiful Church of St. Sernin on Christmas Day. He would come by boat down the Garonne River and a great procession would escort him through the city to the church. Each of the Guilds was to choose one master craftsman, to make a fitting gift to be given to the church. The saddle makers had decided upon a beautiful leather chair to be carefully tooled and embossed in gold. The glassmakers had finished a stained-glass window that they had been working on for many years, and had just yesterday put it in place above the altar. The silversmiths had chosen Master Bertrand to fashion a cross to be placed in the church, and the linen weavers were making a cloth from thread that had been spun four times to make it perfect and fine.

Yes, each Guild had been given its task, but to the goldsmiths had been allotted the most precious privilege. They were to design and make the Cup that would be used at the Christmas Communion Service. All of the goldsmiths were perfect craftsmen and it was hard to choose which one should have the privilege of making the beautiful cup. Finally, they had agreed to draw lots and to Master Anton had fallen the privilege. For days he and Marcus had pored over a design, finally submitting it to the other craftsmen for their approval, and now the cup was almost finished.

Rouget recalled Jean from his thoughts by pointing to the dying fire. Silently the two boys replenished the charcoal and Jean pressed the bellows to increase the heat under the melted gold. Rouget peered inside the crucible and pointed to it. Jean peered in, too, and noted with dismay that it was almost empty. He hoped that the other crucible held more. It was impossible to believe that they hadn't prepared enough of the pure gold.

Once more Jean's mind went back to the day when the cup had been started. The goldsmiths had been short of gold because of an order for fine plates which they had had from the king. Gold had been ordered from Bordeaux and a special messenger had been dispatched right away. Still the gold had been long in coming and each morning Jean or Rouget had been sent to the port master at the Garonne to see if the ship bringing the gold had arrived. Only five days ago, it had come—hardly allowing time enough to make the beautiful cup. Two days were needed to refine the gold. Master Anton had had Marcus measure out the amount that would be needed while he worked on the cast for the design, and then the long process of purifying had begun.

Jean and Rouget had helped Marcus and he had taught them as he worked. The gold always contained silver and other impurities, he had explained, and these must be carefully removed. Only the purest of gold must be used for fine gold work. Marcus had taken additional silver and mixed it with the crude gold. Then the gold and silver were placed in a crucible and the boys increased the charcoal and worked the bellows until the metal was melted. Water was brought in a huge iron pan, and carefully Marcus had lifted off the pot of gold and ladled it slowly into the water. The metal had formed into coarse granules that hardened quickly in the cold water.

Now began a still longer process. Jean and Rouget had helped Marcus add the nitric acid to the gold granules. This time the fire had to be built up more carefully. The nitric acid had to be heated until it boiled, but the fire had to be carefully controlled so that it did not become too hot—lest it would boil over and the gold would be lost. Gradually a silver scum formed on top and this was carefully ladled off with a flat ladle that the ironmakers had made for Master Anton. Again and again silver scum formed, and again and again it was ladled off until finally only the pure gold remained. The three boys had worked for a day and a half while Master Anton had waited impatiently to begin making the cup.

Jean's thoughts were interrupted again as he heard Master Anton's voice call sharply to Marcus for more gold. Rouget looked at Jean with alarm as Marcus brought back the crucible to exchange for the one on the fire. Silently he picked up the iron tongs to lift the heated crucible to Marcus. As Marcus took it and peered inside, his face paled. "Master Anton," he said in a small voice, "there will not be enough gold to finish the cup."

In alarm the master jumped up from his seat and rushed over, peering inside the pot. "What do you mean?" he cried. "Not enough gold—I told you to fix enough so that we would have sixty ounces of finished gold. Surely we could not have used that much."

Marcus lowered his head and shook it sorrowfully. "No, we haven't used that much," he said. "I must have misunderstood your orders. It *(Continued on page 76)*

The Christmas TV Show

Avirta Kepler

THREE weeks before Christmas there was a wonderful announcement on the bulletin board of the Howard School. Mr. Jack Brewer, Program Director of WCCP-TV, was coming to the school that afternoon to talk to the Art Club. Kathy Carey and her best friend, Midge Baker, could hardly wait for the meeting.

"I heard Mr. Salomone telling Miss Fogarty that Mr. Brewer was going to let someone from our Art Club be on a Christmas TV program," whispered Kathy to Midge. "I wonder what it's all about."

Sure enough, when it was time for club, there was Mr. Brewer talking to Miss Fogarty. Jack Connor, the president of the club, got the preliminaries of the meeting over in a hurry and then called on Mr. Brewer. The television director began by asking the club members if they had any idea how some of the commercials were done on television. Some guessed that they were stripfilms and others thought they were slides, but Mr. Brewer shook his head.

"Many of them are just small cards placed close to the camera," he said. "Yet when you see them, they seem to fill the whole room.

"Now," he continued, "that gave us an idea. You know we present a Children's Hour on WCCP-TV every Monday night at seven o'clock. This year it falls on Christmas Eve. We thought that perhaps some of the members of your Art Club would like to prepare a simple story and draw ten or twelve pictures to illustrate it. We will pay twenty-five dollars for the best set of pictures and story to be used on the program. How does that sound?" he asked.

Miss Fogarty turned to Mr. Brewer. "You didn't really tell them the best part," she said. "The winner will give his own story as his pictures are being shown," she explained.

There were lots of questions about Mr. Brewer's offer. Eight members in the club decided they wanted to try for the prize. Mr. Brewer suggested that the club members select the three best entries. These could be presented for the entire school, and a committee of judges could pick the final winners.

All the way home, Kathy and Midge discussed the contest. Kathy decided to do her story about her little baby brother who would be a year old just before Christmas. Midge thought that her story would tell about the Koslowskys, a displaced family who had recently moved to town. Each of the girls started that very night. Kathy complained to her mother that she really didn't think she had much chance of winning because Midge was a much better artist, but her mother encouraged her to try anyway.

School was to close the Wednesday before Christmas, so the Art Club voted to do the preliminary judging on the previous Friday. Each of the eight contestants read his script, and held up the pictures he had made to illustrate it.

Kathy noted with pleasure, but with a tinge of dismay, how attractively Midge's pictures were drawn, but decided she had a better story. Phil Mason had a good enough story and pictures but he mumbled so that it was hard to understand him. The other five contestants did good work, too, but the Art Club finally voted for the entries of Phil, Kathy, and Midge.

"Your pictures are swell," Kathy said to Midge loyally on the way home. "But I'd work on my story more tonight if I were you," she added.

"This is for a TV program," replied Midge, with a toss of her head. "It's the pictures that count."

Miss Fogarty had asked three teachers from the high school to do the judging. Before Mr. Clark announced the winner, at the Christmas assembly on Wednesday, he made a little speech. He explained that the committee had considered three points—how well the story was written, how well it was told, and the appearance of the pictures. Then he announced the winner—Kathleen Carey.

Everyone applauded, but Kathy looked anxiously toward her friend. She knew Midge had developed her story poorly, but Midge's pictures were really far better than hers. Midge must have thought so too, for when assembly was over she walked out with Mary Fox.

The next morning Kathy was to go to the television station to practice, and she had hoped that Midge would go with her, but when she phoned to ask her, Midge said that she was too busy.

Kathy took her pictures and script and went alone to the station. Mr. Brewer had her read through her story, timing it carefully. He explained that it must take exactly eight minutes and suggested that she and Miss Fogarty cut the story to that length. He told her to go over the pictures carefully too and make any improvements that she thought necessary and then come back on Monday morning.

On the way home Kathy stopped at Midge's house, but Midge was out. All the evening Kathy waited for her to call and finally she went to bed that night feeling very unhappy.

The next morning Kathy concocted an idea. She could hardly wait until she got to Miss Fogarty's house to tell her.

Miss Fogarty frowned as Kathy explained it to her, and finally shook her head doubtfully. "I don't know," she said. "It sounds like a good idea, but I will have to call Mr. Brewer to see what he thinks. You are sure that is what you want me to do?"

"Yes," replied Kathy, "I am positive."

That afternoon Miss Fogarty phoned Kathy to say that Mr. Brewer had agreed and that she had stopped at school for what Kathy would need. That night Kathy worked on her story, reading it aloud and carefully shortening it until *(Continued on page 80)*

A Motel Christmas

Angela Morgan

IT WAS snowing when Glenn Conrad got off the train at Mishetonka. As he started toward the station he frowned at the sight of the big flakes whirling through the air, and paused to pull the plastic cover for his cap from his overcoat pocket. Like every cadet from Mount Royal Military Academy, he was proud of his uniform. He was especially eager to show his parents the new color-guard stripes he was wearing.

His dad hadn't arrived as yet—probably the snow was holding him up. He stepped from the station and glanced toward the parking area. Just then a state police car pulled up under the marquee. It was Captain Overly, an old friend of Glenn's, who was in charge of the barracks that served the area where his dad's motel was located.

"Hi, Captain Overly," shouted Glenn. The car came to a stop and the Captain surveyed Glenn's new stripes with interest.

"Hello, Captain Conrad," he said gravely, with a twinkle in his eye. "Waiting for your dad?"

"Yes," replied Glenn, "I guess the weather is holding him up."

"Get your bags and hop in," replied the Captain. "You're going to ride with me. I stopped at the motel this morning for some checkups on the guest list and I told your dad I'd bring you out. No need for him to make a trip in weather like this when I was coming to town anyway."

Soon the two started toward the Glen Haven Motel. On the seat of the squad car was a man's photo. As they stopped for a traffic light Captain Overly handed it to Glenn. "Did you see anybody like that on the train?"

"No," replied Glenn.

"I guess it's not important that I didn't make it in time then," replied the Captain. "The sheriff gave me this picture. He just got it in the mail and I hotfooted it to the station to meet the train but I was too late."

"Only two other people got off," recalled Glenn, "and I'm sure they were Sam Hall's grandparents coming to spend Christmas with the family."

"Wait till you see the motel," said Captain Overly. "Your dad has it decorated for Christmas."

"How has his business been holding up this winter?" asked Glenn. "He sounds cheerful enough in his letters but I have been wondering. When the motel was built last spring it cost a lot more than he and Mom had counted on. We had a big summer trade, but he needs a good winter if he is going to meet his quarterly payment at the bank."

"You don't need to worry," replied the *(Continued on page 78)*

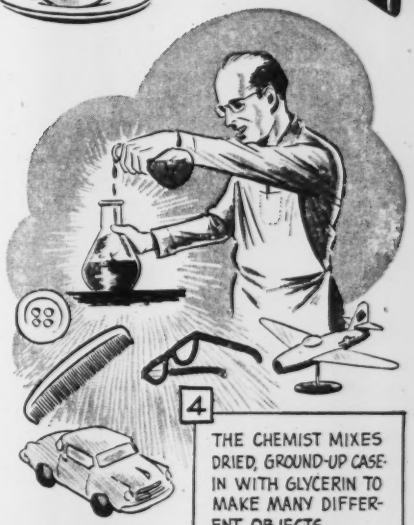
PLASTICS

1 HERE ARE A FEW OF THE MANY OBJECTS WHICH YOU SEE OR USE DAILY. ***HOW ARE THEY ALIKE?*** YOU ARE RIGHT. ***THEY ARE ALL MADE OF PLASTIC.***

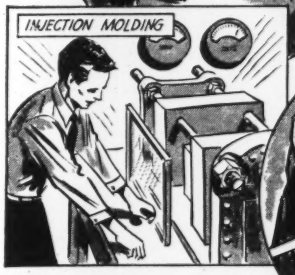
2 WHAT DOES ***"PLASTIC"*** MEAN? IT MEANS ***"CAPABLE OF BEING MOLDED."*** CLAY WAS THE FIRST NATURAL PLASTIC PUT TO USE.

90 DEGREES
PUT A PINT OF MILK INTO A PAN ···
···HEAT THE MILK TO 90 DEGREES
···ADD ½ CUP OF VINEGAR
···STIR WELL
···THE CURDS THAT FORM ARE CASEIN

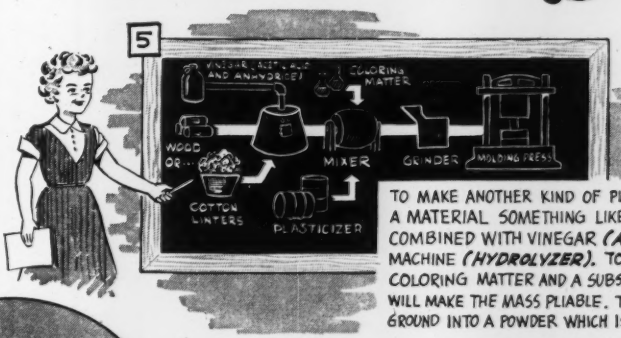
3 THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF PLASTICS IN USE TODAY. ALL OF THEM ARE THE RESULT OF CHEMICAL ACTION. YOU CAN MAKE ***CASEIN,*** WHICH IS ***ONE KIND OF PLASTIC,*** RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME BY FOLLOWING THE ABOVE DIRECTIONS.



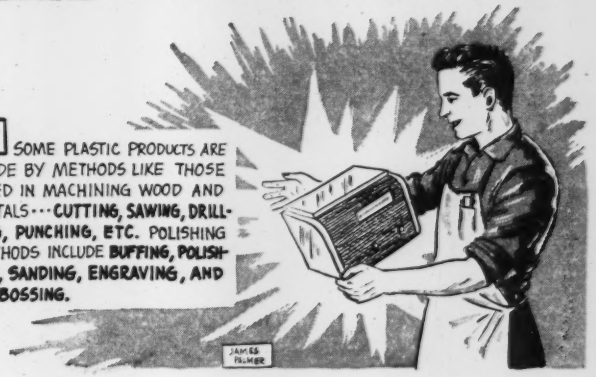
4 THE CHEMIST MIXES DRIED, GROUND-UP CASEIN WITH GLYCERIN TO MAKE MANY DIFFERENT OBJECTS.



6 MOLDING IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF MAKING PLASTICS. IN SOME CASES THE HEATED PLASTIC IS ***FORCED*** INTO A MOLD OF THE DESIRED SHAPE ***(COMPRESSION MOLDING)***; SOMETIMES THE MELTED PLASTIC IS ***POURED*** INTO A MOLD ***(INJECTION MOLDING)***; SOMETIMES THE LIQUID PLASTIC IS ***PRESSED*** THROUGH A MOLD ***(EXTRUSION MOLDING).***



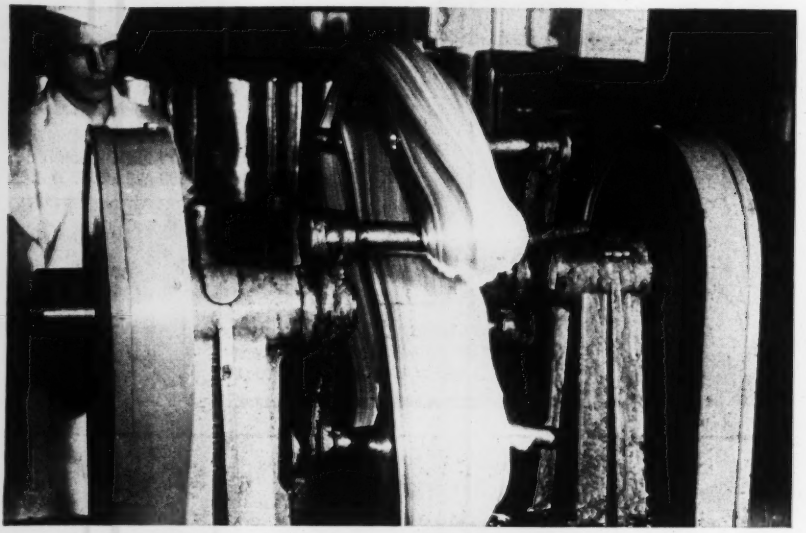
TO MAKE ANOTHER KIND OF PLASTIC ***(CELLULOSE ACETATE),*** A MATERIAL SOMETHING LIKE SAWDUST ***(CELLULOSE)*** IS COMBINED WITH VINEGAR ***(ACETIC ACID)*** IN A SPECIAL MACHINE ***(HYDROLYZER).*** TO THIS MIXTURE ARE ADDED COLORING MATTER AND A SUBSTANCE ***(PLASTICIZER)*** THAT WILL MAKE THE MASS PLIABLE. THE RESULTING MATERIAL IS GROUND INTO A POWDER WHICH IS HEATED AND THEN MOLDED.



7 SOME PLASTIC PRODUCTS ARE MADE BY METHODS LIKE THOSE USED IN MACHINING WOOD AND METALS···**CUTTING, SAWING, DRILLING, PUNCHING, ETC.** POLISHING METHODS INCLUDE **BUFFING, POLISHING, SANDING, ENGRAVING, AND EMBOSSING.**

How CHRISTMAS

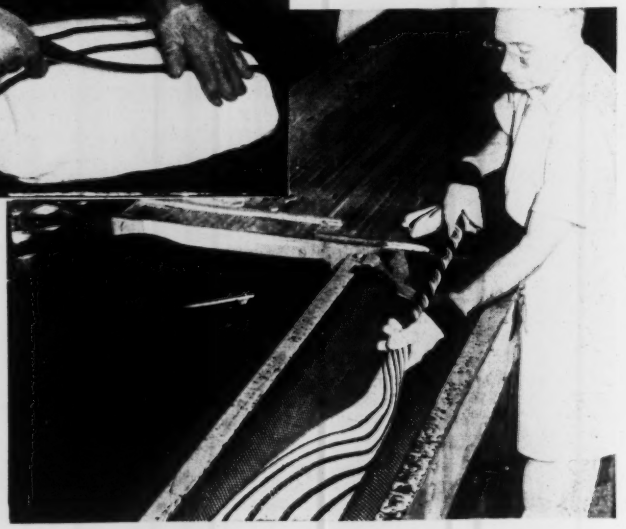
EVEN a Christmas fairy would be delighted if she could turn sugar, corn syrup, and water into hard candy with her wand. Instead, experienced men and machines make the many kinds of hard candies you eat and enjoy at Christmas time.



BEFORE the one-hundred-fifty-pound batch of candy reaches the pulling machine shown above, the ingredients have been cooked and kneaded by hand on cooling tables. The clear mixture is flavored and then pulled back and forth by machine until it turns white. Color is added if desired.

STICKS and CANDY CANES

NO MACHINE can make, shape, or cut candysticks and canes like the experienced hard-candy maker. He knows how to place the colored stripes, twist the rolls, and make finished sticks and canes as smooth as glass. He wears gloves because the candy is very hot.

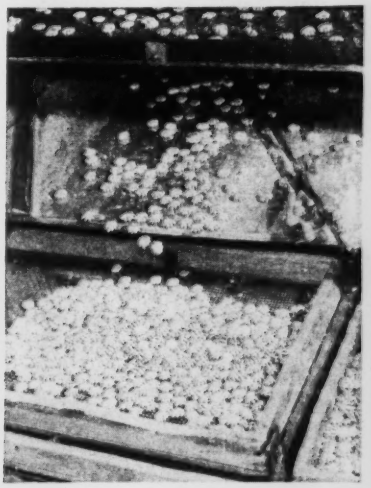


WHEN the candy maker has twisted a batch into long narrow ropes, the candy cutter quickly clips them into shorter pieces. Then each stick is wrapped in shiny cellophane.

CANDY Is Made

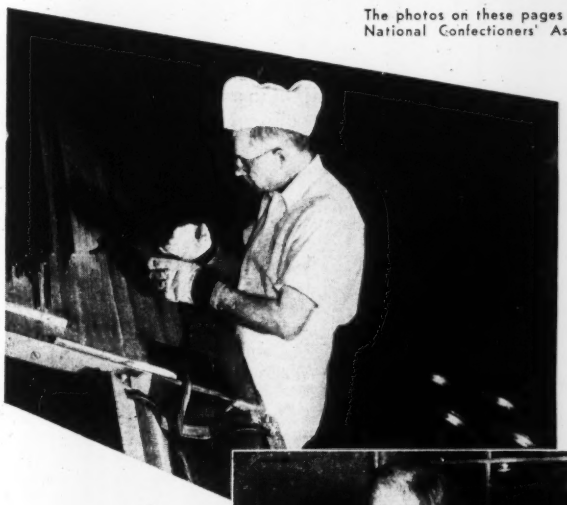
PEPPERMINT HARD CANDIES

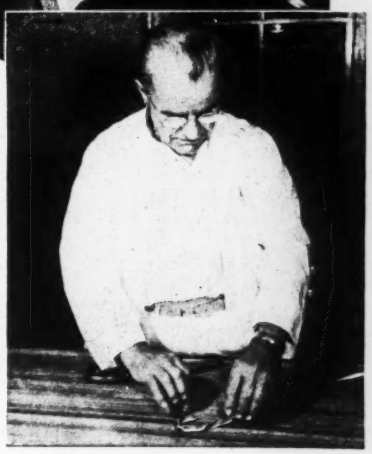
A WORKER makes a striped jacket to cover the batch which will then be spun into a large roll. Another candy maker twists the roll to just the right size for the cutting machine.



OVER 7000 pounds of mints are cut by this machine in a day. Then they are wrapped and packed. A batch of candy is completed in a half hour.

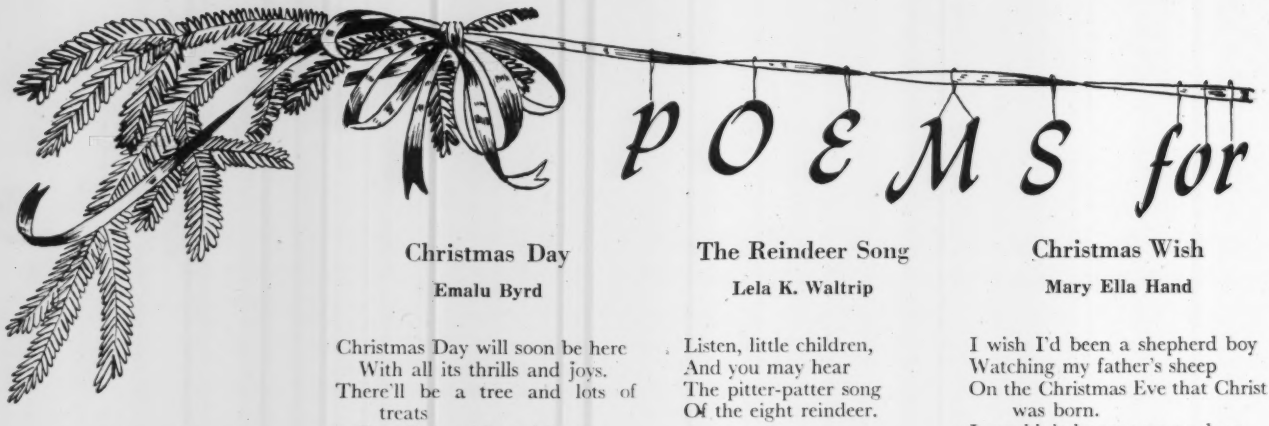
The photos on these pages were supplied by courtesy of the National Confectioners' Association of the United States.





NO, candy canes haven't been forgotten. Just as with candysticks, skilled workmen twist the huge ropes to just the right thickness. The crook is bent by hand and the cane snipped from the candy rope with a pair of scissors.

WHAT a beautiful rainbow! The jars of sticks, balls, chips, pillows, and many other Christmas candies are as good to look at as they are to sample. Um . . . good!



Trimming the Tree

Catherine Urban

We get out the dusty boxes
Of stars and balls and lights,
And Daddy checks the tangled cords
And sets them all to rights.

He puts the tree up in its stand
In its customary place,
And then we trim it merrily,
A smile upon each face.

And soon it is so beautiful,
From tip to widest limb,
It seems there hardly is a spot
Without some lovely trim.

Now we turn the sidewall switch;
The room is black as night
Till Dad plugs in the master cord.
Oh, such a glorious sight!

The room is filled with dancing glow
Reflected round about.
"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"
We join the joyous shout.

Christmas Day

Emalu Byrd

Christmas Day will soon be here
With all its thrills and joys.
There'll be a tree and lots of treats
For all the girls and boys.

And I can hardly wait to see
My gifts on Christmas morn—
But most of all I'll love that day
'Cause that's when Christ was born.

What Christmas Means

Jessie Cameron Alison

When I was just a *little* child,
I thought that Christmas Day
Meant Santa Claus—and Christmas trees—
Full stockings—gifts—and play.

But now that I have older grown,
It means much more, I know:
It tells the day of Jesus' birth
That happened long ago.

And when we give our Christmas gifts,
We are remembering
The Heavenly Father's Gift of Love—
The Birthday of a King!

Forest Christmas

Florence Eakman

Little Molly Rabbit took her forest broom to sweep her forest carpet in her snowy forest room.

Her pink nose wriggled gaily in a very real delight; for she had planned a party to be given Christmas night.

The squirrels were invited, the chipmunk folks and such, and all the other creatures that she wanted there so much.

She didn't know that Santa had planned to come that day until she heard his sleigh bells along the forest way.

And there he was in person, and he was loaded down with every kind of present he had brought from Polar Town.

The rabbits all had housecoats made of rabbit skin. The squirrels wore new bonnets to tuck their faces in.

The chipmunks' gifts were mittens to wear upon their paws, and everyone cheered loudly for dear old Santa Claus.

They shouted Merry Christmas as he jumped into his sleigh, and dashed off jingling sleigh bells along the forest way.

The Reindeer Song

Lela K. Waltrip

Listen, little children,
And you may hear
The pitter-patter song
Of the eight reindeer.

Listen to the rhythm
Of each little hoof
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter
On the roof.

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Pit, pit, pat.
Eight little reindeer
Sound like that.

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Gay and light.
You may hear them
On Christmas night.

Christmas

Emma Humble

Christmas means so many things:
Stars;
And angels singing;
Wise Men, coming from afar,
Priceless treasure bringing;
Children gaily caroling;
Trees, with brightness glowing;
Friendship, safe-kept through the years,
Ever richer growing;
Sharing;
Giving;
Gladly living
Till the season comes again.

Legend

Dorothy Westwood

I think the sweetest story
That's told of Christmas Day
Is that, while in the stable
The Infant Jesus lay,
The trees and plants to praise Him
Rose from their sleep-dreams dim
And blossomed leaves and flowers and fruit
Of gold to worship Him.

Christmas Wish

Mary Ella Hand

I wish I'd been a shepherd boy
Watching my father's sheep
On the Christmas Eve that Christ was born.
I wouldn't have gone to sleep.

I'd have heard the angels singing
And seen the shining star,
And I'd have gone to the stable.
I know I could walk that far.

I'd have seen the baby Jesus
Asleep on the fragrant hay,
And I'd have left my little lamb
To stay with Him and play.

Then I'd have gone back to my father's sheep,
But every Christmas Day
I'd remember I'd seen the baby Christ
Asleep on the fragrant hay.

The Christ Child wouldn't remember me,
But when He was older He'd say,
"Tell of the boy who gave me a lamb
On that first Christmas Day."

I Like to Think

Pauleen Weaver Haley

I like to think that our house
Is the Inn where Joseph asked to stay
And that our barn has the manger small
Where Little Jesus lay.

I like to think that the bright star
That hangs right overhead
Is the same bright star that long ago
The lowly shepherds led.

I like to think when the sky is bright
I hear the angels sing,
And in our barn with the manger small
Mary holds the Baby King.

CHRISTMAS

Dear Santa

Annie Laurie Von Tungeln

Old Santa Dear, there's just one thing
That I'd like for you to bring.
That's why, you see, I'm writing early,
To ask a doll with hair that's curly.
My *doll,* of course, may have some wishes.
I think she'd like a set of dishes.
She'll need a small toy telephone;
A chair and table of her own.
She'd also like a cradle new,
With blankets, quilts, and pillows, too;
A rubber ball and building blocks;
A shiny trunk with key that locks;
A little iron with which to press
An everyday and party dress;
A lacy bonnet, pink bootees—
You might bring blue ones also, please.
Although some children ask a lot,
I promise, Santa, I will not.
You'll make me happy as can be
If just one doll you'll bring to me.

Christmas

Maude Wood Henry

Candlelight and starlight,
Evergreen and holly;
Bells that chime
"Christmastime,"
Everything that's jolly;
Postman bending 'neath his pack,
Gifts and greetings in his sack.

Mysteries and Christmas trees
Loaded down with toys;
Christmas feast
Not the least
Of the Yuletide joys;
From the kitchen all that's nice—
Whiffs of turkey, sniffs of spice.

Soft and low as they go
Carolers are singing;
Hymns so sweet
They repeat,
Peace and good will bringing;
Stars aglitter over them
As they sing of Bethlehem.

Gifts for the Christ Child

Sister Mary Ann Francis

The rocks gave their best—a cave cold and bare;
The moon and the stars gave their light.
The angels sang softly heavenly hymns
On that first holy Christmas night.

The ox gave the straw—the wee manger bed;
The donkey breathed warmth where He lay.
The Wise Men and shepherds, rich gifts and a lamb
On the first happy Christmas day.

Joseph his strength gave—to shelter the Child;
Mary gave love and delight;
The Heavenly Father gave Jesus, His Son,
On the first holy Christmas bright.

Sleep, Baby Jesus, Sleep

Alice M. Corson

Sleep, Baby Jesus,
On your bed of fragrant hay,
Safe and warm within the stable,
Sleep until the coming day;
Sleep, Baby Jesus, sleep.

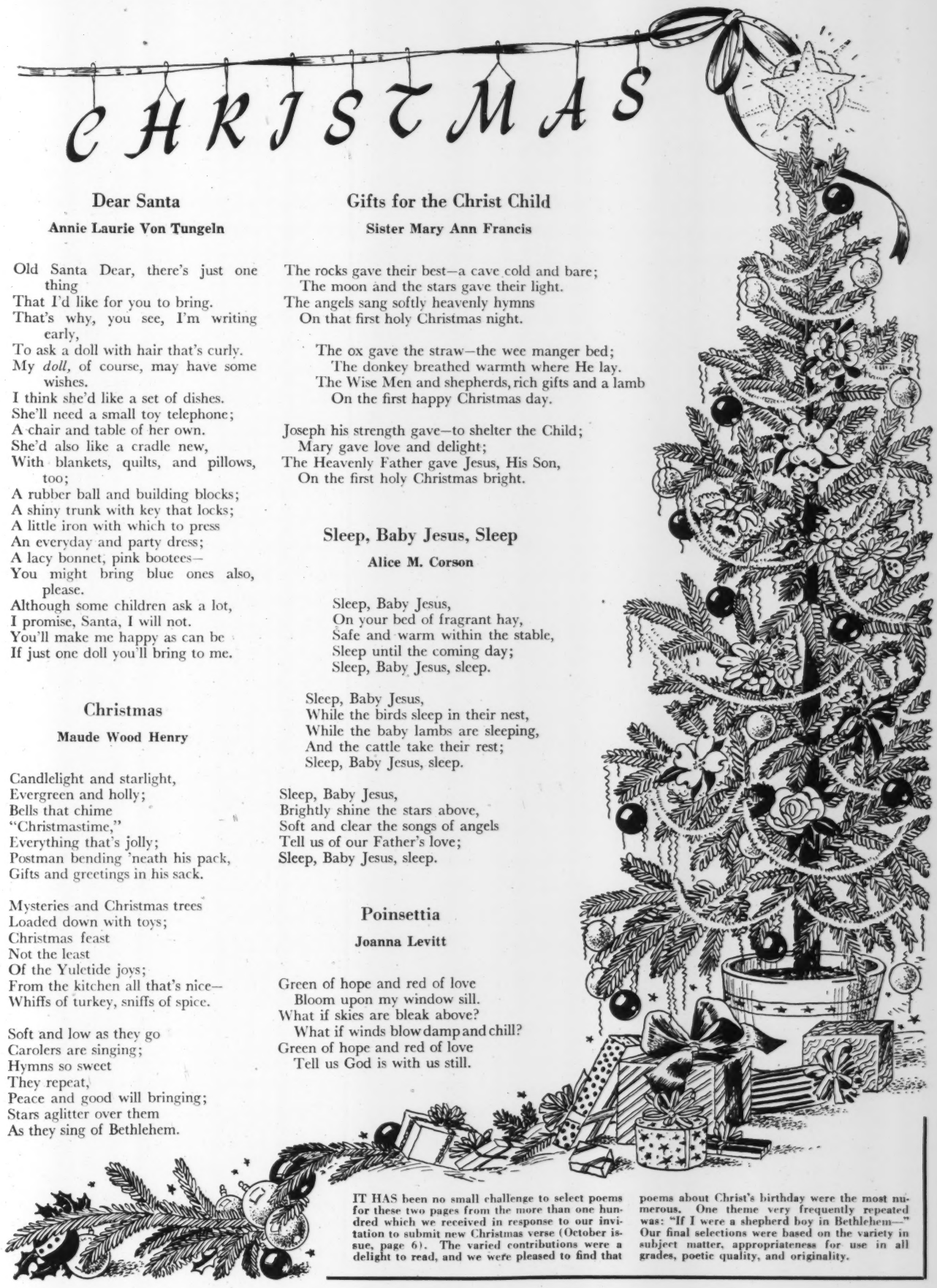
Sleep, Baby Jesus,
While the birds sleep in their nest,
While the baby lambs are sleeping,
And the cattle take their rest;
Sleep, Baby Jesus, sleep.

Sleep, Baby Jesus,
Brightly shine the stars above,
Soft and clear the songs of angels
Tell us of our Father's love;
Sleep, Baby Jesus, sleep.

Poinsettia

Joanna Levitt

Green of hope and red of love
Bloom upon my window sill.
What if skies are bleak above?
What if winds blow damp and chill?
Green of hope and red of love
Tell us God is with us still.



IT HAS been no small challenge to select poems for these two pages from the more than one hundred which we received in response to our invitation to submit new Christmas verse (October issue, page 6). The varied contributions were a delight to read, and we were pleased to find that poems about Christ's birthday were the most numerous. One theme very frequently repeated was: "If I were a shepherd boy in Bethlehem—" Our final selections were based on the variety in subject matter, appropriateness for use in all grades, poetic quality, and originality.

"Adoration of the Magi"

Fra Angelico and Fra Filippo Lippi

HARRIET GARRELS

Specialist in Art,
Elementary Schools,
Washington, D.C.

O COME, let us adore Him! The whole world of men and beasts and birds has gathered to do homage to the Christ Child. It is not a quiet Christmas but a day of splendid show and brilliant pageantry. It is full of action and color.

The Magi (may-jy) are almost lost in the great crowd pouring through the archway. Do you know the word, *Magi?* It is a name for the wise men who came to Bethlehem from the East bringing gifts for the newborn Babe. One of them kneels so close to the infant and his mother that he can touch the Baby's foot. His posture and the flowing lines of his robe lead our eyes toward the central figures. Where can you see one of the gifts?

What color is Mary's robe? Is it light or dark? It is a pure clear singing blue. Because early Italian artists portrayed the Madonna in a blue robe, other artists did the same and it has become her traditional color.

Joseph, who stands very near the Madonna, wears some blue, too. How lovely it is with his brilliant yellow robe and golden halo! Compare it with the blue of the sky.

Notice how much pink or pink-orange is used throughout the picture. Even one of the buildings is this gay color. It was a favorite of Fra Angelico's. Do you think he liked yellow? By using it in large quantities he made this picture seem sunny.

No doubt you have been noticing the animals and birds. Which attracts your attention most? Is it the gigantic peacock strutting on the yellow stable? Or is it the watchdog lying quietly on the floral carpet of the lawn? If you are interested in horses, you must have noticed several. How many horses are there? Of course we see the animals that shared their stable with the Holy Family. Are there any other animals?

Half-close your eyes and notice how the quiet central group of figures stands out from the crowded composition. Are they placed near us or far away? Are they smaller or larger than the other figures? Can we see each in its entirety or only a part of each?

This early *tondo*, fifty-four inches in diameter, was acquired by the Kress Foundation from the Cook Collection in Richmond, England. It has been on exhibition from March 1951, which was the tenth anniversary of the opening of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., until very recently. Most of the masterpieces acquired by the Kress Foundation, one of the most important art collections in the world, have been given to the National Gallery.

THE ARTISTS

The artist whom we know as Fra Angelico was called Guido from his birth, in 1387, until 1407, when he became Fra Giovanni da Fiesole. At that time he joined the Dominican order of preaching friars and entered a monastery at Fiesole, a small hill town just outside of Florence, Italy. After his death, he became known as Fra Angelico, "the angelic one."

Some think that he received art training from Lorenzo Monaco, but no definite information is available. His spirituality was more outstanding than his technical skill. He was unsurpassed in his ability to present religious narratives which became an inspiration to all beholders.

It is said that the holy artist never took his brush in hand without offering a prayer, and never altered a finished painting, "for such was the will of God." *(Continued on page 76)*

New Records

ELVA S. DANIELS

Supervisor of Music,
Public Schools,
Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

JOLLY old Saint Nicholas, lean your ear this way . . . ." I'm sure you will be singing this old favorite before too long and repeating it many times before the doors close for the Christmas vacation. Is there anyone in your community who would like to play Santa to the whole school and give a truly wonderful gift that will be in use for many years to come?

If so, try to bend "Santa's" ear your way, and tell about the "RCA Victor Basic Record Library for Elementary Schools." The set is composed of 21 albums of 83 nonbreakable records which include a total of 370 compositions. Sets are available in both 45 and 78 rpm recordings. The music will serve your rhythm, listening, singing, and special activity programs.

There are songs for holidays and marching, real Indian tunes, excerpts from symphonies, music that tells a story, Negro spirituals, singing games, French songs, lullabies, and sailors' chanties. There are nursery rhymes, waltzes, patriotic songs, great art songs of the masters, operatic arias, religious solos, and even some choruses.

Then, too, each album is complete with notes for teachers including facts about the music, suggestions for mood, notation of melody (which you can easily play one-finger style), a description of the performing instrument, basic rhythm patterns, dramatizations of form, and examples of free expression. The repertoire includes many time-tested favorites that you loved when you were a first-grader, as well as modern additions. There are innumerable possibilities for correlation with interest areas. This might be in such fields as animals, the farm, nature, the circus, and any number of foreign countries.

By now your "Santa" should be completely sold on the worth of his possible gift, and will want to know the price. Your reply of $112.00 may cause his rosy-red cheeks to turn very pale, and this is your cue to tell him about the very special offer. RCA Victor is offering a special "45" phonograph ideal for classroom use that will play up to 14 records automatically, AND the Basic Record Library on "45's" which takes very little storage space for $109.95. The regular price of both items if bought separately would be $149.80, and "Santa" should recognize a good bargain when he sees one. Of course, I know that flesh-and-blood Santas are hard to find, but you may even want to get your classroom mothers on the job to undertake a project for the purchase of a fine gift that keeps on giving pleasure to the girls and boys.

Are you snowed under with parental requests about what to give their offspring for Christmas? You might like to tell them about a new kind of children's album released by RCA Victor as the children's 6-in-1 sets. These new albums include five different activities besides merely "playing the record." A picture book is included, for the youngster to color. He can also read the story and punch out a set of cardboard puppets. With these he can act out a puppet show, and join the Little Nipper Club, *(Continued on page 74)*

Adoration of the Magi – **Fra Angelico and Fra Filippo Lippi**
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. (Samuel H. Kress Collection)

Children Paint

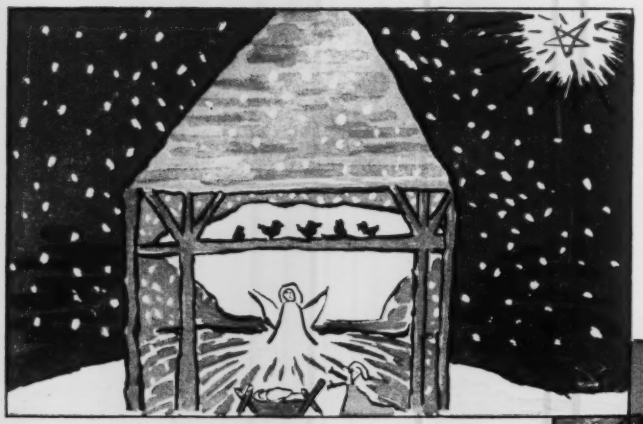
The First Christmas

ELSE BARTLETT

Art Specialist for The Instructor

IN LOOKING for a way to bring the beauty of the first Christmas to children so they would paint with emotion, I found a superb series of paintings by Lauren Ford, which were reproduced in *Life* Magazine. The paintings of this Connecticut artist have a special appeal to children because they are so personal and so intense. "Adoration" (cover of *The Instructor*, December 1946) illustrates this quality of her work.

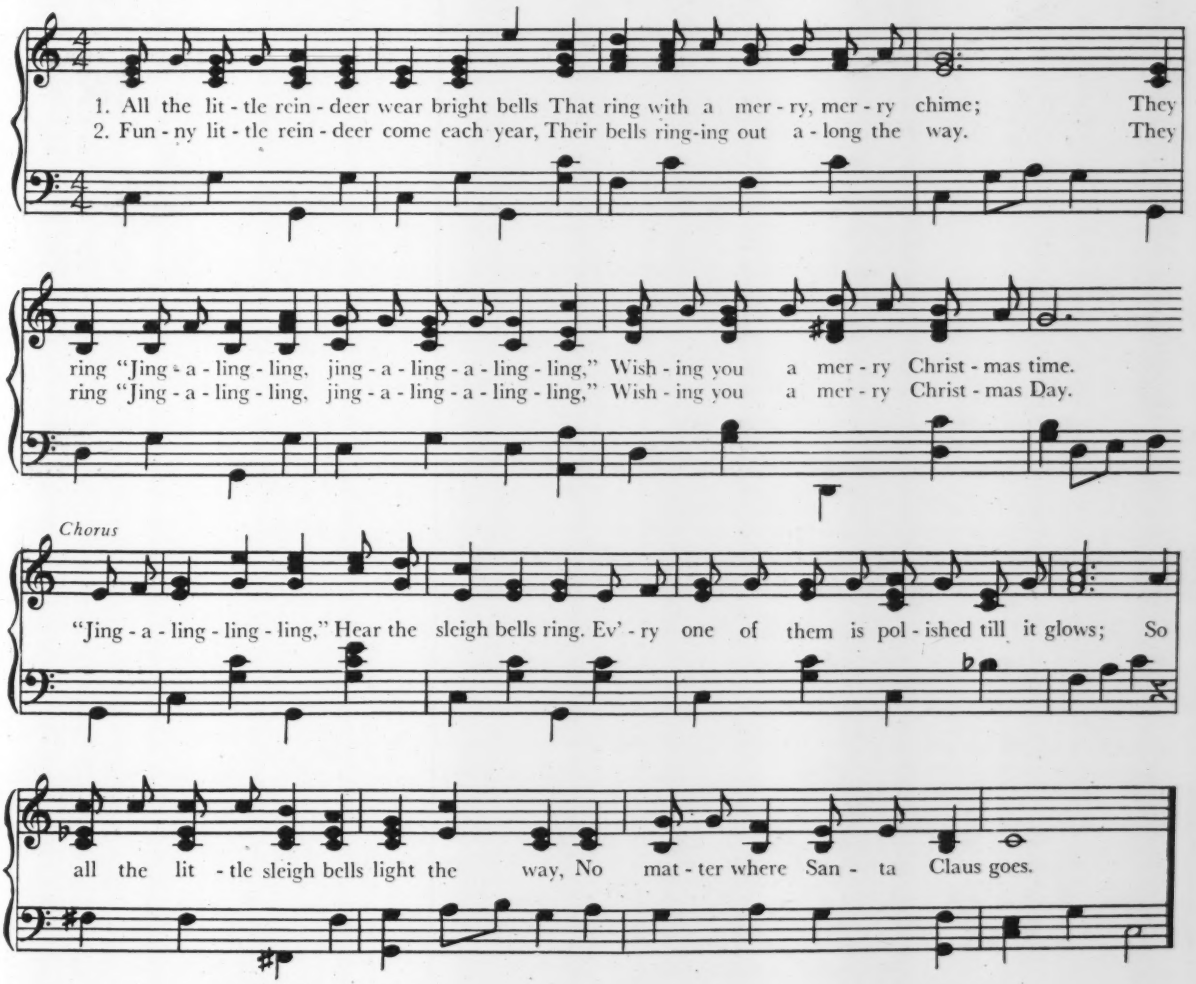
These paintings were done last year by fifth-graders in Narberth, Pa., under Miss Bartlett's supervision.



The reproductions were passed around so that each child got the feel of a sincere, personal approach to the Christmas story. Then all the pictures were put away. We made a list of the subjects which appealed to us most. The children were free to paint any part of the story in their own way. India-ink outlining with a small brush, after the paintings were made in water color, strengthened the effect. (Use simple nativity scenes from Christmas cards if reprints of Miss Ford's are not available.)

CHRISTMAS SONGS and PLAYS

Santa's Reindeer Wear Bright Bells

Words and Music by Ruth Stephens Porter

1. All the lit - tle rein - deer wear bright bells That ring with a mer - ry, mer - ry chime; They
2. Fun - ny lit - tle rein - deer come each year, Their bells ring-ing out a - long the way. They
ring "Jing - a - ling - ling, jing - a - ling - a - ling - ling," Wish - ing you a mer - ry Christ - mas time.
ring "Jing - a - ling - ling, jing - a - ling - a - ling - ling," Wish - ing you a mer - ry Christ - mas Day.
Chorus
"Jing - a - ling - ling - ling," Hear the sleigh bells ring. Ev' - ry one of them is pol - ished till it glows; So
all the lit - tle sleigh bells light the way, No mat - ter where San - ta Claus goes.

YOU WILL have an eager audience of Rudolph fans when you read this play aloud. The children may think of other ways to restore red to the little reindeer's nose. Try letting them use their own words instead of memorizing the verses.

Rudolph's Nose Trouble

Agnes M. Breslin

Teacher, First Grade, School No. 6, Albany, New York

CHARACTERS

SANTA	TOY SOLDIERS	CLOWNS
MRS. SANTA	SNOWFLAKES	CHRISTMAS FAIRY
RUDOLPH	TOY TRAIN	HELPER FAIRIES
BROWNIES	DOLLS	

SETTING

Time.—Morning of the day before Christmas.
Place.—Santa's workshop.

(Mrs. Santa is sewing on dolls' clothes. Rudolph is lying on a blanket in the corner of the room. His head is down, face hidden.)

SANTA *(enters jovially)*—
Well, Mother Santa, it's Christmas Eve,
And everything is fine!
But the weather has turned foggy;
I'll need Rudolph's nose to shine.
(Rudolph begins to cry.)

MRS. SANTA—
Why, Rudolph dear, whatever's wrong?
Where is your sunny smile?
It's time for your big trip now—
You'll be going in a little while.

RUDOLPH *(sadly lifting his head to show his white nose)*—
Oh, dear me, Mother Santa,
Just take a look and see
That my *red* nose is *white* now.
It's a terrible change in me!

SANTA *(showing surprise)*—
Rudolph—my good friend—
My guide, my leader deer,
What happened to your red nose,
Just as Christmas Eve is here?

RUDOLPH *(speaking slowly)*—
Today I played in the woods,
And I found a sweet little brook.
I put my nose in the cold, cold water
And my *red* nose turned *white*—just look!

SANTA *(patting Rudolph on the head)*—
Well, don't you cry any more.
Old Santa will get you fixed fine.
I know who'll paint you up—
Those good little Brownies of mine.
(He summons the Brownies, who dance in carrying paintbrushes.)

BROWNIE LEADER—
Here we are, good Santa!
We've heard about Rudolph's nose.
We're ready to do the paint job.
Come on, Brownies, here goes!
(They dance around Rudolph and dab at his nose with their brushes. His nose remains white.)

RUDOLPH *(excitedly calls for Mrs. Santa)*—
Please tell me, Mother Santa,
Is my *red* nose shining now?

MRS. SANTA—
No, Rudolph, there's no red there.
But the *soldiers* might tells us how.
(She calls "Captain," and Toy Soldiers march in carrying red paper circles to paste on Rudolph's nose.)

SOLDIER LEADER—
Is something wrong here, Santa?
We're soldiers made of tin.
Just tell us what is needed;
We're ready to begin.

SANTA *(looking worried)*—
Yes, Captain, we have trouble here.
Can you help in any way?
Rudolph's nose has lost its shine.
Without it, he can't lead my sleigh.
(All Soldiers march around Rudolph trying to stick some red dots on his nose, but they fall off.)

RUDOLPH *(shaking his head)*—
It's no use, dear old Santa,
My nose just *won't* be bright.
You must get another reindeer
To be your guide tonight.

SANTA *(reassuring him)*—
No, no, no such thing!
We'll figure out a way.
I'll let those icy icicles
And snowflakes have a say.
(Snowflakes and Icicles whirl in. All on stage shiver.)

MRS. SANTA *(running up to the Snowflake Leader)*—
We have important work for you.
Listen to what I say:
Make Rudolph's nose bright red again,
So he can lead the way.

SNOWFLAKE LEADER *(leading Snowflakes over to Rudolph)*—
We'll blow and whirl around.
We'll hug him with the cold.
His nose will surely then turn *red.*
All noses do—on young and old.
(They dance around Rudolph—leaning over very near his nose. Nothing happens to the nose. All on stage sigh, "Oh-h-h.")

BROWNIE LEADER *(rushing in with huge red brush)*—
Santa, Santa, I have a good idea!
I just painted a train bright red.
Maybe the paint would touch his nose
If it chugs past his head.
(Four or five children, making up a red train, chug in and try to rub some of the red paint off on Rudolph's nose. No success.)

MRS. SANTA *(hears Dolls crying off stage)*—
Oh, the dollies are crying!
Now that makes me think!
They could use their red rouge
To make Rudolph's nose bright pink.
(Dolls enter carrying big powder puffs tinted with red rouge. They dance around Rudolph, tapping his nose with their puffs. His nose remains white.)

DOLL LEADER *(very worried)*—
How will we make our trip
To the children everywhere?
Santa can't see the way tonight.
Oh, dear, we'll never get there!

SANTA *(pacing the floor, and thinking aloud)*—
I will admit I'm worried.
We've tried out every way.
The only toys who haven't helped
Are the clowns, who like to play.
(He approaches the place where the Clowns are sitting smiling, and the Leader jumps up.)

CLOWN LEADER *(gaily)*—
Hi, Santa—how about us helping?
We'll give Rudolph's nose a pinch.
We'll pinch and pinch and pinch and pinch
Till it's red in every inch.
(Clowns laugh and dance around Rudolph pinching his nose. He shouts "Oh-oh-oh-oh," but no red nose results.)

RUDOLPH *(standing up slowly and starting out)*—
I'm going now, dear Santa.
Back to the woods for me.
I've messed up this whole Christmas Eve;
I'm no use—as you can see.
(Everyone says "Good-by" softly. Just as Rudolph is leaving, a little bell tinkles, and in come the Christmas Fairy and Helper Fairies.)

CHRISTMAS FAIRY *(pointing her wand accusingly at Santa)*—
I'm ashamed of all of you!
You never thought of me!
And I'm the Christmas Fairy
From the top of your Christmas tree.
Santa, you should know so well
That my work every day
Is to fix up a beautiful Christmas
So that everyone will be gay.
(She waves for Helper Fairies who gather near Rudolph.)

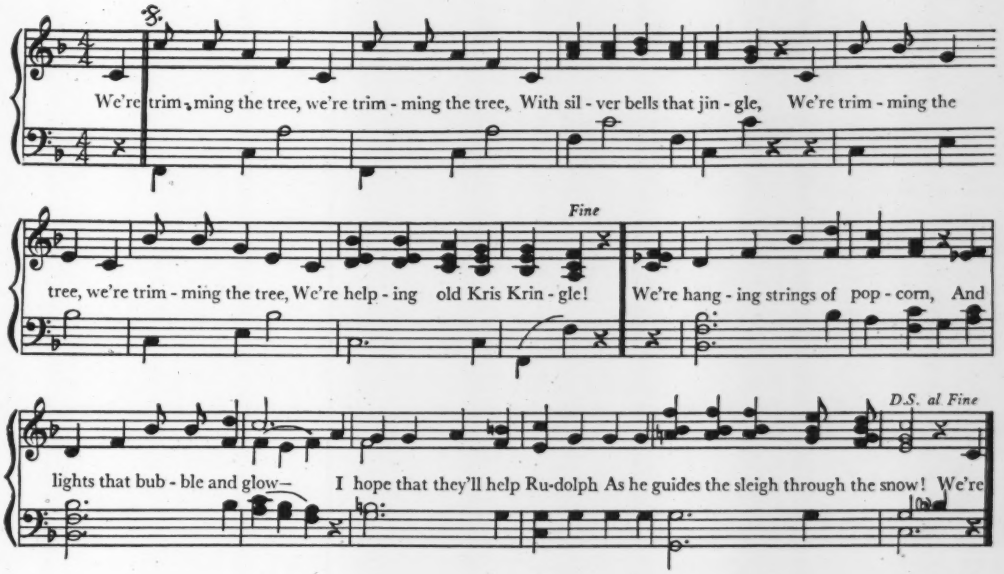
HELPER FAIRIES *(together)*—
Don't go, faithful Rudolph.
You're needed for Santa's sled.
We have to get you busy now,
The children are already in bed.
(They dance around Rudolph. Under the Christmas Fairy's wand is hidden a piece of red paper with transparent tape which she tapes on Rudolph's white nose while the Helper Fairies form a circle to hide her. When she has done her work, she moves away, and there is Rudolph with a red nose.)

CLOWN LEADER *(happily)*—
Now Rudolph's nose is red again
And everything is gay.
Let's hop on Santa's sleigh now;
Rudolph will lead the way.
(Whole cast parades around, and all shout "Merry Christmas" as they leave the stage.)

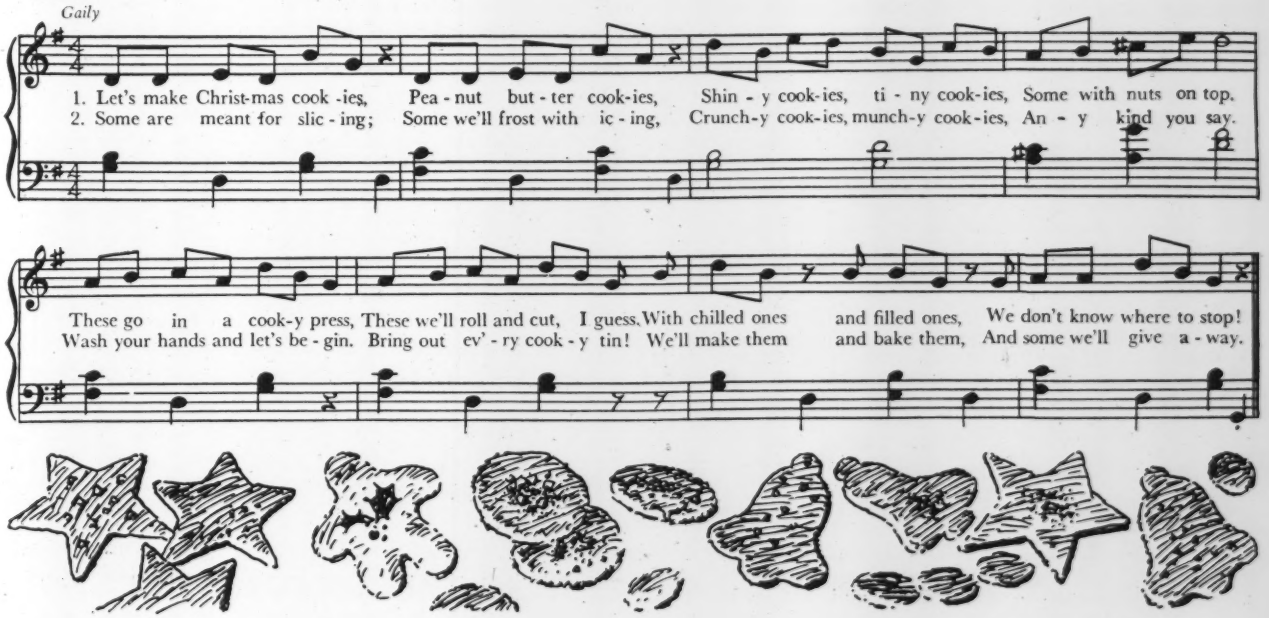
AUTHOR'S NOTE: This play was used with first-graders very successfully. The cast can be enlarged or cut without affecting the story. Dances and rhythms can be worked in, so that children with varied abilities will find a happy place. The properties are simple and not burdensome to organize. The costuming can be kept at a minimum.

Trimming the Tree

Words and Music by Elva S. Daniels


We're trim - ming the tree, we're trim - ming the tree, With sil - ver bells that jin - gle, We're trim - ming the
Fine
tree, we're trim - ming the tree, We're help - ing old Kris Krin - gle!
We're hang - ing strings of pop - corn, And
D.S. al Fine
lights that bub - ble and glow— I hope that they'll help Ru-dolph As he guides the sleigh through the snow! We're

Christmas Cookies

Words and Music by J. Lilian Vandevere

Gaily
1. Let's make Christ-mas cook -ies, Pea - nut but - ter cook-ies, Shin - y cook-ies, ti - ny cook-ies, Some with nuts on top.
2. Some are meant for slic - ing; Some we'll frost with ic - ing, Crunch-y cook-ies, munch-y cook-ies, An - y kind you say.
These go in a cook-y press, These we'll roll and cut, I guess. With chilled ones and filled ones, We don't know where to stop!
Wash your hands and let's be - gin. Bring out ev' - ry cook - y tin! We'll make them and bake them, And some we'll give a - way.

HAVE YOU given a Mother Goose Christmas play lately? Adult audiences usually like such plays, and children feel at home in the roles. Perhaps they will think of other nursery-rhyme personalities who can bring gifts for the box.

Ruth A. Manthorn

Teacher, First and Second Grades, Woodbridge School, Newbury, Massachusetts

CHARACTERS

MOTHER CAT
KITTENS—Muff, Fluff, Puff
MOTHER GOOSE
JACK and JILL
MISS MUFFET
TOMMY TUCKER
BOY BLUE
MISTRESS MARY
JACK HORNER
PETER-PETER
GEORGIE PORGIE
BOPEEP
JACK-BE-NIMBLE
MARY
WEE WILLIE WINKIE

SETTING

Time.—An afternoon in the week before Christmas.
Place.—Living room in the home of the three little kittens.

(*Mother Cat is at the table decorating the large Christmas box. Her three little kittens stand about watching.*)

MOTHER CAT—There—it is finished at last. Mother Goose and the children of Nursery Land will soon be here with their gifts.

MUFF—Who is going to have that beautiful Christmas box, Mother Cat?

FLUFF—Mother, please tell us.

PUFF—Who, Mother, who?

MOTHER CAT—Puffie, you sound like an owl. The box is for the Old Woman who lives in a Shoe.

KITTENS—She has so many children she doesn't know what to do.

MOTHER CAT—Yes, my dears, she finds it hard to make ends meet.

MUFF—Her children are cute.

FLUFF—They are always neat.

MOTHER CAT—Run into the kitchen, my dears, and bring the cookies I made for the Christmas box. I made them especially nice for the little ones who live in the Shoe House.

(*Kittens run to the kitchen. While they are off stage Mother Cat fusses with the box and hums a gay tune. Kittens return with the cookies.*)

MUFF—Yummy! Yummy! May we have just one, Mother?

FLUFF—Please, Mother?

PUFF—Oh, please, Mother?

MOTHER CAT—Not any of these. They are for the Christmas box. Besides it is much too near your suppertime and we are having mouse pie. You may have some cookies for dessert. I have saved some for you. (*There is a loud knock at the door.*) Come in.

(*Mother Goose enters carrying a large white paper goose under her arm.*)

MOTHER CAT—Good afternoon, Mother Goose.

KITTENS (*bowing*)—Good afternoon, Mother Goose.

MOTHER GOOSE—Good afternoon to you, Mrs. Cat, and to you three little kittens.
I'll put this white goose in the box,
It's the very best of all my flocks.
When the Woman in the Shoe has roasted it brown,
It will taste as good as any goose in town.

KITTENS—Goody! Goody!

(*Enter Jack and Jill with a pail of popped corn.*)

JACK—I'm Jack.

JILL—I'm Jill.

JACK—We went up the hill.

JILL—But this time not for water.

JACK—We went to the store for corn to pop,

JILL—And filled our pail to the very top.

JACK—We think they'll like it.

MOTHER CAT—I'm sure they will.

(*Jack and Jill put the pail in the box and sing "Jack and Jill."*)

MISS MUFFET (*enters with blue bowls*)—
I'm little Miss Muffet;
I've left my tuffet
With a gift for the family in the shoe.
I brought them a set of little bowls; they're blue.
The children can use them each day
When they eat their curds and whey.

KITTENS—They are very pretty.

TOMMY TUCKER (*enters with some brown bread and butter*)—
I sang for my supper,
For brown bread and butter.
But I didn't eat it, you see.
I've brought it to you for
The Woman in the Shoe.
So put it in the box, from me.

KITTENS—Good little Tommy Tucker.

BOY BLUE (*enters with horn*)—
I'm little Boy Blue.
I've brought my horn.
The sheep are safe;
The cows aren't in the corn.
The Old Woman in the Shoe
Will find this horn handy.
For calling her children
She'll find it just dandy.

(*He blows on the horn, puts it in the box; sings "Little Boy Blue."*)

MISTRESS MARY (*enters with a bouquet of flowers*)—
I'm Mistress Mary,
Who is sometimes contrary.
I've brought a bouquet
From my garden so gay.

MUFF (*smelling of the flowers as she puts them into the box*)—
Mmmm! They smell good.

JACK HORNER (*enters with a pie*)—
I'm Jack Horner.
I've left my corner
To bring a Christmas pie.
I've not put in my thumb
Or pulled out one plum.
Oh! what a good boy am I!

(*Jack puts his pie in the box and sings "Little Jack Horner."*)

KITTENS—Won't that pie taste good to the Children in the Shoe!

PETER-PETER (*enters with a large cake*)—
I'm Peter-Peter Pumpkin Eater.
My wife is in her pumpkin shell
Making goodies for Christmas—
The kind I like so well.
She sent along this Christmas cake
And hopes no one gets a tummy-ache.

KITTENS—It looks good.

MOTHER CAT—Tell Mrs. Peter, "Thank you."

GEORGIE PORGIE (*enters with a bag of candy kisses*)—
I'm Georgie Porgie pudding and pie.
I kiss the girls and make them cry.
My mother says that I should be good
And not be such a dandy.
So from now on I'll give away
Just kisses made of candy.

BOPEEP (*enters with bundle of clothes*)—I love kisses—the candy ones.

MOTHER CAT—Come in, Bopeep. Have you found your sheep yet?

BOPEEP—
My little lost sheep have not been found,
Though I have looked everywhere around.
I've lost my sheep, my beautiful sheep,
But I've many things, so I'll not weep.
From the wool of my sheep I've warm things to wear—
Enough for myself and some to share.

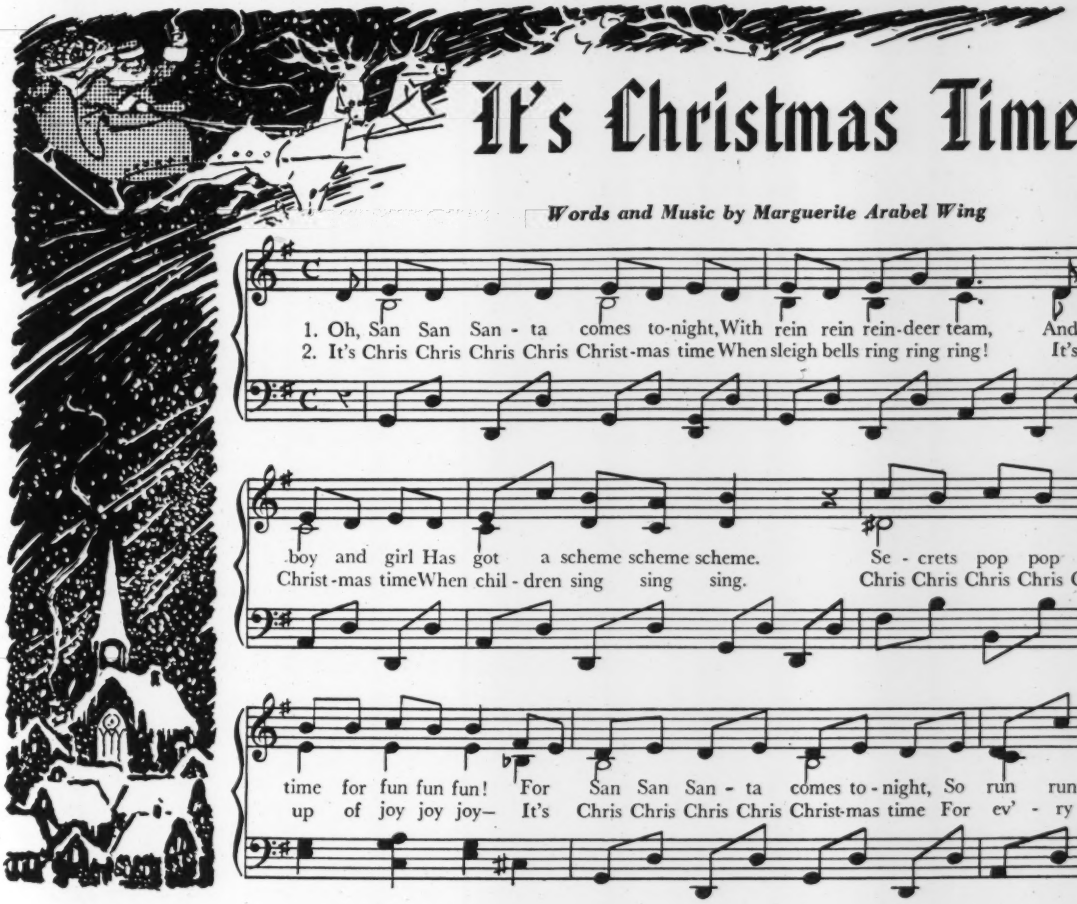
(*She puts her bundle in the box and sings "Little Bopeep."*)

JACK-BE-NIMBLE (*enters with candlestick*)—
Ho, I'm Jack-Be-Nimble—Jack-Be-Quick.
Watch me jump over the candlestick.

(*Puts candlestick on the floor and jumps over it; then puts it in the box.*)

This candlestick with its candle red
Will light the children up to bed.

MOTHER CAT—That's just fine, Jack.

(Continued on page 74)

It's Christmas Time

Words and Music by Marguerite Arabel Wing

1. Oh, San San San - ta comes to-night, With rein rein rein-deer team, And ev' - ry boy boy
2. It's Chris Chris Chris Chris Christ-mas time When sleigh bells ring ring ring! It's Chris Chris Chris Chris

boy and girl Has got a scheme scheme scheme. Se - crets pop pop pop pop out! It's
Christ-mas time When chil - dren sing sing sing. Chris Chris Chris Chris Christ-mas time made

time for fun fun fun! For San San San - ta comes to - night, So run run run run run!
up of joy joy joy— It's Chris Chris Chris Chris Christ-mas time For ev' - ry girl and boy!

Christmas Advice

Words by Marguerite Gode

Music by Isabelle Groetzinger

Big round clock in the hall says eight, Stock - ings hang by the dark - ened grate. Tip - toe air - i - ly,

whis - per war - i - ly, San - ta's on his way. Lis - ten for the sil - ver bells to ring, Won - der what Kris

Krin - gle's going to bring, But what - e'er you do, Don't play peek - a - boo, till Christ - mas Day.

HERE IS a variation on the "Christmas in Other Lands" theme. Some real Swedish children react in a way that American children can understand, while introducing an interesting unfamiliar seasonal custom.

The Twenty-Fourth Candle

Chester G. Osborne

Teacher, Public School, Center Moriches, Long Island, New York

CHARACTERS

SELMA—A little girl.
MRS. NELSON—Her mother.
TAGE—Her brother, about two years older.
MR. NELSON—Her father.
FAIRY DOLL

COSTUMES

Everyday clothes will do for all the Nelsons, though Swedish folk costumes could be used. They would be especially appropriate for Scene 3. Fairy Doll is dressed in a blue gown. She wears a crown and has a star-tipped wand.

SETTING

The scene is the living room of the Nelson home, in a town in Sweden. Doors lead to the kitchen, to an entrance hall, and to a closet. (Screen could be used.) On a table placed where all can see it is a large wooden hoop, partially surrounded by evergreens.

This hoop plays an important part in the play. To it attach, with clips or wire, Christmas-tree lights with twenty-four yellow bulbs. Use the kind of wiring set where the bulbs are independent, so that if one burns out all will not go out. Do not use real candles, but arrange cylinders of cardboard to cover wires. Topped by the yellow bulbs they will look like candles. When the play begins, have all the bulbs loosened, but in the sockets, so that a turn will put them on.

In Scene 3, the room is festive with paper garlands and lighted candles. The floor is strewn with bits of straw.

Scene 1

(*Mrs. Nelson is arranging evergreens around the hoop, flat on the table. Mr. Nelson is reading the paper.*)

(*Selma and Tage enter, wearing warm outdoor clothing which they remove as the conversation takes place.*)

SELMA—Mother, how many days are there until Christmas? Tage doesn't know.

MRS. NELSON—Christmas is still a long way off, Selma.

SELMA—I know, but I like to count the days. Oh, I can't wait! I wish Christmas were here now.

TAGE—It is more than three weeks anyway, Selma. And the more you think about it, the longer it will seem.

MR. NELSON—Have you children thought about what you want for Christmas?

SELMA—Oh, yes. I know exactly what I want. I want a fairy princess doll.

TAGE—A fairy princess doll! What kind of doll is that?

SELMA—It's just what it sounds like, Tage. It is like any other doll, except that it is a little larger. I saw one once, in a store in Stockholm. She was dressed like a fairy princess, in a long blue gown. She wore a little crown that shone and sparkled like a halo, and carried a magic wand.

TAGE—I want a new pair of snowshoes. Mother, just how many days *are* there until Christmas, anyway?

(*Mr. and Mrs. Nelson look at each other and laugh.*)

MR. NELSON—"How long until Christmas?" "How many days *are* there?" Your mother and I thought you children would be asking us. Well, we are ready with the answer.

MRS. NELSON—Yes, we are ready with the answer, for today we will start lighting the hoop!

SELMA AND TAGE (*together*)—Lighting the hoop! What is that?

MRS. NELSON—It is an old custom in Norse countries.

MR. NELSON—It seems that boys and girls are all the same when Christmas time draws near. They want to know how many days are left until the holiday. They want to know every day!

MRS. NELSON—And to answer the questions, we light a candle for every day that goes by. We place a wooden hoop like this one (*she points*) in the middle of the table. Then, all around the rim of the hoop, we place a series of candles. There are twenty-four candles all together. In the evening of the first day of December, we light the first candle.

TAGE—Oh! That's tonight!

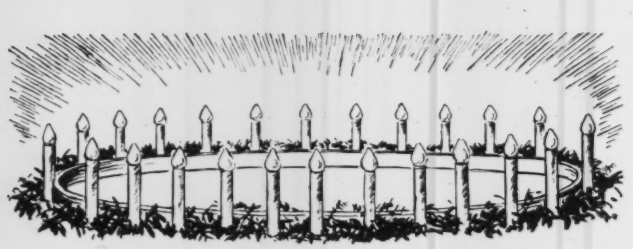
MRS. NELSON—Yes, it is! And we will light the first candle as soon as it is dark. Tomorrow afternoon we will light it again. At dusk we'll light a second one. We will light one more on every evening that follows, until there are twenty-four candles lit and blazing on the hoop.

MR. NELSON—When the whole hoop is shining with the twenty-four candles, then it will be Christmas Eve!

SELMA—Oh, that *is* a pretty custom! Please light the first candle now!

TAGE—Yes, please light it!

(*As Mr. Nelson solemnly walks to the hoop, all watch intently. When he turns away, the first light is ashine. Selma and Tage cheer and clap hands.*)



Scene 2

(*Selma is seated on the floor. She is making cutouts. She has scattered her work and the room is in disorder. Tage is sprawled near by, reading a magazine. Twenty lights are aglow now!*)

(*Mr. and Mrs. Nelson enter, dressed for going out.*)

MRS. NELSON—Oh, Selma, did you need to upset the room in order to play? I wish I had time to put it in order before I leave. (*Looks questioningly at her husband.*)

MR. NELSON—I'm sorry, my dear, but we must leave right away. Children, your mother and I have some errands to do. While we are gone, make sure that there is plenty of coal on the fire, Tage. And sweep the cellar floor. There are ashes all around down there.

TAGE—Yes, Father.

SELMA—Oh, are you going shopping, Mother? Are you going to buy some presents? (*Eagerly.*) Are you going to buy me a fairy princess doll?

MRS. NELSON—No more questions. And mind you, don't go snooping around while we are away. Don't try to find any Christmas presents, for that would spoil all the fun!

TAGE—It sure would! I like being surprised on Christmas.

(*Mr. and Mrs. Nelson say good-by and go out.*)

SELMA (*looking at hoop and pointing to count the candles*)—Eighteen, nineteen, twenty candles! Oh, I wish we could light the next one right now!

TAGE—Mother and Father will probably light it when they come home. It will be dark by then. (*He gets up.*) Well, I guess I'll go put some coal on the fire. (*He goes out.*)

SELMA—Oh, I wonder whether Mother and Father went to buy me a fairy princess doll. If they are carrying a great big bundle when they come back, I'll know that's what they bought. (*She plays with the cutouts for a moment, then pushes them aside, and stands up. She stares at the candles, and at the Christmas decorations.*) Oh, I wish Christmas would hurry! (*Tiptoes to table, opens and shuts drawer. Furtively, she peeks behind chairs and furniture, and finally walks slowly toward the closet door and stares fixedly at it. She opens the door slowly, peering up and down and looking deep in. Suddenly she reaches in and drags out the Fairy Doll, which is only partly covered with big squares of colored wrapping tissue.*) Oh! A real fairy princess doll. (*She pulls away the wrappings.*) Oh, you are beautiful! (*Fairy Doll sits exactly as Selma has placed her, stiffly and silently.*) And you wear a crown, and you have a magic wand! Just what I wanted for Christmas!

TAGE (*from off stage*)—Selma! Selma! I want you to help me in the cellar! (*Continued on page 69*)

FROM OUR own West, this play capturing the real cowboy flavor will get the vote of your older boys. It is a possibility for a rural school. The cast can be reduced or expanded. Let the actors create additional dialogue.

Cowboys' Christmas

Gertrude Lofgren
Teacher, Fifth and Sixth Grades, Public School, Perrydale, Oregon

CHARACTERS

COWBOYS	KELLER FAMILY
SPEED	PA
IKE	MA
PAT	GRANDMA
PANCHO	HELEN
RUSTY	PAUL
FLAPJACK BILL	JOHNNIE
SLICK	MARY
SHORTY	
SLIM	
CURLY	

SANTA CLAUS

COSTUMES

Cowboy outfits. Pancho should have a sombrero and a short colorful vest. The Keller family wears old clothes. Pa Keller's leg should be bandaged and propped up on a chair with a pair of crutches near by. A frazzled-rope beard and a red shirt for the cowboy Santa. A Santa Claus suit for the real Santa.

SETTING

Scene 1.—Cowboys seated around a campfire.
Scene 2.—Interior of Keller house.

Scene 1

(*Cowboys are sitting around a campfire.*)

SPEED—Well, fellers, I'm glad to see you so cheerfullike on Christmas Eve. It sure was too bad that we didn't get through here by Christmas like we'd planned. I haven't a home to go to, but I sure would like to take in the sights in Cornerville tonight.

IKE—I been thinking about when I was a boy, back in Wisconsin. Christmas sure was exciting then.

PAT—I remember how things was when I was a little shaver. We used to go sledding on the hills 'til we'd be near froze. Then we'd beat it for the house where there'd be a warm fire. And the smells that came from my mom's kitchen! Wow!

PANCHO—Give me a fiesta at Christmas with chili con carne an' frijoles, an' tortillas, an' lots of beautiful señoritas! Yippee! That's what Pancho like.

RUSTY—Christmas isn't like it used to be. Even food doesn't taste the same.

FLAPJACK BILL (*defensively*)—I suppose it's *my* fault you are getting old! I bought that gunny sack full of Christmas candy, fruit cake, apples, and oranges you wanted. Pretty near broke the horse down getting them groceries from town—just so you boys can sit around and stuff yourselves tomorrow.

SHORTY—I thought I did my share to make it a Merry Christmas—shooting and cleaning ten sage hens! But, somehow, it doesn't seem like Christmas to me either.

SLIM—I suppose it's because you fellows don't seem much like a family.

CURLY—Why, Slim, how can you say that? You know we've been punching cattle together out here for almost a year.

SLICK—It's not that you all don't do fine and dandy but at Christmas a fellow gets lonesome for a real family with kids.

SHORTY—Well, none of us has any kids here, so let's forget it.

SLIM—Say, I got a good idea! When you were talking about a family I got to thinking about Jim Keller and his outfit that live over at Dead Horse Gulch. He busted his leg last month, and he's still laid up. He's got a raft of young ones and they're as poor as jack rabbits in January. I'll bet ole Santy Claus don't even know they're alive.

CURLY—Say, why don't we fix up a sack of this stuff that Bill bought and take it over? It would make them a nice Christmas.

IKE—We could fix Slick up as Santa Claus with my big old red shirt!

PANCHO—Pancho will lend Santa Claus his best sombrero!

RUSTY—I'll fix him a beard out of rope. I know how, on account of I saw one made that-a-way.

SPEED—I've got a cowbell and the kids will think it's Santy's sleigh bells when they hear it!

FLAPJACK BILL—Slick can carry that gunny sack full of candy and groceries on his back!

SLICK—Now, boys, I'm willing to wear an old red shirt, and a rope beard—although if you'd thought this up a week ago, I'd have grown a real one down to here (*pointing to his waist*)—but I'm *not* going to tote that gunny sack clear over to Keller's.

IKE—All right, we'll let you ride. Let's get ready. We'll give them Kellers a real Christmas surprise!

PANCHO (*last to leave stage*)—Maybe Old Man Keller got a houseful of beautiful señoritas!

Scene 2

(*Pa Keller is sitting on a chair near center of stage with his broken leg on another chair. Grandma and Ma are working. The children are playing with makeshift toys.*)

PA KELLER—I sure feel mighty bad to be laid up at Christmas! I knew we wouldn't have much, but I was planning on buying a few things special. Instead I had to put it all on my leg!

MA KELLER—Don't you fret, Pa. You're getting well and that is Christmas enough for us.

GRANDMA—Land sakes, Sonny, you don't know what trouble is. The winter I was ten your grandpappy got clawed by a cougar and your grandma got took with a fever. I had to take charge of everything. The snow was six feet deep, not counting drifts. The wind, the wolves, and the younger kids howled around the cabin so loud that I couldn't tell which was which! I lived through that, and you'll make it through this!

PA—How's the food holding out? It'll be two weeks before I can ride.

MA—Oh, we got half a sack of potatoes and plenty of flour. I got some molasses too. Thought maybe I'd make a vinegar and molasses pie, or some candy, just to make our Christmas kind of special.

HELEN—Ma, will Santy Claus come tonight?

PAUL—I wrote Santa a letter. I bet he comes.

JOHNNIE—I think Santa will come. He's got to bring me a train, a gun, and some real cowboy boots.

MA—There now, children, I expect that this year we'd just better be happy that we are all together. If you'll sit down I will tell you about "A Visit from St. Nicholas." *(Continued on page 71)*

Rise Up, Shepherd, an' Foller

edited and arranged by elva s. daniels

1. There's a star in the East on Christ - mas morn, Rise up, shep - herd, an' fol - ler;
2. If you take to yo' heart the an - gel's words, Rise up, shep - herd, an' fol - ler;

It will lead to the place where the Sav - iour's born, Rise up, shep-herd, an'
You'll for - get all yo' flocks, you'll for - get yo' herds, Rise up, shep - herd, an'

Chorus

fol - ler. Fol — ler, fol — ler, Rise up, shep-herd, an' fol - ler,

Fol - ler the star of Beth - le - hem, Rise up, shep - herd, an' fol - ler.

Our familiar Christmas carols have come to us from many different countries, each one expressing the hope and joy of the season. Here is a carol that originated in our own country. It is a Negro spiritual, probably more than a hundred years old. It should be sung moderately fast, and can be very effective if a solo and chorus treatment is used.

IF YOU are looking for a sacred play to present at school or church, be sure to consider this one. It has atmosphere, sincerity, and pathos. Note the fine literary quality of the lines.

Second Christmas

CHARACTERS

DANIEL—A shepherd husband and father (played by an upper-grade boy).
MARTHA—Wife of Daniel (played by an older girl).
JOSIAH, PAUL, SAMUEL—Their sons (played by fourth-grade boys).
SARAH—Their daughter (played by a third-grade girl).
JOEL—Another shepherd, their neighbor (played by a sixth-grade boy).
LADY, MAN—Strangers, who with their child—seek a night's shelter (played by fifth-grade girl and boy).
ANGELS—Three first-graders.

SETTING

The home of a shepherd located in the hills of Judea. The room has one window, an outside door, and one that leads to a sleeping room (can be suggested). A stone fireplace indicates how the cottage is heated and food is cooked. There are benches to sit on, a rough table, a cupboard, and a cradle.

SUGGESTIONS

For information about casting, staging, and costuming, see end of play.

(*The curtains open on a dimly lighted scene. Martha is lifting a heavy curtain to peer out a window. Sarah sits on a low stool, rocking a wooden cradle. A lighted candle is on the table, where bowls and a large loaf of hard bread are ready for supper.*)

MARTHA (*anxiously*)—The hour is growing late. It is long past our suppertime. I worry about your father. (*Again looks out.*)

SARAH—Mother, the baby is yet awake. He lies here with his eyes wide open and looks at me. He isn't a bit sleepy. May I hold him awhile?

MARTHA—No, my child. Keep rocking him. He'll soon be asleep. (*Looks out.*) It is a black night without. Not a star shines in the sky. And I can hear the wind rising. Your father is very late. Oh, I do hope he can find his way along that rocky ledge! It is frightening, even in daylight.

SARAH—How long does it take him to go to the market, Mother?

MARTHA—It's a day's journey, there and back. But your father is swift at walking. He started before dawn this morning, so he could return before it grew dark.

SARAH—He could ride home. He took old Ephraim with him.

MARTHA—Yes, he always takes all the pack animals with him when he takes salt to the market. But he won't ride. He always says he is as able to walk as the animals are. (*Peering out the window.*) I see your brothers' fire on yonder hillside. Poor lads, they must be getting cold and hungry. I told them I would set a candle in the window when we were ready to eat.

SARAH—I am hungry too, Mother. May I have a piece of bread?

MARTHA—No, child. We are all hungry. But we shall enjoy our food more when your father is with us. Oh, I do hope that nothing has happened!

(*Steps are heard outside. Both rush to the door.*)

SARAH—Here is Father, now! I hope he brought me that shell necklace from the market!

(*Samuel enters.*)

(*Martha and Sarah turn back, disappointed.*)

MARTHA—Oh, it's you, Samuel.

SAMUEL—Is the supper not ready? I am fainting with hunger We thought maybe you had forgotten to put the light in the window.

MARTHA—Samuel! For shame! Why do you leave your brothers to watch the sheep, while you run off?

SAMUEL—I have not run off. Before I left, I told them that I was coming home because I could not live another moment without food. They are not as hungry as I am. Paul is so sleepy he can scarcely keep the wood on the fire. And Josiah is too busy watching for lions and bears in the bushes to remember he is hungry. He thinks he will become another David.

MARTHA—Shame, Samuel, to speak of your brothers that way. They are diligent in their work, while you think only of your appetite. However, as long as you are here, you may have your supper. I shall dip up a bowl of soup for you, and then you can go back to the hillside while the others come in.

SAMUEL—What! Stay out there alone, in the dark?

MARTHA—Of course. I want to put a light in the window for your father, so you must hurry. I can't place the candle until you return, for I don't want the other boys to come in and leave the sheep untended.

SARAH—Mother, may I eat, too? The baby is asleep now. And I am *so* hungry!

MARTHA—Very well, daughter. Father would want you to have your food. (*Dips up two bowls of soup, and breaks off two chunks of the bread.*) Come, children. Let us say the blessing. (*Children fold hands and bow heads.*) "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them. O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him. Amen."

(*The children take their seats and begin to eat, dipping their bread into their bowls. Martha stands at the window.*)

(*Steps are heard. Martha and Sarah rush to the door. Daniel enters.*)

MARTHA—Oh, Daniel! Thank heaven you have returned safely! I have been so worried!

SARAH—Did you get the necklace, Father? Did you?

MARTHA—Hush, child. Daniel, did you have trouble at the market? Or along the road? What made you so late?

SAMUEL—Did the brown donkey get balky again?

DANIEL (*slumps into a chair, and speaks with extreme weariness*)—No, no. Everything was all right.

MARTHA—Do you want your supper now? Or will you wait for Paul and Josiah? They should be here in a moment.

DANIEL—I will wait. I have no desire to eat now, anyway.

MARTHA—Not hungry! Daniel, are you ill?

DANIEL—No, not ill.

MARTHA—Then what is it? I have never known you to be without appetite.

DANIEL—It's—well—I've heard news in the market place—news to make your heart sick.

MARTHA—What—what kind of news?

DANIEL (*looking at the children*)—Samuel, you had best go to the hillside with your brothers.

SAMUEL—But, Father, I want to hear the news first.

DANIEL—No, Son. It is no news for the ears of children. Be gone, now.

SAMUEL—But, Father, I'll be all alone out there. The others are coming in for supper.

SARAH—Do not fear, Samuel. I will go with you until they have finished eating.

SAMUEL—Who said that I was afraid? It is only that I cannot do a good job of watching all those sheep by myself.

MARTHA—Hurry along, children. Dress warmly for there is a bitter wind coming up from across the sea. Hasten! (*She hurries them out the door.*) Now, Daniel, what is it? What could have disturbed you so?

DANIEL—I cannot think how to tell you.

MARTHA—The other children will be coming in at any moment now. (*Continued on page 70*)

LUCILE MAXFIELD BOGUE

Teacher, First Grade, Public School, Steamboat Springs, Colorado

IN OLD England, characters announced themselves and even talked about themselves on the stage. Children are sure to like Liane Weber's modern use of that device. If you would like a World Friendship angle for Christmas, try Grace Nash's suspenseful play with its surprise ending.

A Christmas Fantasy

LIANE WEBER

Teacher of Music and Art, Encinal and Hedger Elementary Schools, Sutter County, California

CHARACTERS

MOTHER	PRESENTS—Any number.
FATHER	GROCERY BOX
GIRL	CANDLES—Several.
BOY	WREATH
FAIRY	RIBBON
TREE	DOCTOR
ORNAMENTS—Any number.	CAROLERS—Any number.
DOLL	BELL
COWBOY SUIT	

SETTING

A simply furnished living room and kitchen combined. There is a kitchen table, on which is a large mixing bowl and spoon, and several old chairs.

(*Each character enters just in time to speak his first line.*)

MOTHER—Once upon a time a mother lived in a poor little house.

FATHER—With her husband, who was sick, and couldn't work. (*Sits in a chair. Mother wraps quilt around him.*)

GIRL—And his *good* little daughter. (*Curtsies to audience.*)

BOY—And his *good* little boy. (*Winks at audience.*)

(*Both Girl and Boy stand beside Father. Mother goes to the table.*)

ALL—And it was the night before Christmas!

MOTHER—There was nothing in the house to eat. (*Holds up empty bowl.*)

FATHER—Father had no money to buy food or toys. (*Shakes out empty purse.*)

BOY—The little boy's Christmas stocking had a hole in it. (*Shows stocking, putting fingers through the hole.*)

GIRL—And the little girl's Christmas stocking had a hole in it. (*Repeats action of Boy.*)

ALL—And there wasn't even a chimney for Santa to come down. (*Cry.*) Boohoo, hooo.

FAIRY—A good little fairy came, and seeing their sorrow, she waved her magic wand. (*Dances around room to any soft music, waving wand.*)

TREE—A nice little Christmas tree came and stood in the corner.

ORNAMENTS—And many pretty ornaments appeared, and a star for the top. (*Put ornaments on tree and star on tree top.*)

BOY—The boy and girl were happy to have a Christmas tree.

GIRL—They clapped and sang. (*Everyone sings "Oh! Christmas Tree."*)

DOLL—A doll appeared for the little girl. (*Bows stiffly and says "Ma-ma."*)

COWBOY SUIT—And a cowboy suit for the little boy. (*Substitute any toy.*)

PRESENTS—And many presents for everyone sat under the tree.

GROCERY BOX—A big box of good things to eat for Christmas dinner came and sat upon the table.

CANDLES—Pretty red candles came and stood by the windows.

WREATH—A big holly wreath showed up to hang on the door.

RIBBON—Next came a beautiful red ribbon to tie the wreath, and give Christmas cheer to all who passed by the house.

DOCTOR—The Fairy called a doctor to help make the Father well. (*Holds Father's wrist in right hand, looks at watch.*)

CAROLERS—Singers came to cheer the family with joyful Christmas carols. (*Sing a carol.*)

BELL—There came a bell to ring the merry chimes and wish for all a jolly Christmas time.

(*Use rhythm band if desired. Song: "Christmas Bells" from* THE INSTRUCTOR, *December 1951.*)

DOCTOR—The Doctor gave the Father some vitamins to make him well.

FATHER (*jumping up*)—Father felt happy as a cricket and danced a merry dance. (*Does a few clog or tap steps.*)

MOTHER—That made Mother very happy, and she began to set the table with the good things to eat. (*She takes box off table and puts groceries on table.*)

GIRL (*eating cookies*)—The little girl ate all she could hold.

BOY (*also eating*)—The little boy ate even more than he could hold! (*Groans, and then rubs tummy.*)

TREE—The tree still stood in the corner with the star shining on the top.

ORNAMENTS—All the pretty ornaments glittered and shone. (*Dance around tree.*)

RIBBON—The ribbon tied the wreath to the door. (*Stands in front of Wreath by door.*)

WREATH—The wreath brought cheer to everyone passing by.

PRESENTS—The presents waited under the tree for Christmas morning. (*All pretend to sleep.*)

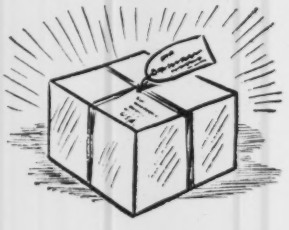
CANDLES—The candles still shone from the windows.

CAROLERS—The carol singers left, singing a merry tune. (*Exit singing "Deck the Halls."*)

FAIRY—The good little fairy left, calling, "Merry Christmas to all." (*She goes skipping out.*)

ALL—
And everyone was happy and gay
And had a lovely Christmas Day.

The MYSTERIOUS Package



GRACE C. NASH

Teacher, Fourth Grade, Greeley School, Winnetka, Illinois

CHARACTERS

WILLIAMS CHILDREN	MRS. WILLIAMS
BOB—The oldest.	MR. WILLIAMS
JILL—Next in age.	MR. ALDEN—A postman.
TEDDY—The youngest.	
CAROLERS	

SETTING

Scene 1 is in the afternoon and Scene 2 is at suppertime two weeks before Christmas. Scene 3 is on Christmas Day. All three scenes take place in the Williams' living room. Besides doors to the inside and outside of the house, there is a closet door. For Scene 3, a lighted Christmas tree may be added if desired.

Scene 1

(*The Williams Children are on stage singing "Jingle Bells" when the doorbell rings.*)

JILL—I'll get it.

(*They all run to the door.*)

TEDDY—It's a package! Mother, come!

BOB—Two weeks before Christmas and our first package! What d'ya know! C'mon in, Mr. Alden.

(*Mrs. Williams enters.*)

(*Mr. Alden steps inside with a package wrapped in worn brown paper and knotted string which he hands to Mrs. Williams.*)

MRS. WILLIAMS—Good morning, Mr. Alden. Do you have a package for us?

MR. ALDEN—Yes, and it's from far away. Will you sign for it? (*He hands her the receipt pad and a pencil.*)

MRS. WILLIAMS (*handing the package to Teddy, she signs the receipt after studying it*)—My, my, I don't understand. Christmas certainly brings surprises.

MR. ALDEN—Yes, indeed. (*He takes pad and pencil. Exits.*)

MRS. WILLIAMS—Let me see the box, Teddy.

TEDDY (*handing her the package*)—Is it from Aunt Nellie in Chicago?

MRS. WILLIAMS—No, it isn't.

JILL—I'll bet it's our prize for that radio contest we entered last fall. (*Continued on page 72*)

Christmas Chimes

Words and Music by Helen Dallam

Gaily with steady rhythm

mp

1. At Christ-mas time we hear a chime of bells from far and
2. Our Christ-mas tree is bright and gay, our fire-place warm with

near; They ring for you, they ring for me, they ring through the air so clear. We wait for San - ta's
cheer, We gath - er round the ta - ble wide and greet our loved ones dear. We sing a hap - py

cheer - y smile, as he drives his sleigh and deer. At Christ-mas time we hear a chime of bells. Ding ling ling ling ling ling.
Christ-mas song, we sing it all day long, At Christ-mas time we hear a chime of

End I

End II

bells, Ding ling ling ling ling ling ling ling, Ding ling ling ling ling ling ling ling.

Gradually fading away

EVEN IF you don't use this one for a performance, it will be fun to do in class. Borrow your neighbors' copies of *The Instructor*, or let the pupils ad-lib the parts. It will click with older girls and boys. They can adapt it as desired.

"The Man on the Street" Interviews Christmas Shoppers

Ann M. Buzzell
Teacher, Sixth Grade, West Hill School, Ithaca, New York

CHARACTERS

MRS. SCHAEFFER	MRS. MOORE
MAILMAN	ADELE WEST
MRS. DAEL	MR. WHITE
TOM	MRS. STANTON
JIM	MISS RANKIN
ANNOUNCER	LINDA LANE
ASSISTANT	CAROLERS
MR. WILSON	SHOPPERS

SETTING

The scene is a busy street toward the end of a shopping day a short time before Christmas. A background of store windows may be painted by the children. A tripod holding a kettle for the Salvation Army is near center front.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS

As on any busy street at Christmas time, people go to and fro, sometimes window-shopping, sometimes stopping to talk (*pantomime*), at times calling (*aloud*) "Hello" or "Merry Christmas!" Some stop to watch the broadcast and then move on. Others drop coins into the kettle. These entrances and exits will need to be carefully worked out and cued by the director.

The Announcer uses cards for the questions and answers and can be seen reading from them.

(*The stage is empty except for the Salvation Army kettle.*)

MRS. SCHAEFFER (*enters briskly*)—Guess that hot chocolate will help me stand the cold another hour or so. (*Stands near tripod and begins ringing bell.*)

(*Mailman enters, wearily.*)

MRS. SCHAEFFER (*heartily*)—Merry Christmas!

MAILMAN—A Merry Christmas? Mrs. Schaeffer, my feet don't think so! I wish people would do their Christmas mailing earlier.

MRS. SCHAEFFER—Well, I guess everyone always means to. Only—

MAILMAN (*laughing*)—I know! I even caught my wife mailing a package this morning. Merry Christmas! (*Moves along.*)

(*As Mailman leaves, Mrs. Dael enters with bags, bundles, and boxes. She pauses and awkwardly gets out shopping list, mumbling to herself.*)

MRS. DAEL (*aloud*)—A warm sweater for Aunt Marguerite, Ralph's wallet, but no slippers for Grandma yet. How am I ever going to carry anything more!

TOM (*running in, calls back over his shoulder*)—Hurry up, Jim! We'll be late if you don't hurry. (*Bumps into Mrs. Dael, knocking all her packages to the ground as Jim appears running.*)

MRS. DAEL—Young man, why don't you look where you're going!

(*Boys begin to pick up packages and talk quietly so that Announcer and Assistant, who enter, can be heard.*)

ASSISTANT—This ought to be a good spot for our broadcast, Bob.

ANNOUNCER—Yes, lots of shoppers are sure to go by here.

ASSISTANT (*getting equipment ready*)—What are your questions about tonight, Bob?

ANNOUNCER—We thought it would be interesting to see what people know about the source of Christmas customs. Is the tape recorder ready?

ASSISTANT—All set.

ANNOUNCER—Ladies and gentlemen, this is WZO's "Man on the Street." What a busy Christmas scene this is! Shoppers loaded with bundles, gay street decorations of greenery and lights overhead, and colorful store windows! (*Mr. Wilson pauses to hear what this is about.*) Our broadcast tonight deals with the spirit of Christmas. Here's a shopper. (*Steps up to Mr. Wilson.*) Good evening, sir; this is WZO's "Man on the Street" broadcast. May we have a few words with you?

MR. WILSON (*a little reluctantly*)—Broadcast? I don't know—

ANNOUNCER—Step closer to the microphone, sir. Your name?

MR. WILSON—George Wilson.

ANNOUNCER—Mr. Wilson, we're asking people what they know about Christmas customs. Can you tell us how we happen to have Christmas trees?

MR. WILSON—Let's see, now.

ANNOUNCER—Where were trees first used for Christmas?

MR. WILSON—It was in Germany. I remember reading that Martin Luther was the first to decorate a tree. One winter's night he saw the stars through the trees. That inspired him to take a tree into the house and decorate it for his children. Of course, that's a legend, at least according to the article.

(*Assistant gets Mrs. Moore, from group looking on, to be the next one interviewed. This continues throughout broadcast.*)

ANNOUNCER—Yes, Mr. Wilson, the first record we have of a decorated Christmas tree was in Germany about 1605. Thank you. (*Turns to Mrs. Moore.*) Now, your name, please?

MRS. MOORE (*with assurance*)—Mrs. Henry Moore.

ANNOUNCER—How do you do, Mrs. Moore. Will you answer a question on Christmas customs?

MRS. MOORE—I'll try.

ANNOUNCER—Thanks. Can you tell us why greens are used so much for Christmas decorating?

MRS. MOORE—Let me think—Haven't people down through history used growing things to decorate?

ANNOUNCER—Yes, Mrs. Moore, you're right. Also, there was a belief that trees and flowers blossomed at Christmas time. Thank you. Who's next?

ADELE—I am. I'm Adele West.

ANNOUNCER—Hello, young lady. Here's one about presents. Can you tell us how we started giving gifts at Christmas time, Adele?

ADELE—Yes, our teacher told us that the other day. She said the ancient Romans had a custom of giving presents at the beginning of the New Year and from that came our custom of giving Christmas gifts.

ANNOUNCER—Good for you, Adele! The Wise Men gave gifts to the Christ Child, and that helped establish the custom. Now who is next?

MR. WHITE—Bill White.

(*The carol, "Good King Wenceslaus," is heard softly in the distance.*)

ANNOUNCER—Our question for you, Mr. White, is "Why do we use holly at Christmas time?"

MR. WHITE—I don't think I would have remembered that if the young lady ahead of me hadn't mentioned the New Year's gifts of the Romans. They put sprigs of holly on their New Year's gifts, I understand.

ANNOUNCER—Right you are! Now I think I have one to stump the experts. Will you try the hard one, Mrs.—

MRS. STANTON—Mrs. Stanton.

ANNOUNCER—Have you any idea how mince pie came to be part of the traditional Christmas feast, Mrs. Stanton?

MRS. STANTON—That *is* a hard one! No, I'm afraid I haven't.

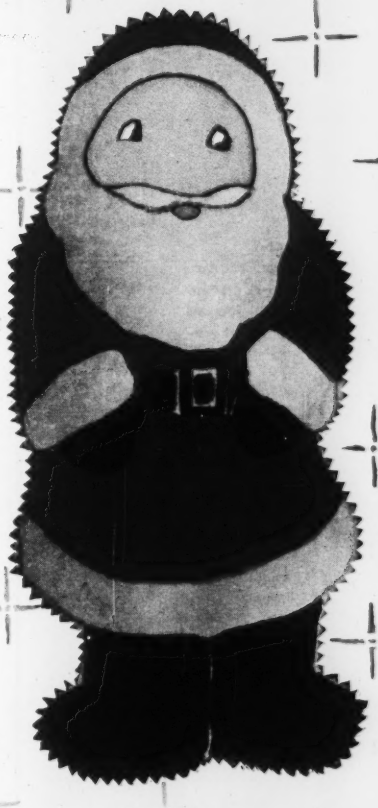
ANNOUNCER—Perhaps it wasn't fair to ask that but I thought our radio audience would like to hear the answer. The spices and citrus fruit of the mincemeat were used to symbolize the Wise Men of the East. (*Continued on page 71*)

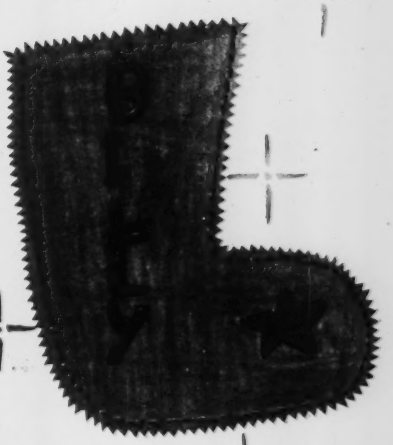
CANDY OR BEAN BAGS

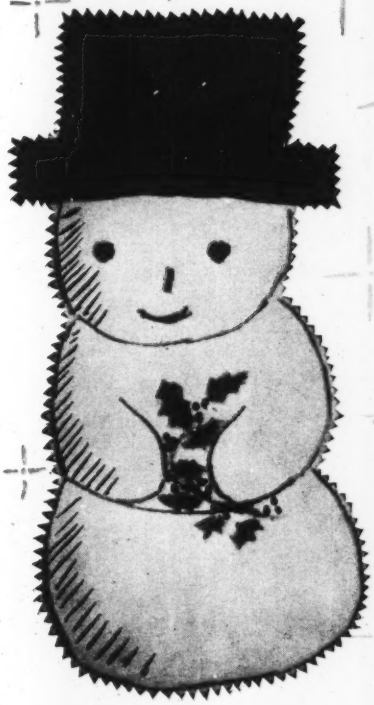
Christmas HANDWORK

CHILDREN like to design candy containers or bean bags. Let them put their designs on white or light-colored cloth. Before cutting out, color with heavy strokes of crayon, and press, face down. Sew to another piece, for the back, leaving an opening for filling. If you have pinking shears, the containers can be sewed right side out, and the edges pinked ¼" outside the seams.

Lucile Rosencrans







Louise Jones

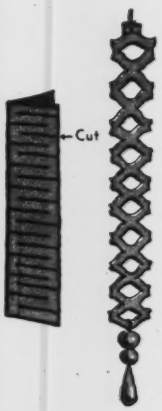
MAKE a frog bean bag with dark material for the top, and light for the underside. Cut top and bottom alike, allowing for ¼" seams. Stitch together, leaving a 1½" opening. Turn right side out and stuff. Rice is especially good, but small dried beans or peas are satisfactory. Close opening; add small bells for eyes.

Your 1952 Christmas Tree . . . .

Decorate It with These

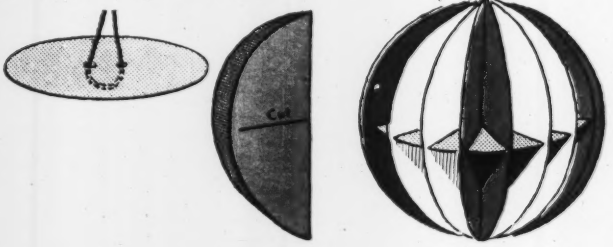
1

A STRIP of colored paper 1¾" x 6" makes a fairy ladder. Fold in half lengthwise. Along each edge at intervals of ⅜", slash to within ¼" of opposite side as indicated. Attach beads to one end and a string for hanging to the other.



EIGHT 4" circles will make a colorful ball. Punch the first circle with two holes and run a piece of yarn through them. Fold the other circles in quarters to get a cutting line, and cut as shown. Slip the cut circles over the edge of the whole circle, and the ball is finished. Encourage the children to be creative with color variations and jagged or pointed edges.

2

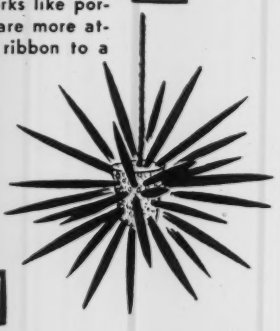


3

LET each child make a pattern of a boot and trace it on red construction paper. Draw the fur trimmings on the pattern, cut them out, and trace on white outing flannel. Use rubber cement to attach the flannel top and buttons. Hang on tree.

CORKS in a variety of sizes, with colored toothpicks, become original ornaments. The toothpicks are inserted in the corks like porcupine quills. Round toothpicks are more attractive than the flat ones. Tie ribbon to a staple or tack pushed into the top of a cork, and hang on tree.

4



5

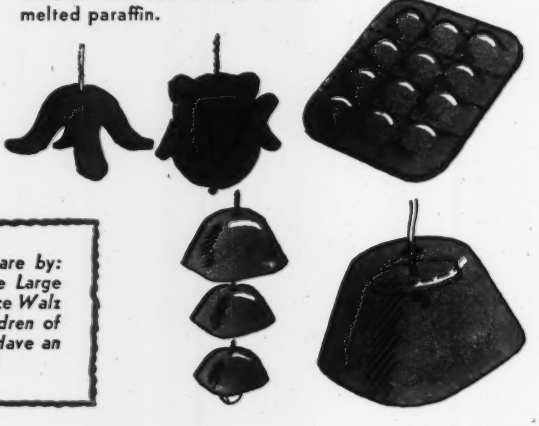
REMOVE top from a small tin can and paint can with enamel. Put a small hole in the center of the bottom. Fold white paper 2" x 7" in half four times, and cut a simple repeated Christmas design. Paste it on the can. Put a cord through the hole in the bottom and fasten a large button on it inside the can.

6

MAKE angel decorations from shiny metal jar lids. Cut the head and wings from paper, and color. (Gold paper makes lovely wings.) Paste head and wings to gilt side of lid, and add ribbon for hanging.

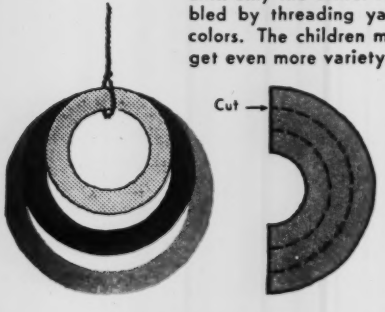
7

CHRISTMAS bells and other designs can be fashioned easily from the individual sections of an egg carton. Use them to make bells or cut the edges in petal shapes to make flowers. Cut out a clapper or flower center and tie it to string run through a small hole at the top. Paint the ornaments with tempera. Older children can add a coat of hot melted paraffin.



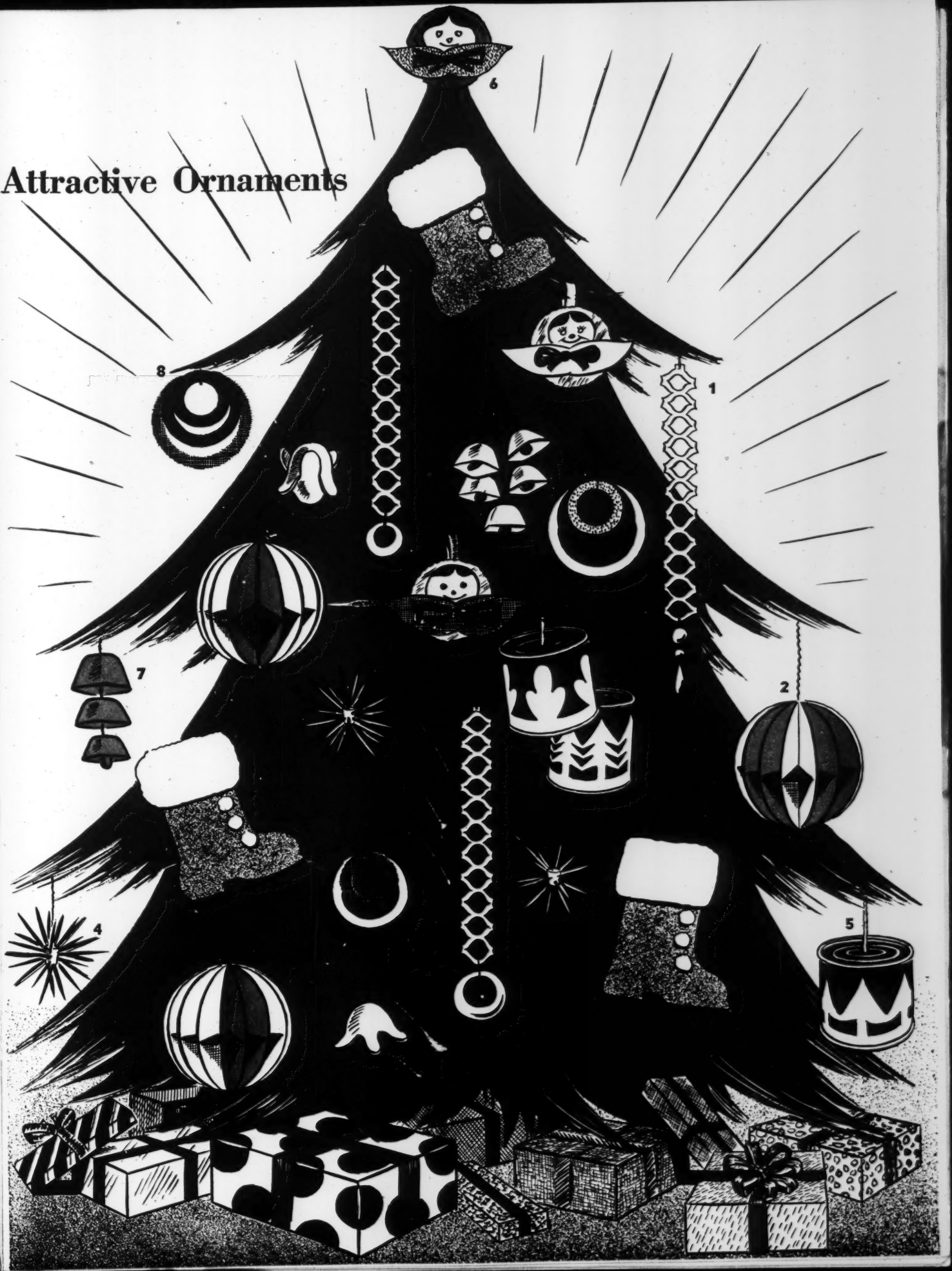
8

TWO 5" circles of different colors will make attractive Christmas ornaments. Fold the circles in half and, starting from the fold, cut a series of smaller circles until only the center remains. An ornament is assembled by threading yarn through circles of alternate colors. The children may want to exchange circles to get even more variety.



The ornaments on this page are by: Grace A. Randall (1, 5), Marie Large (2, 8), Mary Clark (3, 4), Bernice Walz (6), and Elva Phillips (7). Children of all ages can make them easily. Have an all-school trimmed tree this year!

Attractive Ornaments



3 Christmas Novelties

for Kindergarten and Primary Grades

Candy-Kiss Santa

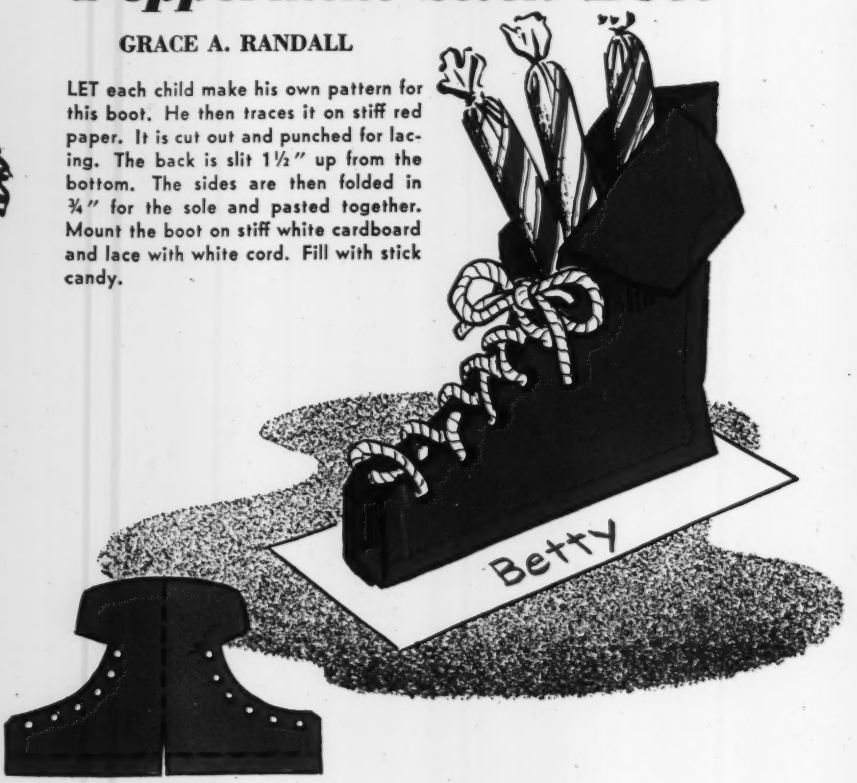
INEZ EBERHART

SANTA is made by tying five kisses together with an 18″ piece of crimped-paper ribbon. Tie the head to the middle of the ribbon and add the arms and legs, tying all knots tightly at the back. Cut off the ends of ribbon or tie them in a bow around the chin. A Santa sticker forms the face.

Peppermint-Stick Boot

GRACE A. RANDALL

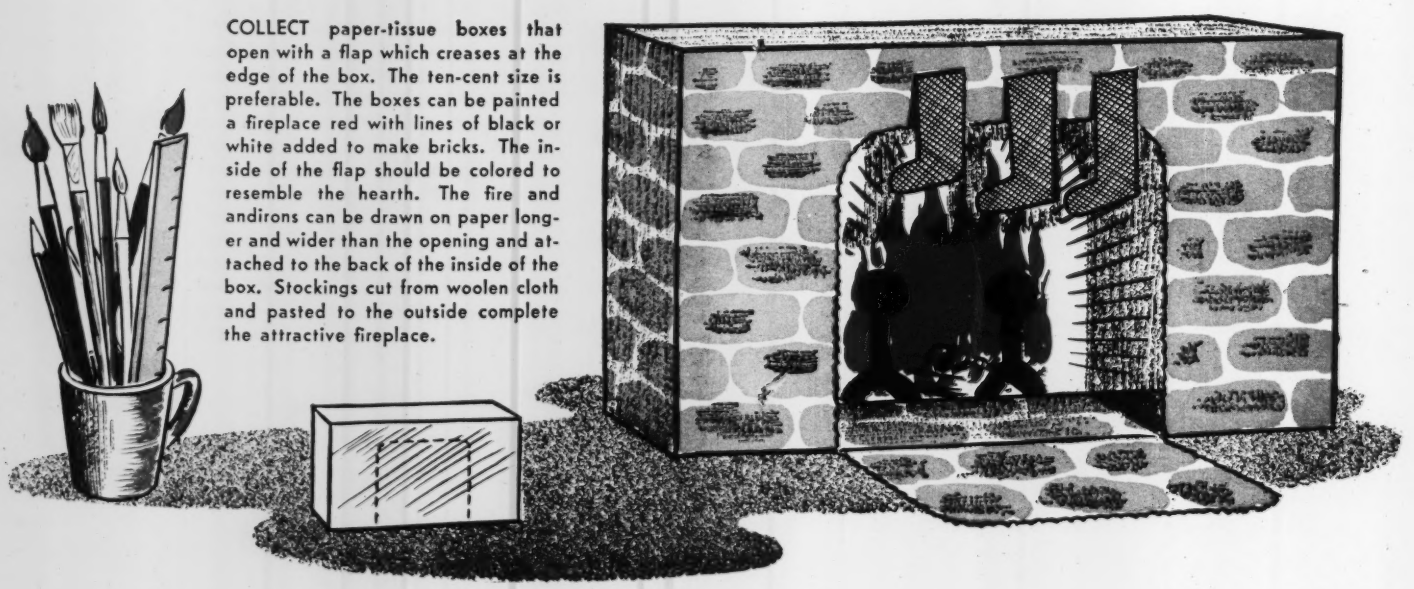
LET each child make his own pattern for this boot. He then traces it on stiff red paper. It is cut out and punched for lacing. The back is slit 1½″ up from the bottom. The sides are then folded in ¾″ for the sole and pasted together. Mount the boot on stiff white cardboard and lace with white cord. Fill with stick candy.



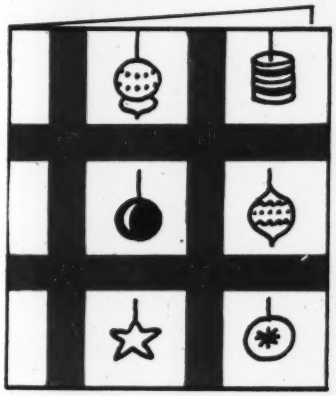
Tissue-Box Fireplace

MARY ODELL

COLLECT paper-tissue boxes that open with a flap which creases at the edge of the box. The ten-cent size is preferable. The boxes can be painted a fireplace red with lines of black or white added to make bricks. The inside of the flap should be colored to resemble the hearth. The fire and andirons can be drawn on paper longer and wider than the opening and attached to the back of the inside of the box. Stockings cut from woolen cloth and pasted to the outside complete the attractive fireplace.



A SPECIAL HANDMADE GIFT



THE CARDS on this page are simple enough for any age child to make. Heavy white paper, red and green cellophane tapes, and India ink or black crayon are all the materials needed. The first step is to outline a design with ink. For the young child, a black crayon or pencil is suggested. Colored tape is used to fill in the outline.

For the mobile card below, a piece of green construction paper is folded in half. The center is cut out, leaving a 1″ margin on the sides, 1″ at the fold, and 3″ at the bottom. The bottom ends of the paper are overlapped and held with tape. Holly leaves, cut from darker green paper, are fastened to the sides with red tape to look like berries. A message is written on strips of heavy paper and the strips fastened to a thread with tape. The thread is then pulled through the top of the card and held with more tape.

Lois Saxelby

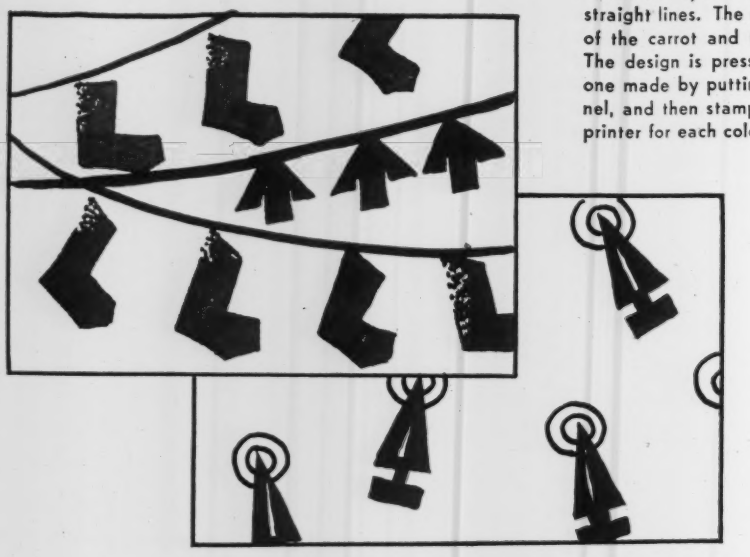
Children Can Make

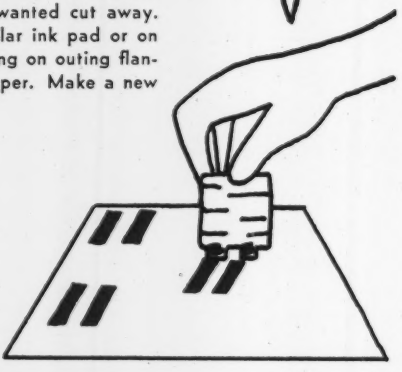
CHRISTMAS PACKAGES

Original

CARROT-PRINT PAPER

A SECTION of a carrot can be used to print designs for gift wrapping paper. Have each child make Christmas symbols, using only simple curves or straight lines. The design is then drawn on the end of the carrot and the part not wanted cut away. The design is pressed on a regular ink pad or on one made by putting food coloring on outing flannel, and then stamped on the paper. Make a new printer for each color.





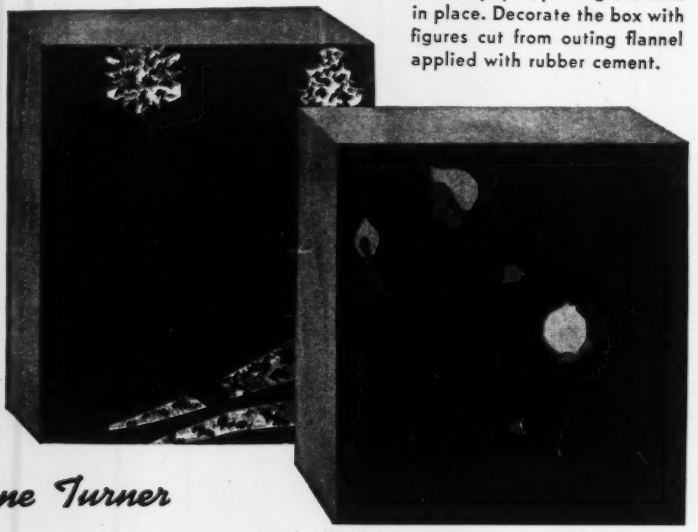
r a free booklet on **Easy to Tie Bows,**
ite to the Minnesota Mining and
nufacturing Co., St. Paul 6, Minn.

PENCIL-ERASER PRINTS

SMALL allover designs can be made by dipping the eraser end of a pencil in red or green ink. If the round dots are placed in a design, they are more effective than when separate. Dip the pencil point for making fine lines.

OUTING-FLANNEL CUTOUTS

WRAP gifts made at school in colored paper, pasting the ends in place. Decorate the box with figures cut from outing flannel applied with rubber cement.



Jane Turner

HELPING HANDS

a christmas gift project

CHRISTMAS HANDS

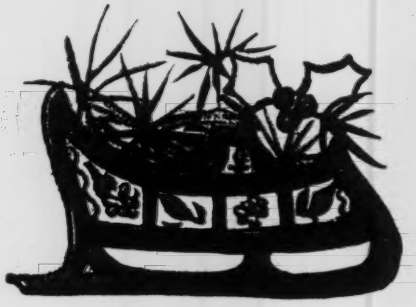
Children's hands in mittens bright
Are playing in the snow;
Holding Christmas sleds so tight
As down the hill they go.

Children's hands make gifts to give
On holidays we love,
They make the Christmas spirit live
And stars smile high above.

Noel Pearce

THIS year decorate your room with a wreath of mittens. It is an activity that can be substituted for the usual exchange of personal gifts in the homeroom. Cut a huge doughnut shape from corrugated paper. Cover it with green crepe paper (a little more blue green than the regular Christmas shade). Staple the paper to the front only, rumpling it so that from a distance it will resemble evergreen foliage. Each child brings a pair of new mittens, any size, which he has bought himself, preferably with money he has earned. Pin the pairs of mittens in the same direction, like leaves, around the wreath. Before school closes for vacation, send the mittens to a children's home or to a welfare society. This is real "giving"—not to someone who is sure to return the token, but to someone in need. Each child could enclose his name in his gift, if you think it is a good idea. Thank-you letters are always fun to read. The wreath could also serve as a place to hang exchange gifts, if your group decides against bringing mittens. Use the mitten-wreath idea for a suggestion to stimulate the writing of original Christmas poems. Discuss familiar Christmas customs, and encourage the children to express their reactions.

TABLE-MANTEL DECORATION



Arrange figures in sleigh. Conceal clay bases with wood or paper shavings.

ROBERTA WIGTON
Art Supervisor, La Porte County, Indiana

Chalk-Box Sleighs

THE wood from one chalk box is all that is needed to make a sleigh. After making a paper pattern, trace the sleigh sides on the side pieces of the box. Cut them out with a jig saw and sandpaper the edges. Paste a small cardboard box between the sides and paint the sleigh brightly. Saw reindeer from other chalk boxes. Paint them on both sides, harness them with leather lacing, and set them in clay to hold them upright.

Butcher's Paper-Dish Sleigh

A BUTCHER'S paper dish is perfect for the body of a sleigh for your table or mantel. The runners and braces are made from plumber's pipe hanger strap. This material, available in hardware stores, is inexpensive, and very useful in making all sorts of models and toys. Since it contains screw holes every 3/8″, it is easily attached to other materials. It can be bent with roundnose pliers and is easily cut with tin shears. To make two runners with the same shaped curves, first make a paper pattern. Curve the paper by scraping it on a scissors blade. Continue scraping until the desired curve is reached. Lay this pattern on its side and copy the curve in the metal by bending it with the pliers. Make four braces and fasten together the sleigh body, the braces, and the runners with brass paper fasteners or small flat-end bolts with nuts.

When completed, paint the sleigh with two coats of red enamel. Make two or three small clothespin figures with clay bases, to stand in the sleigh. Fill the sleigh with wood shavings, excelsior, or paper grass.

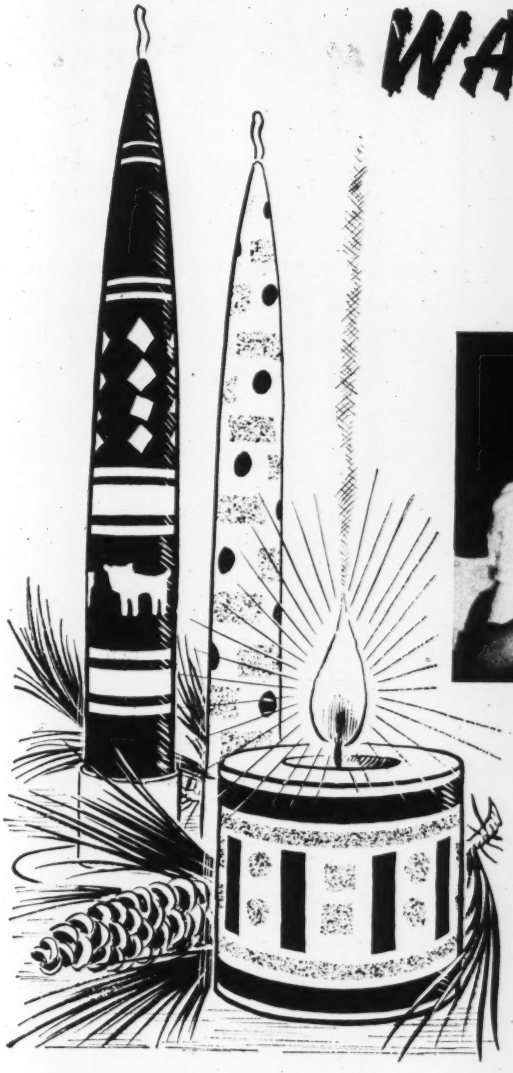
Materials

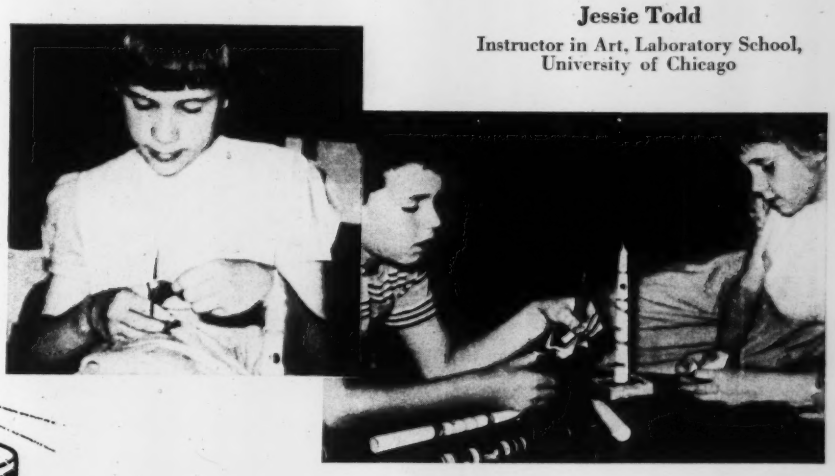
One butcher's paper dish in any desired size
48″ of plumber's pipe hanger strap
10 brass paper fasteners or 10 small flat-end bolts with nuts
Small can of red enamel paint
Wood shavings, excelsior, or paper grass
Tin shears and roundnose pliers to use in cutting and shaping the metal runners and braces

WAX CANDLES

You Can REDECORATE--- for Any Party

Jessie Todd
Instructor in Art, Laboratory School,
University of Chicago



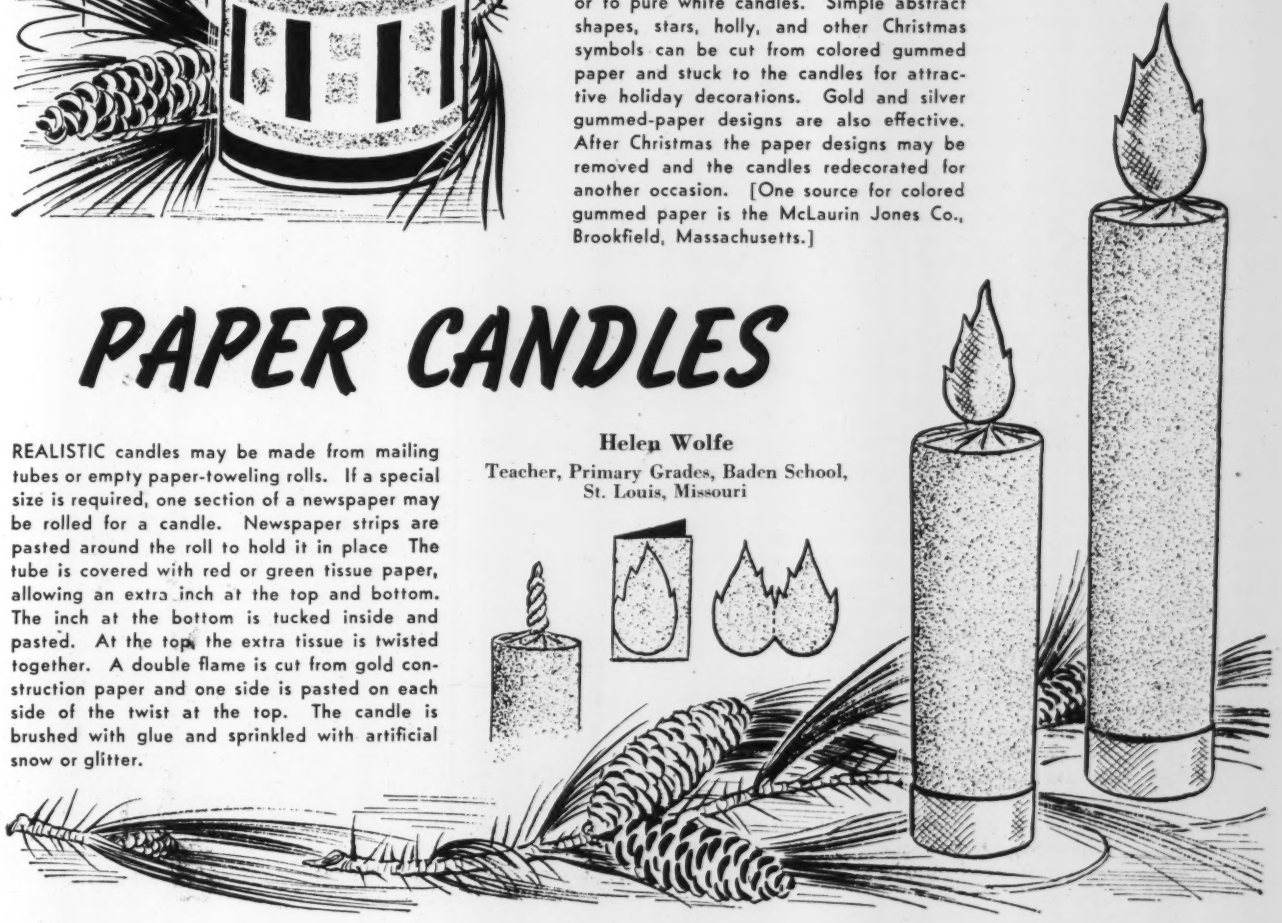


GUMMED-PAPER cutouts add glowing color to pure white candles. Simple abstract shapes, stars, holly, and other Christmas symbols can be cut from colored gummed paper and stuck to the candles for attractive holiday decorations. Gold and silver gummed-paper designs are also effective. After Christmas the paper designs may be removed and the candles redecorated for another occasion. [One source for colored gummed paper is the McLaurin Jones Co., Brookfield, Massachusetts.]

PAPER CANDLES

Helen Wolfe
Teacher, Primary Grades, Baden School,
St. Louis, Missouri

REALISTIC candles may be made from mailing tubes or empty paper-toweling rolls. If a special size is required, one section of a newspaper may be rolled for a candle. Newspaper strips are pasted around the roll to hold it in place The tube is covered with red or green tissue paper, allowing an extra inch at the top and bottom. The inch at the bottom is tucked inside and pasted. At the top, the extra tissue is twisted together. A double flame is cut from gold construction paper and one side is pasted on each side of the twist at the top. The candle is brushed with glue and sprinkled with artificial snow or glitter.



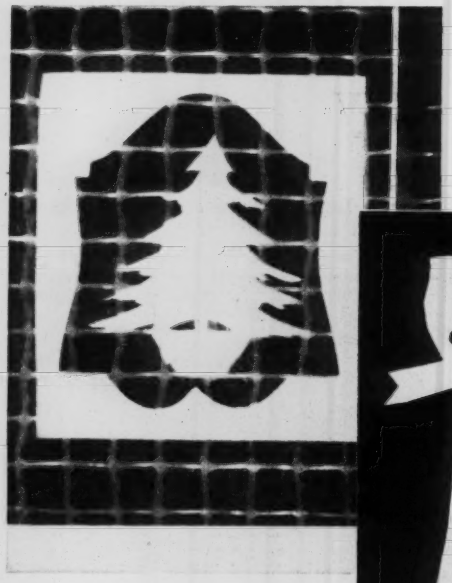
BLUEPRINT *Greetings*

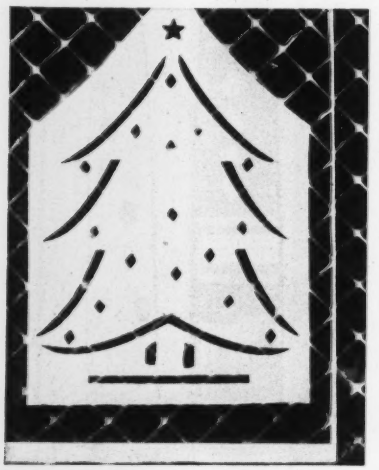
A Middle- and Upper-Grade Project

These cards are so easy to make that they encourage creativity. Yet they are amazingly effective.

Martha Anderson

Teacher, Third Grade, Alma Clay School,
Chariton, Iowa





WE SAVE old greeting cards for designs to use in making blueprint greetings for any holiday. Half-inch and inch steel cross-bar wire is not only heavy enough to hold the paper in place, but causes some interesting effects.

Any sunny day you can make blueprint cards. Fold a sheet of blueprint paper, place it on wallboard, and arrange the silhouette design, with a larger piece of wire on top. Use clothespin clips to hold everything in place. Then put the whole piece outside in direct sunlight. Count to 150 for exposure in bright sunlight, and as high as 300 when clouds obscure the sun.

Rinse in a solution of water and two tablespoons of peroxide. Rinse again in clear water and press until dry.

A Kindergarten and Primary Project

Sun-Print CARDS

Nell Joan Kanson

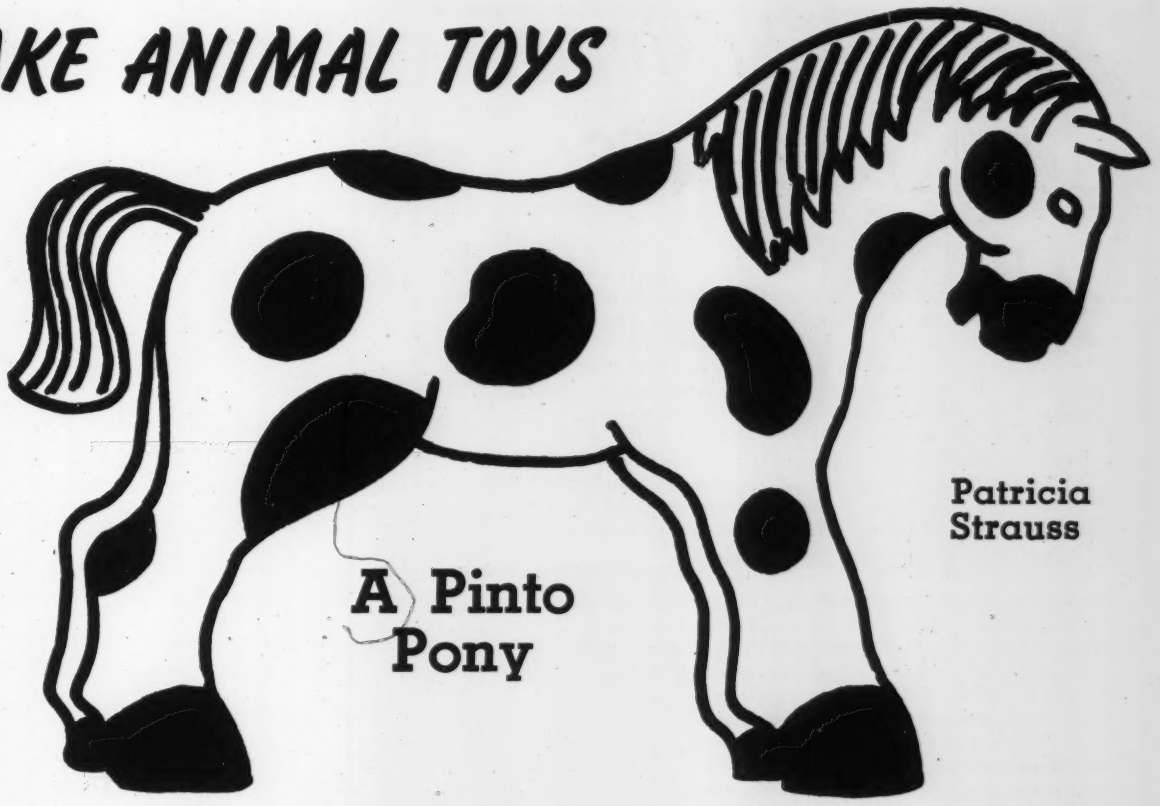
Teacher, Fourth Grade,
Charles H. Wright School,
Merced, California

HAVE the children make cards of colored construction paper. From manila paper, let them cut forms such as Christmas trees, candles, bells, wreaths, snowflakes, or abstract shapes, and pin these to the cards, using their ingenuity to make pleasing designs. Avoid letters, as these must be so small that they are hard to pin and do not show up well in the finished product.

If the cards are laid on a piece of cardboard, such as a box top, and the pins are pushed in upright, the designs will stay in place, and the pins will not make a shadow on the sunprint. (Thumbtacks make too big holes.) Lay the cards on a window sill where they will be exposed to plenty of light. After several days, remove the designs pinned to the cards. The part of the paper exposed to the light will have faded to a soft subdued tone, against which the design will stand out in the original shade of the paper. This technique can also be used to make book-cover designs or poster pictures for any purpose.

By cutting out shapes like Santa and his elves from original story illustrations that the childen have made for some previous lesson, you will get some unusual shapes that will probably be better than any designed for a silhouette. Turn these over on the clean side, to get an idea how they will look as silhouette designs on the card.

MAKE ANIMAL TOYS



A Pinto Pony

Patricia Strauss

Directions

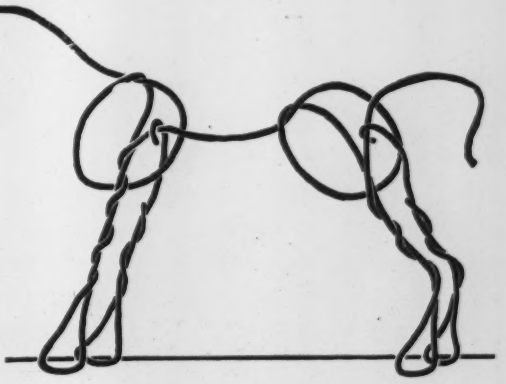
1. Draw toy or figure full size on paper and indicate coloring.
2. Make the wire skeleton.
3. Cut old newspapers into one-inch strips.
4. Dip the strips in liquid starch.
5. Wrap this papier-mache around wire for the basic shape.
6. Let papier-mache dry overnight.
7. Mix powdered asbestos with water to clay consistency.
8. Add asbestos mache to frame.
9. Smooth surface with tongue depressor dipped in water.
10. Let figure dry completely.
11. Paint in one tempera color, adding details later.
12. Apply clear shellac.

Gay Animals for Christmas Gifts Made of Asbestos Mache

A PINTO pony is just one of the many figures which can be sculptured from a mixture of powdered asbestos and water applied over wire and papier-mache forms. Dogs, cats, rabbits, giraffes, elephants, and owls can be successfully made from this interesting combination. The finished products are lighter weight, less breakable, and cheaper to make than clay models. (One pound of asbestos at approximately ten cents a pound will make a figure about 8″ x 5″.)

In addition to the powdered asbestos you will need copper wire, two or more medium-sized bowls or pans for mixing the powdered asbestos with water and for dipping the paper strips in liquid starch, plenty of newspapers, a tongue depressor or similar flat stick, tempera paints, clear shellac, and several brushes. The hardware store and art-supply center will provide most of these materials. The children can bring newspapers and bowls or pans from home. Ask the school nurse for tongue depressors or for information as to where they can be purchased.

For Christmas, make toys, candy dishes, book ends, and other gifts. Later on, plan on illustrating units with asbestos-mache figures.



THE wire should be soft enough to twist easily into any shape desired. The amount needed will vary with the size of the figure.

Making Christmas ORNAMENTS

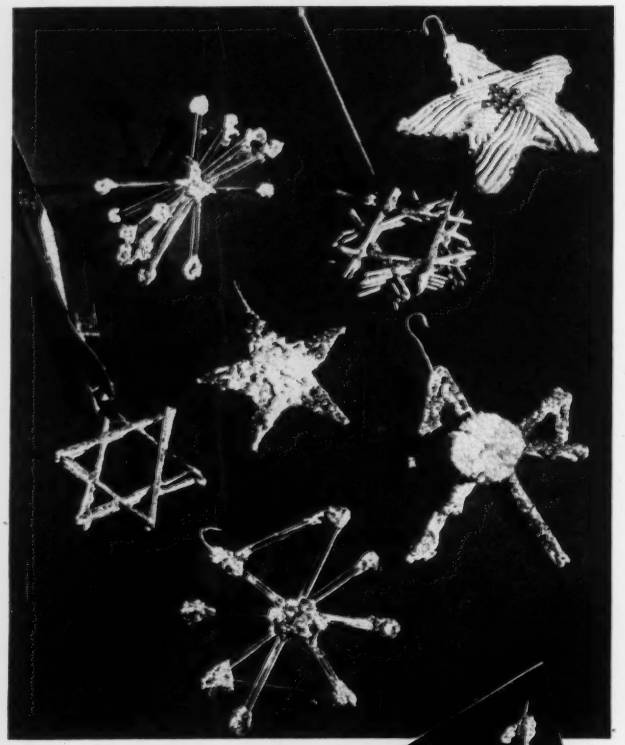
A WEALTH of wall and tree decorations can be made inexpensively by using detergent granules and plastic starch. Mix one cup of detergent and four tablespoons of plastic starch, using first a spoon and then an egg beater. You can make more or less by increasing or decreasing the amount proportionately. For patching or dipping, double the quantity of starch.

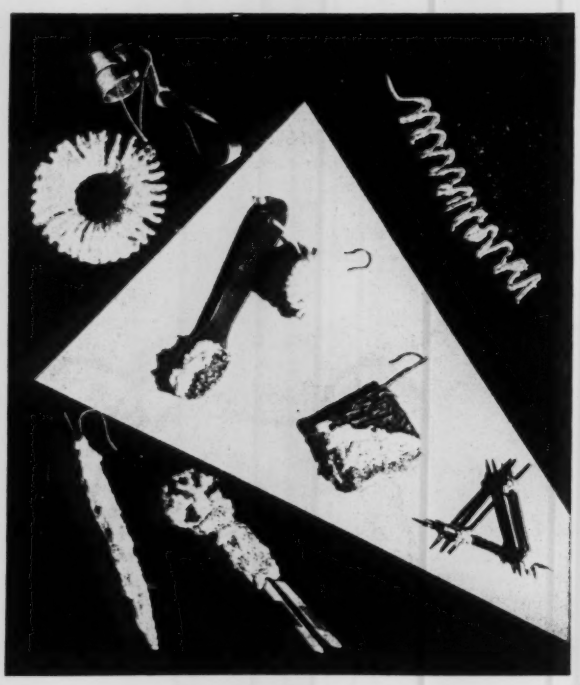
Christmas tree ornaments can be made by coating common objects with this detergent-starch combination. Pencil stubs make delightful icicles. Hang by a curtain hook fastened through the eraser. Wooden curtain rings can be dipped and hung by the convenient eyelet.

For geometric stars, tie half-length sipping straws at the middle. Dip wax straws entirely. The sparkling cellophane ones need only their tips iced, and then covered with artificial snow. Clothespins, toothpicks, nuts, spools, corks, and steel wool are a few of the endless variety of basic materials. Children can ask their parents to help them collect unusual materials. The results are worth much more than the penny apiece that they cost.

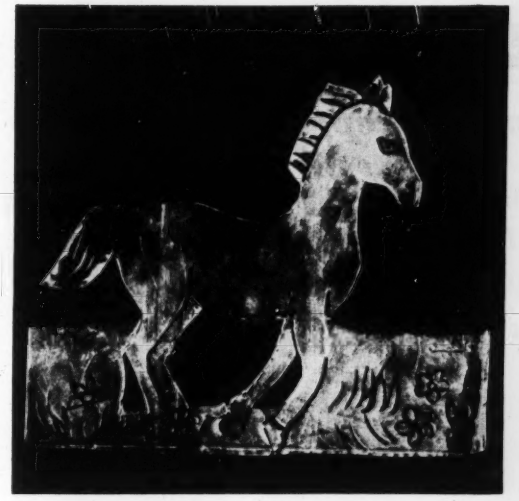
This mixture may also be used to make animals and figures for wall or bulletin board. Cut cardboard shapes, and spread one side with the mixture. While they are partially drying (about ten minutes), prepare cardboard mats for backgrounds. Use plenty of solid colors, stripes, and designs.

Then apply some of the mixture as paste to hold the animals to the mats, to secure button or candy eyes, pipecleaner legs and arms, or yarn and thread stripes and whiskers. Raised parts of the body can be made by applying more of the mixture to the desired area after it has dried. Paint the animals with water colors.





HARRY J. MILLER
Instructor, Industrial Arts,
Gillespie School,
Philadelphia, Pa.



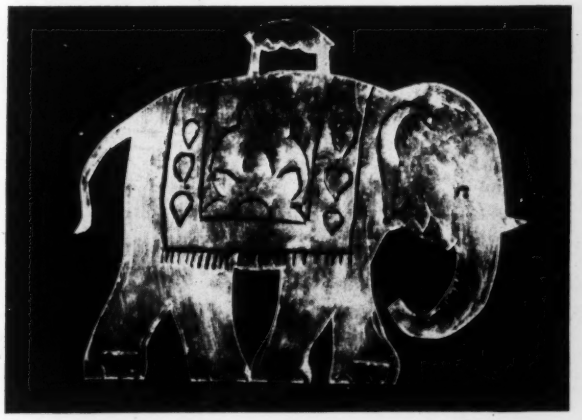
1. Make sketch.
2. Place sketch on tin foil.
3. Pad it well underneath.
4. Using a wooden skewer, outline the design and features.
5. Cut outside line only.
6. Staple to heavy black paper, or pieces of cork or wood.

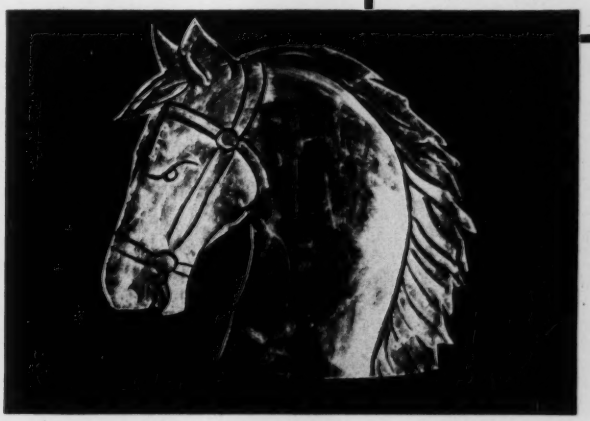
Third-Graders Used

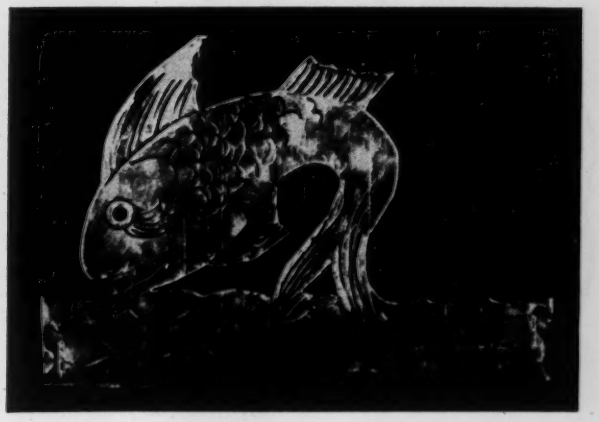
TIN-FOIL PANS

to Make These Picture Gifts

Roberta Wigton
Art Supervisor, Public Schools, La Porte County, Indiana



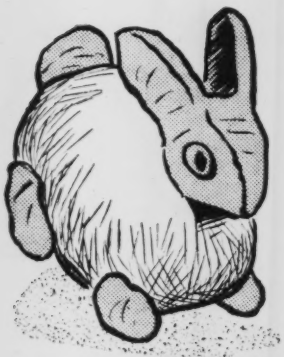


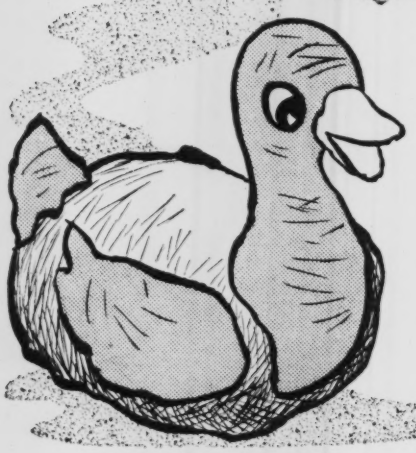


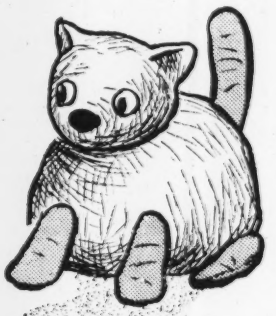
Paperweights—

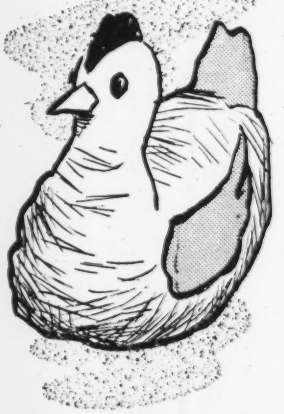
from Stones plus Crepe-Paper Mache

These paperweights, made by Minnie Siemer's second grade, were written up in the *Duluth News-Tribune.* Read the reporter's impressive account of this group at work.









It began when the children were encouraged to collect rocks. Each pupil preferred different shapes and colors. It brought out that people have different tastes.

Looking over the rocks and talking about them, the youngsters also learned about history—how rocks got round, how man's first tools were made from rock, how rocks were made from rock, and so on.

In the process, new words were spelled out on the blackboard and the youngsters' vocabulary and reading ability also increased. This was Phase No. 2 of the group project.

Phase No. 3 consisted of transforming the naked rocks into animal-shaped paperweights. The children were given a paste of colored crepe paper mixed with water and flour, and left to their own imagination.

Soon they discovered that one rock could be made to look like a frog if paper legs were added. Another could be transformed into a chicken or a duck.

Before long, everyone in class was busy making animals out of rocks and colored paper paste. The finished animals were placed on exhibit. Miss Siemer hovered over her young charges, encouraging the slow, guiding the clumsy, and spurring the imagination of those who couldn't see animals in rocks.

The youngsters took their animals home to Mother. In making them, they had learned about themselves and the value of group work.

Crepe-Paper Mache

Put together
- 1 cup crepe paper, cut in small pieces and packed solidly
- Enough water to wet thoroughly

Soak overnight. Then mix and rub mixture into a fine-grained pulp.

Add
- 4 or 5 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons salt

Work mixture until consistency of clay. Add more water, flour, or a little library paste if necessary. Mix a batch for each color desired and apply the mixture to stones.

Christmas Cards
In Unusual Mediums

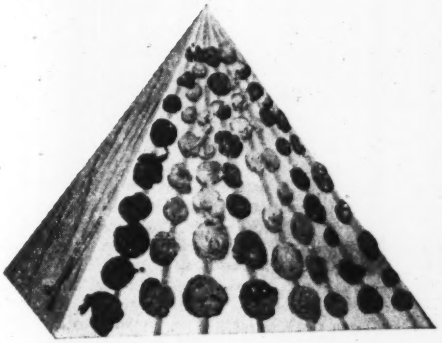
Matches and Colored Inks

MAUDE GOOSEWOOD

MANY new and unusual effects can be achieved with a wooden match and colored inks or water colors. Soak the plain end of the match in water a few minutes and then pound it until it is flat and rather shredded. Dip the end in the ink, brush off the excess, and use as you would a regular brush. When one color has dried, a second color may be added.

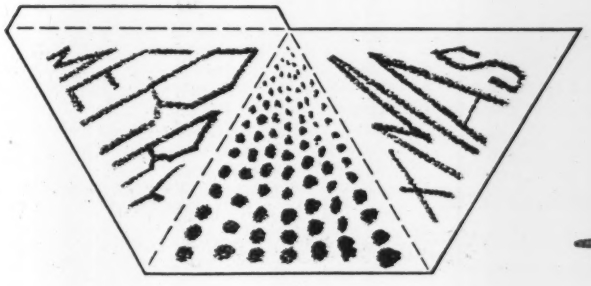
Use this match-end painting in place of spatter painting over a silhouette. Cross-hatch over the first lines either with the same color or with a different color.

Wax-Crayon Drippings



A CREATIVE experiment that my seventh-grade pupils enjoyed was that of wax-crayon drippings for Christmas cards. It is an economical way to use old wax crayons and the results are very attractive. We used oak tag or any heavy paper for the card and sketched the design roughly. A wax crayon was held over a lighted candle and then over the design in such a way that the drippings landed on the right place. Details were added with water colors or regular crayons.

MURIEL RAY

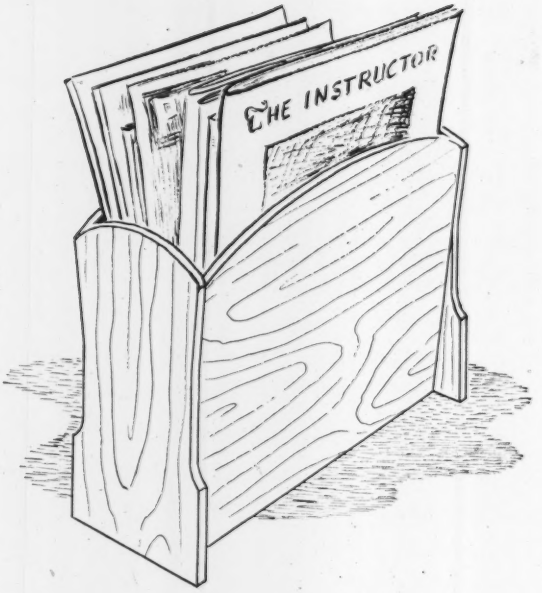


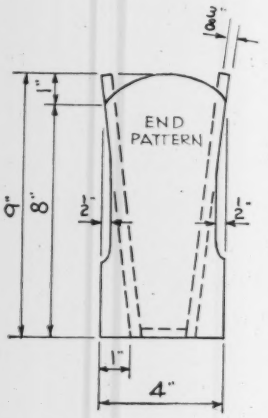
Magazine RACKS

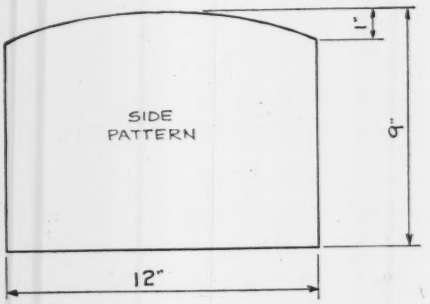
to stand on the floor

Jerome Leavitt

USING the dimensions and suggested shapes in the diagrams at the right, make a paper pattern for the ends and sides of the magazine rack. Trace the patterns on plywood. The straight lines can be cut with a handsaw, the curved lines with a coping saw. All the edges should be sandpapered until smooth. The ends and sides are nailed together as shown in the illustration with the bottom put in place last. With fine sandpaper, go over the entire rack, sanding with the grain. Use a brush to apply a coat of stain. Then wipe it off with a rag. After the stain has dried for two hours, brush on a coat of shellac. When the shellac has dried four hours, go over the rack with steel wool and give it a second coat of shellac.







Materials

Enough ⅜" fir plywood to make the following:
- 2 pieces 9" x 12"
- 2 pieces 4" x 9"
- 1 piece 1¼" x 12"

About three dozen 1½" (4D) finishing nails

Wood stain in any desired wood finish, and shellac

#1 sandpaper, #0 sandpaper, and fine steel wool

to hang on the wall

FASTEN the shelves and top of this wall magazine rack to the sides with the angle brackets. The illustration at the left shows the amount of space between the shelves. Bend about an inch of one end of each piece of hanger strap at a right angle to the rest. Fasten the long sides of two pieces to the top, and two to the bottom shelf. The rack and the separate strips of cardboard are papered. The strips are then held across the rack, the bottom edges even with the shelf edges, and the ends stapled to the sides. The rack is hung with screws put through holes in the hanger strap ends.

Murray Kline

Materials

¼" plywood for these pieces:
- 5 pieces 1½" x 36" (for shelves and top)
- 2 pieces 1½" x 60" (for sides)

48 screws about ¼" long

10 right-angle brackets

4 pieces of plumber's hanger pipe strap about 3" long

2 strips of corrugated cardboard 5" x 40"; 1 strip 4" x 40"; 1 strip 3" x 40"

1 single roll of wood-grain wallpaper

DAY BY DAY FOR DECEMBER

★ ★ ★ Esma Hackett's Daily Suggestions to Help You in Your Classroom

1. Once again the Christmas season with all its special activities and mounting excitement is close at hand. Teachers know only too well how hectic school days can become if children are not given enough interesting things to do as an outlet for all of the surplus energy they seem to generate at this time of year.

2. It's a wise idea to sit down at home some evening soon, when you are not too tired, and think through the things that must and might be done in your classroom before the holidays. Make a few notes to use as reminders when you and the children discuss, select, and plan December activities.

3. Provide a time at once for your older pupils to select committees that will find suitable Christmas stories and poems for classroom use. Books from your room library, and from the school and public library, should be explored. Encourage the groups to watch out for and list stories that might also be used by the teachers of younger children in your school.

4. An additional committee might make a survey of the Christmas music on records which can be borrowed from the homes of pupils for use in the classrooms. Record sharing is a good all-school activity.

5. If the children haven't as yet brought in materials for gift making, encourage them to do so promptly. In addition to gay ribbon, small boxes, bright-colored papers, pieces of felt and other types of waste material, request milk cartons and wire coat hangers.

★ ★ ★

8. If this is your first Christmas in the school where you are now teaching, don't plan your decorations until you find out whether there are tabus which must be taken into consideration. Evergreens are not allowed in some schools due to the fire hazard they create. Covering windowpanes and glass in doors with paper decorations is also frowned on in many systems.

9. In schools where the enrollment of Jewish children is large enough to warrant it, some observance or mention of Chanukah should be made. The fact that the people of some countries celebrate the religious and the fun side of Christmas at different times is also worthy of notice.

10. Among the really useful gifts that classes of various age levels can make for their parents are such items as: bookmarks, scratch pads, purse-size notebooks, clay pin trays, and paperweights. A small catchall for odds and ends can be made from the bottom half or lower third of a milk carton which has been covered with decorated paper bearing original designs. A rhyme telling the purpose of the catchall should be on the gift card.

11. After a little experimenting, older boys will be able to make sturdy book and newspaper holders from wire coat hangers. Mothers will welcome holders to keep cookbooks upright when in use.

12. Certain traditional activities—carol singing, making gifts, creating greeting cards and inventing gift wrappings, as well as taking part in programs, are always enjoyed by the children. Their interest will be heightened if a new slant can be devised to lend variety to these annual Christmas activities.

★ ★ ★

15. Give your boys and girls an opportunity to enjoy verse speaking of a favorite Christmas poem in addition to listening to Christmas music, stories, and poems together. Use your opening-exercise periods for some of these pleasant activities, as well as a few moments at the end of each school day.

16. If your pupils plan to explore the Christmas customs of other lands, urge them to picture children of their own age carrying on the customs. Then, if you have an opaque or slide projector, the group will enjoy working out a "television program" in which they speak for the characters in the completed pictures. This is an excellent interclass activity.

17. Occasionally there are children in a classroom who do not have a part in the school program at Christmas time. This is apt to be true when a play requiring a limited number of characters is being given. Plan something especially interesting for such boys and girls to do while those in the play are attending rehearsals.

18. Making and assembling a scene inside a box for a Christmas peep show will appeal to some boys and girls. Others might enjoy constructing, dressing, and arranging a Christmas choir of puppets with egg-shell heads. These are very effective clad in crimson robes holding their music in pipe-cleaner hands.

19. For the orphanage or children's hospital make each child a gift in the form of a Christmas book. Use gaily decorated construction paper for covers. Attach to inside pages, paper pockets large enough to hold flat items like jointed cardboard toys, puzzles (made by the children), a lollipop, a stick of gum, or a comb. Tie the completed book with Christmas ribbon and attach gift card if desired.

★ ★ ★

22. Just for fun encourage the children to wear a touch of red or green this week and do the same yourself. The girls may like to make and wear tiny red yarn Santas or poinsettias.

23. If one of your small fry arrives at school some morning wearing a tiny bell or two in honor of the season, don't let the added sound disturb you. Tell the class to move about and speak softly so that only the sound of the bells can be heard.

24. During phonic practice today, your first-graders can have a grand time filling Santa's pack as they name toys beginning like "doll" or "boat," or with any other initial sound.

26. (The suggestions made for today and for the remainder of the month can be used after the holidays.) Your kindergarten or first-grade girls will enjoy holding a doll show while the boys demonstrate their new toys for a toy show.

★ ★ ★

29. Add a garage or airport to your play corner by turning a large cardboard carton upside down on the floor. After double doors have been cut on each side, the boys will have fun using their toy trucks and airplanes on the roads and ramps they can build near by.

30. Reserve one spot in the room where volunteers can post news items and pictures brought in by the class. Boys who are interested in science can keep the class informed in this field.

31. Why not plan some language time for reviews of gift books received by the class? Help the pupils set up a simple outline as a guide.

TEACHERS' HOA
Help One Another CLUB

ARTICLES for this department should not exceed 300 words. We prefer them typed, double-spaced, each on a separate 8½" x 11" sheet. Put your name and address on each sheet and on every photograph or sample. Address: Teachers' Help-One-Another Club, THE INSTRUCTOR, Dansville, N.Y.

Articles cannot be acknowledged or returned, but if an item is not heard from in six months it may be considered rejected.

We will pay two dollars upon publication for each article used and an additional dollar for a photograph or a drawing.

Keep your contributions coming!

SELF PORTRAITS

Helen Mitchell

JUST before the Christmas vacation, my low first grade discussed various ideas for our bulletin-board display. Because space was limited, we had to plan carefully. The following display gave each child the satisfaction of contributing, and it proved popular with visiting parents.

Each child was given a piece of manila drawing paper 6" x 3" to draw and color a picture of himself. The children were encouraged to notice the color and design in the clothing they were wearing and the individual hair style so that the portrait would have the charm of each child.

The child printed his name at the bottom of the picture, using a black crayon. The portraits were mounted on red construction paper and were arranged on the bulletin board with the words "Merry Christmas from all of us" in red cutout letters.

BEAD NECKLACES

Amy J. King

THE grooved seeds of the umbrella tree provided us with one of our most interesting activities in the first and second grades—the making of beads. We soaked the seeds in hot water for forty-eight hours by placing them in a kettle and keeping it on one of the schoolroom radiators. Then we put the seeds through several baths of cold water to wash off thoroughly all the seed skins. After they had dried for several days, we dyed them.

Stringing our beads was fun because of the natural perforation of the seeds. Each child had a necklace twenty-one inches long.

The seeds we used in our class came from a cousin of mine who lives near Phoenix, Arizona. Our social-studies program has been so enriched by the things we have learned about our great Southwest that we intend to use this interesting project again next year. Why don't you exchange something which is native to *your* own section of the country with a class in some other part of the United States?

NATIVITY SCENE

Nelle Brayfield

EACH Christmas we arrange an impressive Nativity scene in a cloakroom entrance which faces the main corridor of our building.

The upper portion of the door opening is covered with blue crepe paper and the lower part with green, leaving a vacant space between. Here we place a table inside the cloakroom and arrange our scene.

A large cardboard box is used for a three-panel effect on which the children draw a background scene of the hill country around Bethlehem.

On the table, we set the figures for the manger scene. Overhead a lighted star is suspended.

To vary the scene from time to time, we dress a figure in a robe to represent Joseph or a shepherd and stand it at one side of the table in front. Once we made a kneeling camel from gunny sacks and cardboard.

PACKAGE DECORATION

Beulah M. Coomer

FOR attractive, thrifty Christmas package decorations, use scraps of discarded sheet plastic. With pinking scissors, cut long ribbons for tying the packages. Stars, trees, and other holiday shapes may be cut out and pasted on the package like seals.

WINDOW-SHADE PULLS

June A. Stephenson

USEFUL, inexpensive gifts are pulls for window shades. The children can easily make a set from sewing-thread spools. Saw off both outjutting ends of a spool. Carve the remainder with a jackknife to a round, oval, or oblong shape. Sandpaper it very smooth and then shellac or paint it any color.

Run a curtain cord through the hole and make a large knot in the end so that the pull cannot slip off. You'll find that these spools are durable.

BRACELET PINCUSHION

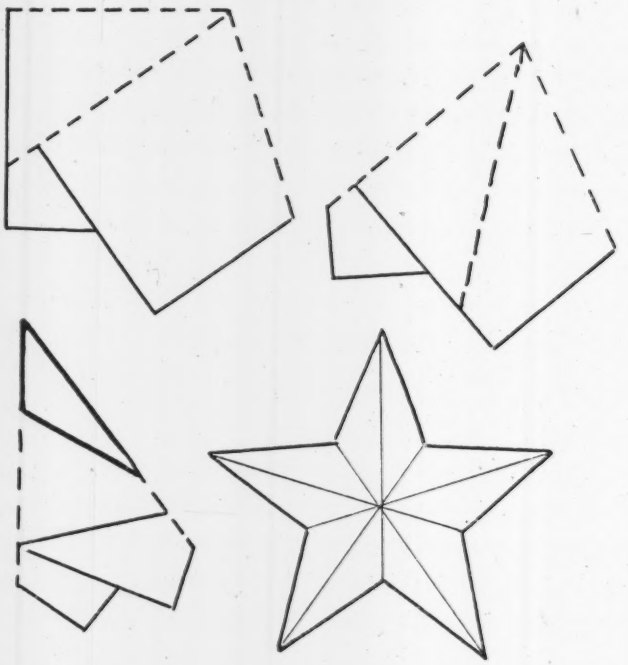
Mabel C. Olson

YOUR sewing class will enjoy making handy pincushions for their own use and as Christmas gifts.

To make the cushion, cut two circular pieces of heavy, firmly-woven cotton in a plain color, preferably dark. Sew together, halfway around, on the wrong side with a close stitch. Turn right side out, insert a small cardboard circle to hold the shape of the cushion, and fill with bits of shredded wool cloth, cotton batting, or fine sawdust. Close the seam on the right side. Braid, tape, or ribbon may be tacked over the seam if desired. For the band to slip over the wrist, use ¼" elastic tacked firmly to the cushion on each side at the seam.

HOW TO CUT A FIVE-POINTED STAR

Grace A. Randall



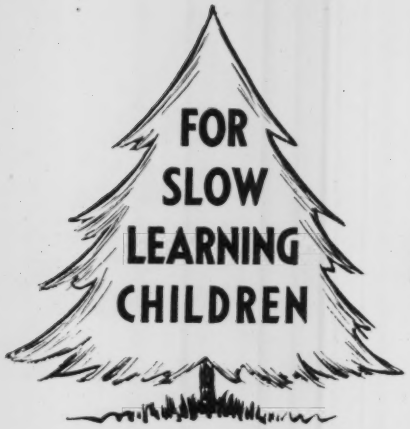
YOU can cut a five-pointed star with one clip of the scissors after folding a paper as follows.

1. Fold a square of paper crosswise in the middle.
2. Find the center on the folded line and place a dot there.
3. With the folded edge at the top, make a dot two thirds of the way down on the left-hand edge, and draw a line to connect dots.
4. Now fold the right side over to meet this line.
5. Then fold the left side back along this line.
6. Next fold the right edge to meet the left edge evenly.
7. Hold the paper with point facing outward and cut diagonally. Varying the angle at which you cut changes the sharpness of the star points.

DECEMBER
1952

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

As a bumblebee gathers nectar, the fuzzy black and yellow hairs on its body collect pollen and carry it from one flower to another. Only queens survive the winter.



An Easy Pantomime for Your Christmas Program

Santa Was So Tired!

MARY ESTELLE POSSO

Teacher, Longview School, District 43, Ottawa County, Oklahoma

THIS PROGRAM NUMBER is an answer not only to the needs of teachers of slow learners but to the needs of almost any teacher who looks for a rousing Christmas skit. Older children may want to invent a different climax or add episodes of their own devising. It is particularly good for a rural school, where it was originally given. (We asked the author's permission to use it on this page because of the absence of speaking parts.)

Audiences of children or adults never fail to be entertained by this "play on words" type of pantomime. Teachers should be sure the actors get the sense of these word plays—turning over a small bucket (pail) to represent "turning a little pale" for example.

CHARACTERS

READER—An older child or the teacher.
SANTA—Any boy who can laugh and snore. Santa suit.
HELPER—A girl or boy wearing an elfin cap with bells.
FAIRY—A girl in a fairy costume.
MRS. CLAUS—An older girl wearing a kitchen apron over a cotton dress.
REINDEER—Any number of boys wearing brown snow suits or coveralls if possible. Harnesses of strips of red and green crepe paper are pinned on at the shoulders. Two Reindeer also have reins. Large silver-covered cardboard bells are tied around the necks of all. Antlers made of short pronged branches of trees or shrubs are pinned securely at center front of brown headbands made of muslin covered with brown paper.

SETTING

Santa's workshop with some toys scattered about. Near the center of the stage is Santa's bed. This may be a low bench with a quilt for a cover. Under the bed is a rug, to one end of which are firmly attached two broad straps tucked out of sight. On a table is a lamp and a magazine. The Reader stands near the spot where the characters enter the acting area. Opposite him sits the Helper with various props conveniently at hand. Characters off stage are provided with the properties they need.

It was the night before Christmas, and poor old Santa Claus was having a lot of trouble. In fact, you might say he was in a pickle. (*Helper crosses stage slowly, holding aloft a large pickle.*)

You see, Santa had been working very hard, getting toys and candy ready to take to all the good little boys and girls in the whole wide world, and now it was Christmas Eve and he was terribly, terribly tired, but he still had a lot of work to do before he could start on his long trip. (*Santa enters, yawning and stretching. He pretends to try to mend a toy, yawns and stretches again, and rubs his eyes.*)

And so, since time passes very quickly at the North Pole (*Helper runs across stage, carrying cardboard clockface*), Santa hastily put the light out (*he carries lamp to cloakroom and returns*), and climbed into bed—shoes and all. (*Santa does so.*) He fell asleep in just half a minute (*Helper cuts flash card showing word MINUTE in half and drops pieces*), and snored and snored. (*Santa snores gently.*)

About that time Mrs. Santa Claus swept grandly into the room (*she sweeps in with broom*), meaning to clean the place up for Christmas. Right away she saw poor Santa lying in bed, sound asleep, and with his hat still perched on his head. That made her suspicious, and she turned back the sheet at the foot of the bed (*Mrs. Santa does so*), and sure enough—that man had his BOOTS on, too! It's no wonder Mrs. Santa Claus lost her temper and went on the warpath! (*She puts on Indian headdress which has been concealed in magazine on table, gives a war whoop, and does a stomp dance around the bed.*)

Just then, Santa's little helper came running. When she saw what was causing the commotion she turned a little pale (*Helper turns small bucket over on floor*), and ran out, chased by Mrs. Santa Claus, still whooping and dancing. (*Both run off stage.*)

Then old Santa stirred a little in his sleep (*Santa reaches out and stirs air with large spoon which has been concealed under pillow*), and started to wake up, but just then a little Christmas Fairy stuck her head in the window (*Fairy appears with head in a cardboard window frame*), and saw that Santa Claus was fast asleep, and that midnight had almost come. (*Helper comes part way on stage with clockface pointing to twelve; then goes back.*) She was terribly worried for fear he would be too late to get all his toys delivered before morning. She didn't want the children to be disappointed so she went in and called Santa as loud as she could. He just wouldn't wake up. (*Fairy acts out the following as indicated.*)

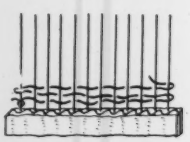
Next the Fairy shook Santa. She shook as hard as she could but Santa didn't move. So she ran out of the room, but was back in a jiffy, dragging a huge cake of ice behind her (*white box covered with colorless plastic or transparent cellulose paper*). She slid the ice under Santa's feet, because she knew *she* always woke up when her feet were cold. But Santa just snored on—and on—and on!

The little Fairy ran out of the room again, but quick as a flash (*Helper snaps flashlight on and off*) she was back, with a hot-water bottle which she put under the quilt on Santa's big, round tummy. She just *knew* that would wake him up, but he snored on—and on—and on! And the hands of the clock pointed straight up to midnight! (*Helper shows clockface.*)

Then, just in the nick of time, the most surprising thing happened! There was a thumping and a thumping, and a banging and a clanging, right outside the door (*sounds as indicated, plus shuffling of many feet*), and all at once in pranced Santa's reindeer! With their antlers quivering and their bells jingling, they ran round and round his bed, prancing and stomping and leaping, until Santa finally woke up and sat up in bed and laughed and laughed! (*Santa does as Reader's words direct.*) Then, when he was wide-awake, he grabbed the reins, and drove the Reindeer right out of the room! (*Reindeer line up in pairs. The leaders see that Santa has their reins. The two closest to Santa's bed lift straps attached to end of rug on which his bed rests and pull it and Santa on the bed off stage. He gives the impression that he is driving. He calls, "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night."*)

And that's how poor tired old Santa Claus managed to wake up just in time to get his toys delivered on Christmas Eve. (*Helper holds up a flash card on which is printed THE END.*)

Two Easy Handwork Ideas



A Woven Mat

RUTH K. KENT

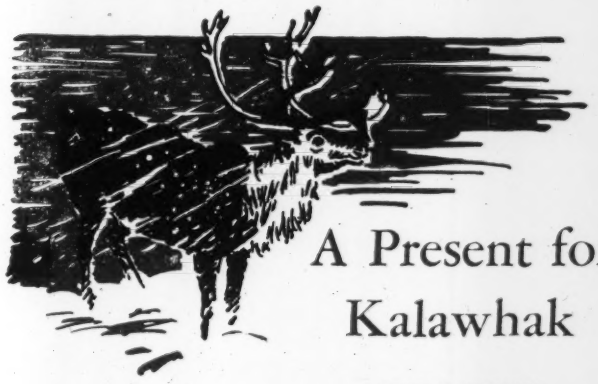
CUT a piece of corrugated cardboard twelve inches long. Stick a pipe cleaner in every other hole in the cardboard. Tie the end of a piece of yarn to the lower part of an end pipe cleaner. Weave the yarn back and forth until one inch from ends of pipe cleaners, pushing down the weaving as you work. Cut the yarn and fasten end by gluing or sewing securely. Pull finished mat from cardboard. Fold the ends of pipe cleaners into flat loops so yarn can't slide off.

A Table Favor

GRACE CLOSE

FAVORS for the Christmas party may be miniature Christmas trees. Insert evergreen twigs, slightly pointed at the end, into gaily colored large gumdrops to hold them upright, and decorate with single beads and tiny bows of colored ribbons. Modeling clay also makes a good base. Mount the favor on a square of red or green paper.

Factual Christmas Stories TO USE WITH YOUR CLASS



A Present for Kalawhak

OPAL Y. PALMER

KALAWHAK's heart pounded as he lay awake in the family igloo, early one morning, waiting for his father to call.

This Christmas he wanted a present. Last Christmas there had been no skins to trade for presents for the oldest son of the village leader. Other sons and daughters must have presents first. Last year he had cried when there had not been enough to go around. His father had said, "The son is not a man. A man does not cry for presents."

This year he was a man! He was going on the hunt and drive a dog team. He could use his gun to shoot caribou, too.

In the dark he could hear something moving softly about, and he jumped quickly from his bed as he heard his father call.

Kalawhak was ten years old. This was his first hunting trip. If they were lucky they would bring back enough bear and beaver skins to trade for presents.

Dressed warmly in their fur parkas, the drivers sent twenty dog teams skimming across the Mackenzie River, sledge runners crunching in the crisp snow. All the men in the village of Kittigazuit went together every year to hunt caribou for the Christmas feast.

Kalawhak and his father, along with two neighbors on their sledges, sped swiftly over the snow. One whole day passed without their seeing a caribou. At evening time, they were very hungry. Kalawhak listened to his father and their friends talk around the camp shelter.

"One could find fifty caribou in a day, when one was a boy," said his father.

"And there was feasting and music and dancing for days," said another man.

Kalawhak remembered that last year there had been music and some dancing. But the people had laughed at things that were not really funny, and they danced as though they were afraid of something. There had not been enough caribou meat for everyone.

"One cannot find fifty caribou in twenty days now," said one man who portioned out bones to the hungry growling dogs.

"What will one do when one cannot find caribou?" Kalawhak asked.

"One can eat seal, walrus, and polar bear," another man tried to joke. But they all knew these were hard to find too.

"If only one had friends to help," said Kalawhak's father. "But no man cares if the Eskimos starve."

Next day, one caribou was seen. Since this was Kalawhak's first hunt, he was allowed to shoot first. He raised his gun to his shoulder and fired.

"Ah! The son has missed the caribou," his father said. "The son is not yet a man."

"One cannot shoot so far, Father," Kalawhak excused himself.

"The son, the son's mother, and the son's sisters must eat," the father said.

They trudged for days, catching fish under the ice in the Mackenzie River for themselves and their dogs to eat. Finally, they killed one caribou and one polar bear.

There would not be enough meat for a Christmas feast again this year. There would be no music, no dancing. The single polar-bear skin would have to be traded for food, not presents.

As the hungry dogs drew the almost empty sledge near home, other sledges were arriving completely *(Continued on page 66)*

Jack's Christmas Tree

GRACE C. NASH

TO HAVE a Christmas tree in the tropics, ten thousand miles from home, is quite a problem for American children who live in the Philippines. It has to be ordered months ahead, and it's delivered when the ship arrives from the states—maybe a week, or sometimes just the day, before Christmas.

Back in Ohio, the Bates family always had a Christmas tree. Now they lived in Manila, and a stateside tree was the only tie with their memories of Christmases at home. To Jack, twelve years old, and Teddy, four, even the new baby brother that Mother was bringing home from the hospital this afternoon seemed hardly so important as the Christmas tree.

And now something terrible had happened! Jack, who had received the message over the phone, stared out into the blinding sun. He was a middle-sized boy with more freckles than a watermelon has seeds. He wasn't like his dad, handy with machinery. Outside of baseball and swimming, his interests were in art and shop. He'd made most of the scenery for the Christmas play at school, and posters for the Red Cross drive. But in Dad's opinion, diesel engineering and working with machinery did more for people. And because he was so busy, he had told Jack to fix the tree this year.

Planning ahead, Jack had spent his allowance money for lights, reflectors, and special ornaments. But the money might as well have gone for movies or bigger presents because there wasn't going to be any tree!

How could he explain to Teddy? He'd been mighty good all week. Of course it was because Jack kept telling him about Santa coming and bringing him a tree all sparkles and lights, if he behaved. Now he wished that Teddy hadn't been so good. He'd have an excuse for no tree. But you couldn't do that to a four-year-old. His fists dug deeper into the pockets of his shorts.

Teddy's voice coming from the bedroom broke into his thoughts. "Nap finished," he called.

Jack went in to help him get dressed.

"Are you sure Santa will come tonight, Jack? And bring me a tree all sparkles?" Teddy demanded.

Jack didn't answer.

"How can he come?" went on Teddy. "It has to be all ice cream outside, and cold."

The frown on Jack's face broke into a big smile. "Do you really remember the snow in Ohio, Teddy?" He wiped the perspiration from his forehead and took Teddy's left shoe off his right foot. "Here, this way," he said. But he was thinking about last Christmas, too—the deep, white snow, church bells, carolers, the smell of pine needles on the tree. Why did they have to come out here where it was hot all the time? Couldn't someone besides Dad do engineering for the Filipinos?

"Oh, hurry up, Teddy," Jack urged crossly. "You've got to be dressed before Mother gets home."

"Oh, boy! Oh, boy! Santa comes tonight. Jingle bells!"

"Listen, big guy," said Jack, "you can't make so much noise when the *(Continued on page 68)*

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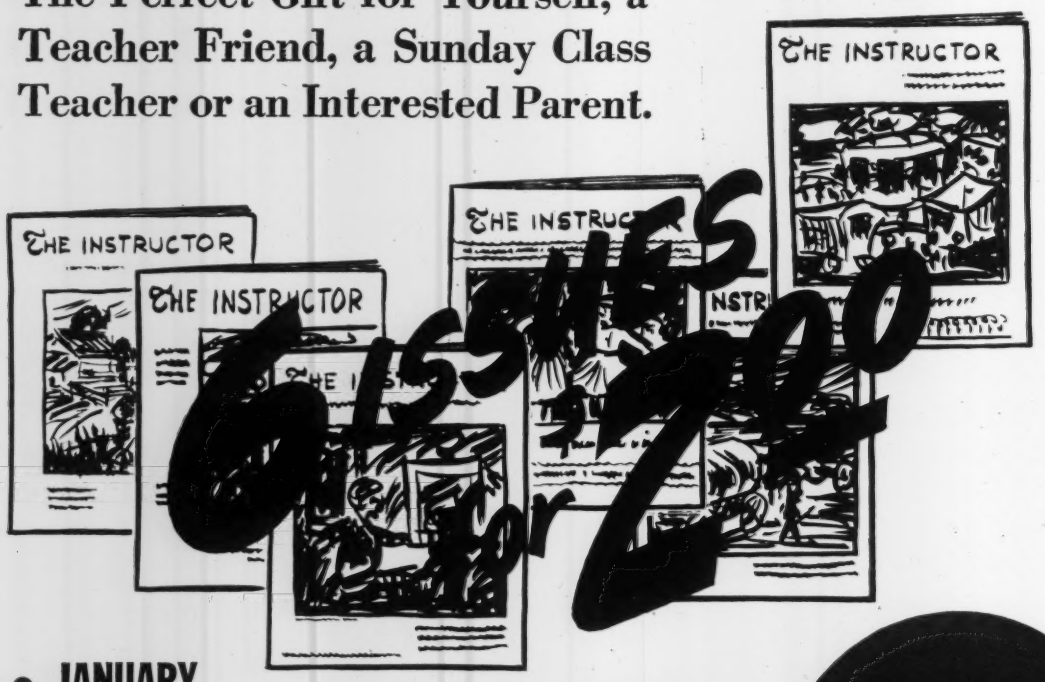

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Girls and Boys Section

FOR CHRISTMAS TIME

Eddith Haggard

These games will be fun to play at your class Christmas party.

Hang a wreath, made of evergreen or cardboard painted green, in a doorway. Give a player an English walnut or a small ball and have him stand about ten feet from the wreath. He has three turns at throwing the walnut through the wreath. If he succeeds the first time, his score is 15; the second time, 10; the third time, 5. The one with the highest score wins.

To play Peanut Carry, the players are divided into two teams. On a table are two pans, one for each team. On another table some distance away are a pile of peanuts for each team and a silver knife. The first player on each team carries to the pan designated for his team as many peanuts as he can lift from the table onto his silver knife without touching them with his hands. He runs back and hands the knife to the second player, and so on.

The next game is called Christmas-Tree Luck. Decorate a small Christmas tree with bright cardboard cut in the shape of Santas, stars, stockings, animals, and so on. A player is then blindfolded and led to the tree where he picks off one of the figures. Winners are those who pick off the Santas. Fortunes can be told in this way.

CHRISTMAS RHYMES

Grace Stoner Clark

Something that always gives a lift
Is an unexpected Christmas - - - -.

Nothing makes the season jolly
As well as sprays or wreaths of
- - - - -.

A dish I like to have real handy
Is one well filled with Christmas
- - - - -.

A joyful sight for you and me
Is the sparkling, lighted Christmas
- - - -.

Gifts most wanted by girls and boys
Are books and games and sturdy
- - - -.

YUM! YUM!

Elizabeth Merriehew

Fill in these missing letters and they'll spell a Christmas dessert.

s - ile
m - stletoe
s - ow
i - icle
m - rry
a - ple
g - fts
t - ddy bears

WHO IS IT?

Jean C. Rice

Take the first ½ of sail and the last ⅓ of ran;
Add the first ½ of tail, now leave a space, you can.
Then add ⅓ of cut and the first ⅖ of law;
And the middle of hut, then the first ⅓ of saw.
All together find the man so jolly
Who leaves gifts among the holly.

Answers to puzzles, riddles, and quizzes are on last page of "Girls and Boys."

Santa's Workshop Puzzle

Santa says that each letter in the phrase SANTA'S WORKSHOP is the beginning of the name of an animal or bird pictured here. Can you find them all?

TREE ORNAMENTS

Camilla Walch Wilson

Gay Christmas tree ornaments from last year's Christmas cards and scraps of red cellophane are fun to make. From the cards select a picture that would have a spot to peep through. Hold the card double and cut out the picture double leaving a white margin around it. Cut out the center opening of both pieces. Cut a piece of red cellophane the same shape as the picture but a little larger. Sandwich the cellophane between the two pieces, paste them together, and weight down until dry. Punch an eyelet for a cord hanger.

COAT-HANGER WREATH

June A. Stephenson

Bend and pull a wire coat hanger into a circle. Get some rather small branches of evergreen and with heavy black thread tie them to the wreath. Overlap the twigs so that no branch ends show. A few holly berries and a red ribbon at the top complete the wreath. Use the coat-hanger hook to hang the wreath.

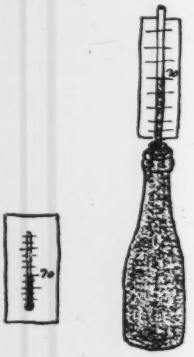
Science for Fun

Robert Stollberg

MAKING A THERMOMETER

Almost everyone can read a thermometer but not many people really know how one works. If you make this model thermometer, you can learn a lot about this interesting branch of science.

You need some water colored with ink, a piece of glass tubing about a foot long, a soft-drink bottle, and a rubber "cork" with one hole in it. You can get a one-hole rubber stopper and glass tubing at most pharmacies, but if you cannot find these materials, use a small cork and a soda straw. Put the glass tubing through the hole in the rubber stopper. If moistened first it will slide in easier. If you use a regular cork and a soda straw, have an adult make a small hole through the center of the cork. Then seal the soda straw in place with sealing wax. Even chewing gum will do if necessary.



Now fill the bottle clear to the top with the colored water. Next carefully put the cork (with tubing already in place) into the bottle opening. As you do this, the liquid will be forced partly up the tube. Your model thermometer is now ready for use.

When the water in the bottle gets warmer, it expands, or gets bigger. As a result, it rises in the tube, just as in a real thermometer. As the thermometer gets cooler, the liquid in it contracts, or gets smaller. This makes the liquid in the tube go down.

You can easily show this action with your model thermometer. You can warm it by holding it in your hands, or by placing it in the sunshine. You can cool it by putting it in a dish of cold water.

Real thermometers have a scale behind the tubing. This scale is marked in degrees of temperature. You can make a scale for your model thermometer, too, if you like. Find out from a regular thermometer what the temperature is and mark that temperature on a piece of stiff paper which you then fasten behind your tube with tape.

Your model thermometer is much larger than most regular ones and so it will take several minutes for it to warm up or to cool off. Regular thermometers are filled with mercury, a silvery-looking liquid, or with alcohol which has been colored, usually red, but they work on exactly the same principle as yours.

Christmas Table Decorations

Draw a picture of Santa Claus with his arms outstretched. Color your picture on both sides and cut it out. Curve Santa's arms around the outside of a water glass and fasten them in place with transparent tape. Make a Santa for each person's glass on the Christmas dinner table.

From stiff paper cut pieces 3¾" x 2¾". Fold them lengthwise to make stand-up place cards. On the gummed side of unused Christmas seals lay a penny and draw around it. Cut out the circles and stick each one on the left side of a card. Print a name on each card with red crayon. Make a card for each person.

A Santa cut from styrofoam will be a different sort of centerpiece. Make a paper pattern first, then trace the outline on styrofoam, and cut out with a knife. Cover with glue the parts of Santa that you would like to be red. Then sprinkle red flecking on the glue. Extra pieces of styrofoam can be cut into a belt, mittens, beard, and cap pieces, and pinned in place. Santa can be standing in some evergreen boughs or among a group of tiny gifts.

Christmas Gifts *to make - -*

for Mother

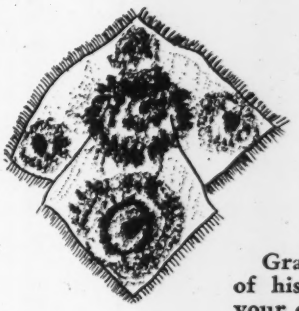
This rice jewelry is made on a base of 1" cardboard circles. Paint circles dark. Pour vegetable dye and a few drops of water in a saucer. Put some rice in it for a few minutes; then drain and dry. Put glue on circles and sprinkle with rice. String some circles together for a necklace and glue two on earring bases.

for Grandmother

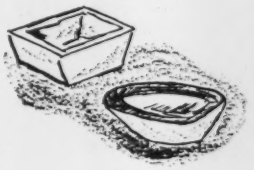
Grandmother will like this paperweight or doorstop. Get white sand or a box of salt. Sprinkle some on paper and rub colored chalk over it until it is the desired shade. Make several different colors. Fill a fancy bottle with the sand, pouring one color over another until the bottle is full. Put the bottle top on tight and use the small bottles as paperweights and the large ones as doorstops.

for Sister

Materials for a kerchief for Sister are one square yard of plain white cotton material and a package of dye. In several places gather the material up and wind a string around it tightly. Follow the directions for dyeing given on the box. Rinse, untie the string, and hang the cloth up to dry. Fringe or hem the kerchief.



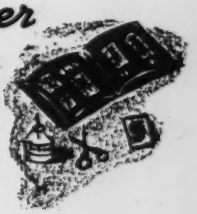
for Father



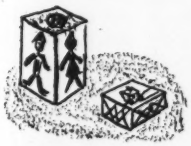
Modeling is fun, especially if you are making a gift for Dad. Mix together 1 cup asbestos meal or sawdust, 1 cup plaster of paris, and enough thin glue to mix. Shape this mixture into an ashtray. You may make it any shape you like. When the tray is dry, paint and shellac it.

for Grandfather

Grandfather will enjoy having snapshots of his grandchildren. Collect pictures of your cousins, sisters, brothers, and yourself and mount them in a picture album.



for Baby



A set of these blocks are made very easily from old butter cartons, small cereal boxes, and other containers. They are so light that they cannot hurt Baby. Take them apart carefully and then glue them back together wrong side out. Paint them in bright colors. Use vegetable paint so that Baby will not become ill if he chews on them. Glue on pictures and then give the block a coat of shellac.

for Brother

Make a checkerboard set for Brother. On each edge of a square of cardboard, mark 8 even sections. Draw connecting lines, making 64 squares. Color the squares alternating red and black. For the 24 checkers, saw pieces ¼" thick from an old broom handle. Sand; paint 12 red, 12 black.

Sam and Sue Travel with Uncle Dick

AM I SEEING THINGS? THAT SIGN SAYS THERE'S A SANTA CLAUS SCHOOL HERE.
NO, THERE REALLY IS SUCH A SCHOOL AND IT'S THE ONLY ONE IN THE WORLD. LET'S STOP AND SEE MR. HOWARD. HE'S THE FOUNDER AND DEAN OF THE SCHOOL.
Santa Claus School
ALBION, N.Y.
WHY DO YOU HAVE YOUR SCHOOL?
EVERY YEAR SANTA NEEDS HELPERS IN DEPARTMENT STORES AND OTHER PLACES. WE TEACH THEM HOW TO DO THIS WORK. WOULD YOU LIKE TO VISIT A CLASS?
IN CHARLES W. HOWARD'S HOME
THESE MEN ARE LEARNING TO LAUGH THE WAY SANTA DOES. SOME ARE WEARING BEARDS SO THEY CAN GET USED TO THEM.
A SANTA CLAUS CLASS
HOW LONG DOES SCHOOL LAST?
THE TERM LASTS A WEEK. AT GRADUATION EACH STUDENT RECEIVES A DIPLOMA SAYING THAT HE IS READY TO CARRY ON AS A HELPER OF SANTA CLAUS.
GRADUATION DAY

The Riddle Box

Why did the man call his old car "baby"?

What animal took the most luggage into the Ark and what animal took the least?

Can you get down from a horse?

Why is a foot like a rosebush?

What does Dad have on his head? It begins with "h," but it is not a hat and it is not a hood.

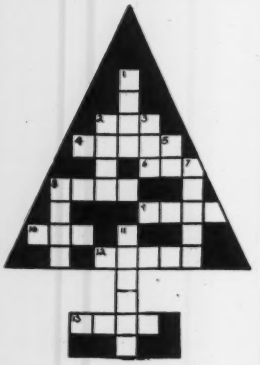
A CHRISTMAS GAME

Ethel R. Hulslander

Each player should have a map or an atlas, or everyone may work together at a large wall map. The object of the game is to see which player can find the largest number of towns whose names remind us of the Christmas season. Probably no one will miss the town named Santa Claus. Do you know what state it is in? Most of you have heard of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, but did you know there are also Bethlehems in six other states? Your list may include Christmas Cove, St. Mary, and Candle. Write both the town and the state where it is located.

A CHRISTMAS PUZZLE

Edna Staples



ACROSS

2. Boys like a —— and ball.
4. A Christmas song.
6. A kind of corn used to string on Christmas trees.
8. A girl's favorite toy.
9. Striped candy curved at one end.
10. It is used to shoot.
12. The dear old man himself.
13. We like to coast downhill on this.

DOWN

1. We always hang this at the top of our tree.
2. It bounces.
3. It spins.
5. Behold.
7. A stuffed toy animal that is black around the eyes.
8. This toy is to be beaten.
11. One of Santa's reindeer.

Notes from Aunt Grace

Dear Girls and Boys,

Agnes has been constantly asking when I'm going to make our Christmas cookies. So I finally gave in and promised to make the first batch two weeks before Christmas.

However, Agnes says that she wants some different kinds of cookies this year. So I told her that I would ask my nieces and nephews to help me out. Do you have a favorite Christmas-cooky recipe you'd like to send us?

We'll return *our* favorite recipe and some samples, for each of the five best recipes sent to us. Agnes is licking her whiskers already.

Please print or write your recipe, name, grade, and address plainly (neatness counts), and mail it to me, Aunt Grace, at *The Instructor*, Dansville, N.Y., by December 8. Merry Christmas!

Affectionately,

Aunt Grace

Dear Aunt Grace,

We are working on a Christmas project already. The sixth grade is preparing a gift box for Ann Fuller who broke her leg. We're having fun!

Michael Rotunno, *New Jersey*

Good for the sixth-graders, Michael! I hope the rest of my nieces and nephews remember the sick, the old, and the poor at Christmas. It gives you a wonderful feeling to help them!

Dear Aunt Grace,

I hope this letter reaches you by Christmas. Merry Christmas to you and Agnes. This is the second year we have lived here. My father is in the Navy.

Janice Blum, *Philippine Islands*

Merry Christmas to you, too, Janice. Agnes wants to know if you have any pets. We'd both like to hear more about your school and your hobbies.

We welcome, but cannot acknowledge, contributions for this department. Two dollars or more is paid for each item used except riddles and jokes, for which one dollar each is paid. Manuscripts (except seasonal) not heard from in six months should be considered rejected. Those with stamped envelopes will be returned. Address: Girls and Boys, *The Instructor*, Dansville, N.Y.

Time to Smile

Mark: I was born in Canada.
Peter: What part?
Mark: All of me, of course.

Danny: I had the radio on last night.
Johnny: Did it fit?

Mary: My brother certainly is smart. He's only four and he can already spell his name frontwards and backwards.
Alice: I don't believe it. What's his name?
Mary: Otto.

ANSWERS TO QUIZZES

The Riddle Box—It never went anywhere without a rattle; the elephant took his trunk, the rooster his comb; no, you get down from ducks and geese; it's in a yard; hair.

A Christmas Puzzle—

Christmas Rhymes—gift, holly, candy, tree, toys
Yum! **Yum!**—sMile, mistletoe, sNow, iCicle, mErry, aPple, gIfts, tEddy bears
Who is it?—Santa Claus
Santa's Workshop Puzzle—

Squirrel	Walrus
Armadillo	Owl
Nightingale	Rabbit
Tiger	Kangaroo
Alligator	Skunk
Snake	Hippopotamus
	Oxen
	Parrot

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DRINK Coca-Cola

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—And the "ragazzo" responds with the same friendly alacrity
you find from Orono, Maine, to Los Angeles, California.
No matter where you go, Coca-Cola is the favorite
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by all who know how very pleasant it is to work refreshed, too.

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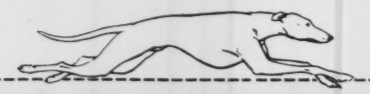

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GREYHOUND

Santa Needed Help

(Continued from page 14)

"It is pretty," said Bennie, "but it costs too much. Maybe you get a little one that not cost so much. Maybe I get a ball and bat—"

Debbie stood on tiptoe to see the toys better and Petey, noticing that the child's legs were red from the cold, whispered to Paul, "She doesn't have snow pants!"

"They don't have very much of anything," Paul told him. "When I was having my skate strap fixed I heard Mr. Glazier tell a man that it took all his savings to bring the children to America."

"Debbie calls Mr. Glazier Grandpa," Petey said. "She wanted to make something for him when we were planning the gifts for our mothers and dads. Where is their mother, Paul?"

"Not so loud," Paul cautioned him. 'They are orphans. Mr. Glazier is all the family they have." He pulled his little brother inside Reynolds' Department Store as the other children turned away from the window.

"I wonder if your Cub pack could help them for Christmas," Petey said thoughtfully.

"They're not the kind of family to be helped in that way," Paul explained. "Mr. Glazier is proud. He has a shop and fixes shoes. He just doesn't have very much money now because he spent so much to bring Debbie and Bennie to America."

"I guess you're right," Petey admitted. "But somebody ought to see that they have a nice Christmas."

Soon the two boys reached the toy department. When his turn came to talk to Santa, Petey was so busy explaining about Debbie and Bennie that he forgot all about the bicycle he wanted. "You will bring Debbie a big doll, won't you?" he asked earnestly.

"I wish I *could* see that every little girl gets what she wants—and every boy, too. But there are so many boys and girls. I need more helpers; for a fact I do." Santa sighed. "Now if only I had somebody to take care of that boy and girl you know who have just come to America—"

"Maybe we can," said Paul. "I think Mother and Father will help if we ask them." He winked at Santa. "We'll keep it a secret."

"Thank you, my boy," Santa said. "Thank you both very much. I can see you will be very good helpers."

That night Paul and Petey told their mother and father about Bennie and Debbie and how they had promised Santa to help give them a nice Christmas.

"We'd like to help too," said their father.

"We'll make helping them our Christmas project," their mother added agreeably.

The Allisons all had to make some changes in their Christmas plans but they agreed that helping Santa was as much fun as anything they had ever done before. When Petey and Paul went back to Reynolds' Department Store for Debbie's doll and Bennie's ball and bat, they told Santa Claus they had taken care of everything.

Christmas Eve they bundled into their wraps and loaded a box of gifts on Paul's sled. Paul pulled and Petey pushed the sled around the corner and down the street to Mr. Glazier's shoe-repair shop.

After they unloaded the sled, Petey pulled it as far as the corner and waited. Then Paul knocked loud on the shop door and ran and hid between the buildings.

Petey saw Mr. Glazier and his grandchildren standing in the path of light that came from the shop doorway. How surprised they looked when they saw the big box and Petey's outgrown tricycle. They read the note printed carefully in red pencil: MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU FROM SANTA'S HELPERS.

"You should have heard Bennie when he felt that ball bat," Paul reported later to their parents.

"You should have seen how surprised they were," Petey added.

Christmas morning Petey and Paul were surprised too. While they were opening their other gifts, a package came from Reynolds' Department Store. In the package were two books, one for each of them. On a card Santa had written: MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM SANTA TO HIS HELPERS.

YOUR COUNSELOR SERVICE

Although this page is omitted in December, to make room for Christmas material, it will appear again in January.

The counselors are listed on page 2 of this issue. You may send your questions to them as usual, addressed in care of THE INSTRUCTOR, Editorial Department, Dansville, N.Y.

A Present for Kalawhak

(Continued from page 59)

empty. Then Kalawhak saw that something was happening in the village. It looked as if everyone was running about. The dogs sensed the excitement and began racing over the snow, barking gleefully. When they were closer, Kalawhak saw strangers. Old Kavilla came hurrying to meet them.

"Kabloona! Kabloona! One has real friends! Kabloona is here!" Old Kavilla was beside himself with joy.

Kabloona means "white man" in the Eskimo language, and Kavilla was trying to tell them that white men were there to help.

Yes, the Canadian government knew about the hunger of her Eskimo people, and men had come to tell them that they were to receive the biggest Christmas present any people had ever been given. Three thousand reindeer! These animals were coming to the people of Kittigazuit.

"It's impossible," said Kalawhak's father. "There is no road and no path. Herders and reindeer will mire down in muskeg. A man will get lost. No man can be so good a friend as to try."

But a man had already been on his way almost five years! One week before Christmas in 1929 Andy Bahr and his six herders, eight reindeer dogs, five sheep dogs, and forty dog sledges loaded with provisions had started from Elephant Point, Alaska, driving three thousand reindeer!

"Ah, that Andy Bahr!" one of the white men said. "He learned how to handle reindeer when he was a little boy in Lapland."

Kalawhak's father was still doubtful. "No man has ever driven so many reindeer. One cannot keep the wolves and grizzlies away."

"Andy Bahr will get them here! We watched from airplanes. Wolves take a big toll during the winter, but when the snow melts and the baby fawns begin to arrive, Andy lets them rest and grow strong. Then, when the freeze comes again he starts out with a bigger herd than ever."

The men were still doubtful, but Kalawhak, in his imagination, walked right along with Andy Bahr.

(Continued on page 80)

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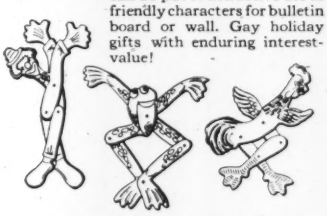

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A School Teacher's Christmas

Celia E. Klotz

For weeks they had been practicing; it happens every year,
The school must give a program to help furnish Christmas cheer.
The program day arrived at last; they knew their parts by heart,
But Mary missed the bus that day —she had a leading part.
And Jane brought little sister (the little sister's three);
"Mother thought it would be nice, there'd be so much to see!"

Eva had the toothache; her swollen face looked mean.
She cried with pain all morning. (Eva was Fairy Queen.)
Then Santa lost his whiskers but more were made of cotton.
They opened up the costume box —empty—the suit forgotten.

Harry spilled his malted milk when he was trying to mix it,
And twenty little helpful souls smeared in to help him fix it.
Ruthie had the nosebleed. (She does when she's excited.)
They covered blood with pleats to get her costume righted.
"Now then, you're all fixed up again, and just as good as new."
"Oh, Teacher, Johnnie's shoestring broke; he can't keep on his shoe."

They had a fight at recess because Bob took Gracie's pear.
Why don't they all dress little boys in trousers that won't tear?

The kids were finally on the stage.
"Jim, don't pull Sally's hair!"
Each wiggling actor had to look—
perhaps his folks were there.
The play was almost over, a solemn climax reached—
A dog came trotting up the aisle and all the audience screeched.

Back to their room, with candy they'd been given from the tree
Smeared well on hands and clothes and hair. Jack fell and hurt his knee.

Her Christmas spirit's well-nigh gone. Now it's Christmas Day.
The radio blares,
"Bless the World,"
The teacher sighs,
"O. K."

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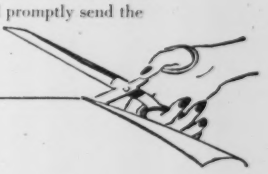

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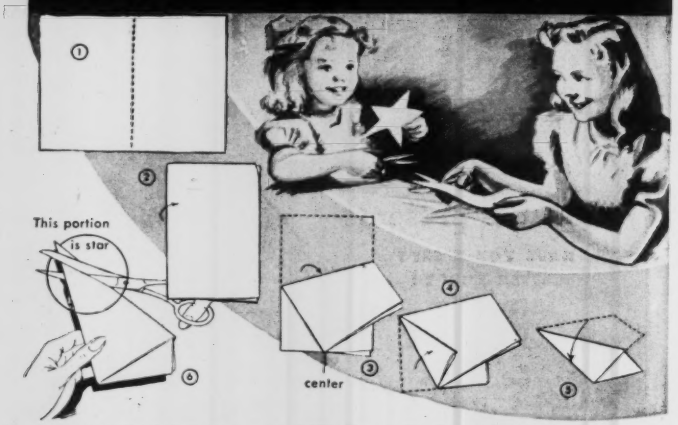
STARS TO BRIGHTEN YOUR PROGRAM

A suggestion we hope you find helpful and interesting



Five-Pointed Star *with* One Snip *of the* Scissors

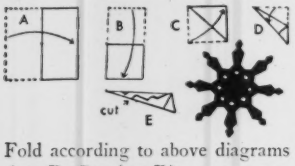
Here Are Easy Directions To Make This Five-Pointed Star

Use any paper with 8½"x11" proportions. Follow above diagrams from 1 to 5. Snip according to 6. And there's your star.

More Creative Stars Are Also Easy to Make

Stars (snowflakes, too) not to be copied, each unique, is a satsifying project for any child. And the whole class enjoys applying the designs to windows, pupil-created greeting cards, tags for gifts and book covers.

BASIC DIRECTIONS FOR THESE CREATIVE STARS:—You must begin with a square (any size) of any kind of paper. Use gold, silver, white, colored. Colored cellophane designs, especially overlapped, give impressive effects.



Fold according to above diagrams A to D. Cut (see E); no two cuts alike; do not cut side edge nor across angle.

If further interested: Directions for "Five-Pointed Star with One Snip" is from POPULAR MECHANICS CHRISTMAS HANDBOOK of ideas, toys, gifts you can make.

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Christmas on the Ranch

(Continued from page 16)

and called, "Come, Shag." Shag began to wag his tail and waited while Tommy picked up some wood. He carried it to the porch and dumped it into the woodbox.

Tommy went into the house. He fixed some of yesterday's stew and some bread in a bowl for Shag. His mother was peeling potatoes—only enough for three.

Tommy thought his mother looked a little disappointed too. "The sun is shining," he said. "Maybe they can get through."

Dad came to the door. "Not a chance," he said. "I heard on the radio that all country roads are closed to cars."

"Well, as soon as I'm finished here, let's open the packages," Mother suggested.

When they went to the living room Dad put an apple log on the fire and Tommy started sorting the packages. There was the table lamp that Dad helped him make for Aunt Bessie out of a piece of yew wood they had found, the rack for Grandma's spices, and the Indian arrowheads for Bud's collection.

"Here's the present I made for you." Tommy handed his mother a long thin package. He waited anxiously to see how she liked the new umbrella handle he had carved from a piece of cherry wood.

She was taking off the paper when Dad said, "What's the matter with that dog of yours, Tommy? He's making a lot of racket."

"Hush!" Mother said. "Is that sleigh bells?"

Feet were stamping on the porch, and when Mother opened the door Dolly and Bud burst in. Grandma and Aunt Ellen came next, followed by Uncle Jim.

"Merry Christmas!" everyone said together.

"Hurry," Tommy called after the wraps had been disposed of. "Let's open our packages."

"I was just opening my present from Tommy," Mother said. "Isn't it pretty? It can be glued on my old umbrella that has the broken handle."

How proud Tommy felt when Grandpa examined his whittling and said, "That boy has real talent."

Tommy was busy opening his packages and exclaiming over the album of records from Mother and Dad, and the blue knit bedroom slippers from Grandma, besides books, games, and candy. Finally he looked up. "Hey, why didn't Aunt Bessie and Uncle Tyler come?"

"They wouldn't be able to make it," Uncle Jim said.

"But they live in the city," Tommy protested. "They have paved streets. Only country people have to stay home when the roads are bad."

"Only country people could get here," Grandpa said.

Tommy looked puzzled for a minute. "Oh, you came in the sleigh!" he said.

"That's right," Grandpa agreed. "Takes a horse to get you places in the winter, and Bessie and Tyler don't have horses, of course."

"It's nice to live on a ranch where you can keep a horse," said Tommy, thinking of Star. Then he nudged Bud. "You and Dolly come out to the barn. I want to show you something."

They closed the door on the grown-ups talking, laughing, and singing, and went to the barn. Tommy felt as if all the Christmas bells in the world were singing inside of him.

"Christmas sure is wonderful," he thought.

Jack's Christmas Tree

(Continued from page 59)

baby comes home. Babies sleep most of the time. Now off to your sandbox. I've got things to do," Jack said, as he finished combing Teddy's hair.

As he walked to the kitchen to get a drink, the words of the telephone conversation resounded in his ears. ". . . . the cargo of Christmas trees arrived this morning. We are sorry to report that they were all ruined . . . . placed too close to the boiler room on the ship. But your money will be refunded."

"You mean nothing is left?" he'd asked.

"Not a single tree, sir. Only a few green sprigs scattered over the pier."

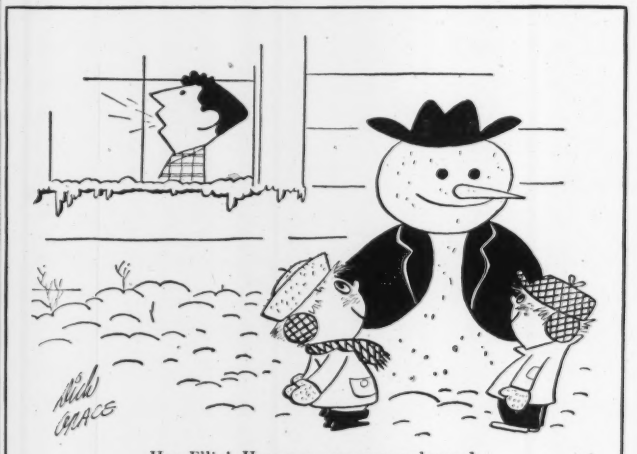
"A few green sprigs," Jack repeated aloud. He set the glass down with a thud. Grabbing his sun visor off the hook and a ball of string off the shelf, he raced out the screen door and down the back steps.

"Pedro, wake up, wake up!" He shook the Filipino houseboy who was squatted against the wall taking his siesta.

"You spoil my dream, Master Jack," complained Pedro.

"Listen to me, Pedro. I want you to look after Teddy, huh? I've got

(Continued on page 73)



Hey, Ellie! Have you seen my new hat and brown suit jacket anywhere?

THE INSTRUCTOR

The Twenty-Fourth Candle

(*Continued from page 32*)

(*He comes in hurriedly, sees the Fairy Doll, and stares at Selma.*) Oh! Oh! *NOW* you've done it! *Where* did you find *that?*

SELMA—Oh, dear, I wish I hadn't found it. Now I've spoiled *everything.*

TAGE—Well, come down cellar. I want you to help me for a minute. Then you can wrap up that doll and hide it away again.

(*Selma and Tage turn towards the exit. As they do so, Fairy Doll moves her head, stiffly but noticeably; she stares for an instant at the children; then, as they move, she jerks her head back quickly and becomes still again.*)

SELMA—Let's go quickly, Tage.

TAGE—Wait—am I seeing things? Did I see that doll move?

SELMA—Of course not! Come on! (*They go out hurriedly.*)

(*Fairy Doll's head moves again, slowly, jerkily; then she gets up stiffly, like a mechanical toy, and walks towards the table. She raises the magic wand with one hand, and with the other turns the bulbs out one by one, until only one is left aglow. Then she resumes her place on the floor.*)

SELMA (*coming in, calling back over her shoulder to Tage*)—Now I'll put the doll away. (*She sees the hoop.*) Oh! Oh! what has happened? Perhaps the candles burned out.

FAIRY DOLL—They didn't burn out.

SELMA (*drawing back, frightened*)—Did I hear you *speak?*

FAIRY DOLL—Yes. I am a fairy princess doll, you know.

SELMA (*still frightened*)—How—how—how do you know that the candles didn't burn out?

FAIRY DOLL—Because I put them out. I have made this day December the first. Now you will have to wait for Christmas all over again.

SELMA—No, no! Oh, that is terrible! Why did you do that?

FAIRY DOLL—I did it to make you think. You are too impatient. And you are thoughtless, too. Aren't you? (*Selma nods.*) Besides that, you are a very selfish little girl. All you think of is what *you* want. That is not what Christmas is for. Christmas is for giving, for sharing, and for extending good will to other people.

SELMA—I can see that now. I haven't been good at all. (*Looks at hoop.*) How can I make up for it?

FAIRY DOLL—That is not easy. Let me think. (*Puts magic wand to head, thoughtfully.*) You can do a good deed right now. If you do it willingly, I will light the candles again.

SELMA (*runs back and forth*)—Oh, what can I do? A good deed before Mother and Father get back! If I tidy up this room, may I count that?

FAIRY DOLL—Yes, that is all right. (*Selma picks up things and straightens furniture.*)

(*Fairy Doll quietly relights the twenty candles.*)

SELMA—Oh, thank you, dear fairy princess! I am so glad to see the candles lighted again.

FAIRY DOLL—Don't forget what you have learned, Selma. Now I'll help you put me away. (*She goes into closet. Selma follows with wrapping paper.*)

Scene 3

(*Selma is surrounded by a pile of wrapped gifts. She is writing tags.*)

TAGE (*scattering a few pieces of straw*)—There! It is nice to put down straw on the clean floor in memory of the manger. (*He gets his coat.*) Are your presents ready, Selma?

SELMA—Yes, I'm just writing the last name. Oh, it has been such fun making these gifts for my friends!

TAGE—You certainly have changed a lot since the fairy princess doll put out the candles. (*He is kidding because he doesn't believe it happened.*)

SELMA (*handing Tage the gifts*)—That was a dreadful scare, but I'm glad I found out that Christmas is a happier time when we think about giving, not getting. Thanks for offering to deliver these for me, Tage.

TAGE—I'll be back in time to see Father light the twenty-fourth candle. (*Exits.*)

(*Selma moves about rearranging the paper garlands.*)

MR. NELSON (*entering*)—*God Jule,* Selma. (*Glances around.*) How fine the Christmas festoons look! Your mother was telling me that you arranged them. We are happy to have such a thoughtful little daughter.

SELMA—I'm happy, too, Father.

MRS. NELSON (*enters from kitchen, speaks to Mr. Nelson*)—*God Jule,* my dear. Everything is ready for the Christmas feast. Selma has been a great help this year.

SELMA—Thank you, Mother. Have we time to sing a carol while we're waiting for Tage?

MRS. NELSON—That's a fine idea! (*The three sing a carol, or a solo may be sung, a record played, or the audience may participate.*)

TAGE (*enters, stamping snow from his boots*)—*God Jule!* It is growing dark.

MR. NELSON—Yes, Tage, we were just waiting for you to return. What shall we do now, Selma?

SELMA—Oh, Father! Light the twenty-fourth candle! It is Christmas Eve at last.

(*All laugh and say "God Jule" as Father lights the last candle.*)

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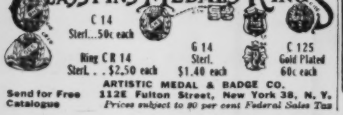

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Second Christmas

(*Continued from page 35*)

DANIEL (*angrily*)—It is the King, Martha! That vicious King Herod has sent out his soldiers to kill all the boy babies in the neighborhood—all boy babies not yet two years old.

MARTHA (*stricken*)—Kill—all—boy babies! But why?

DANIEL—He has heard word of the Child who was born in Bethlehem last winter. This Child, so he has been told, is to become King of the Jews. Herod is afraid of his crown. He has tried to locate the Baby, but no one will tell him where the Child is to be found. So he is taking this way of making sure of destroying Him. He is murdering all boy babies!

MARTHA (*runs to the cradle and falls to her knees*)—Oh, no! It cannot be! They shall not kill my baby! I will not let them! They must not!

DANIEL—It is happening this very moment. The soldiers will be searching the homes in the hills next. I don't know how long it will take them to get this far—tomorrow, perhaps.

MARTHA (*starts hastily to wrap up the baby*)—They shan't have my son. He will be gone—miles away, when they arrive. Hurry, get my heavy robe! And wrap a towel around one of those loaves of bread. I am leaving now, this instant!

DANIEL—But Martha, where will you go? (*He is getting her things.*)

MARTHA—I do not know. I only know I shall not wait until the Roman soldiers come.

DANIEL—It is a bitter night for traveling. There is a storm coming across the hills.

MARTHA—I know. I know. But I am going—now.

DANIEL—Very well. I will go with you. We shall take the two largest pack animals. We can travel faster that way, for they can find their way in the darkness better than we can. I have a kinsman living near the Egyptian border. Perhaps we can find a refuge there.

(*Josiah and Paul enter. They speak excitedly, not waiting for their father to answer.*)

JOSIAH—Greetings, Father.

PAUL—Did the merchant take all the salt? Was it white enough to please him?

JOSIAH—Did you get a good price?

PAUL—Did the brown donkey balk again today?

JOSIAH—Do they still have the pair of sandals in the market? The ones that fit me exactly, remember? Did you see them?

(*They suddenly see that their parents are preparing to leave.*)

PAUL—Father!

JOSIAH—Mother! Where are you going?

PAUL—What are you going to do?

DANIEL—My sons, I must give you the truth, and quickly. King Herod is sending out soldiers to destroy boy babies. Your mother and I are leaving now for some distant place where they cannot find our baby. As soon as I have your mother safely situated, I shall return. Until then, watch the sheep carefully.

JOSIAH—Must we stay here alone?

DANIEL—Yes, my children. But do not fear. The Lord will be with you.

MARTHA (*weeping softly*)—Hasten. We must not delay another moment. Farewell, children.

(*Daniel and Martha exit.*)

PAUL (*sits at the table despondently*)—That wicked old King! I would like to have a chance to use my slingshot on him!

JOSIAH (*pouring soup*)—I would, too. I would punish him as David punished the giant. I would—

(*Boys sit and start to eat. A violent knocking is heard at the door. Both boys are terrified.*)

PAUL (*whispers*)—Don't go!

JOSIAH (*whispers*)—Be quiet. Let us blow out the light.

(*Knocking is repeated.*)

JOEL (*calling*)—Open the door! It is just your neighbor, Joel.

PAUL (*whispers*)—Should we let him in?

JOSIAH (*aloud*)—Of course! Joel is Father's best friend. (*Opens door.*)

(*Joel enters, followed by Strangers.*)

JOEL (*looking about*)—Where are your mother and father?

PAUL (*exchanging a frightened glance with his brother*)—They—they—they just—(*trying to think*)—

JOSIAH—They just left on a visit.

JOEL—A visit? Tonight? In weather like this?

JOSIAH—Yes, they decided very suddenly.

PAUL—Father just heard something in the market today that made him decide to go on the visit.

JOEL—And where is the baby? I see the cradle is empty. Are you telling me that they took the baby somewhere at this time of night?

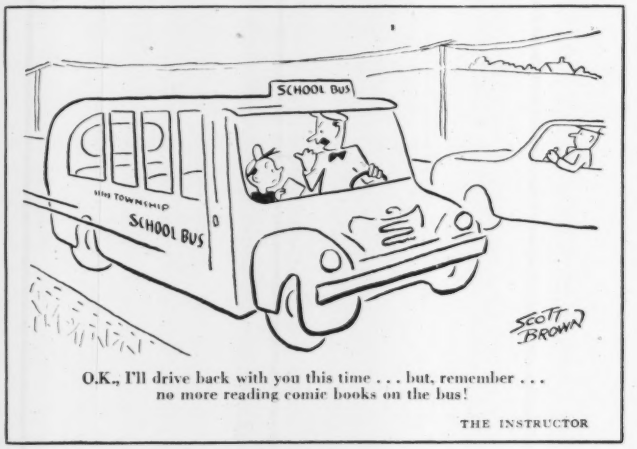
LADY (*grasping the import of this, and thinking of all the mothers, cries in anguish*)—Oh, no!

PAUL—Yes. They took the baby.

LADY (*regaining her composure*)—I think I understand. Let us ask no more questions.

MAN—Yes, we understand. (*To Lady.*) My dream was no doubt a true warning.

(*Continued on page 74*)



O.K., I'll drive back with you this time . . . but, remember . . . no more reading comic books on the bus!

THE INSTRUCTOR

"The Man on the Street"

(Continued from page 38)

To make up for asking such a hard one, I think I'll just ask for volunteers to tell anything they know about Christmas customs. Thank you for being on the broadcast, Mrs. Stanton. Here is a volunteer. Your name?

MISS RANKIN—Susan Rankin.

ANNOUNCER—Miss Rankin, what do you wish to tell us about a Christmas custom?

MISS RANKIN—This isn't a custom but an interesting fact. The Puritans once passed a law against celebrating Christmas. Any Puritan who did was fined five shillings.

ANNOUNCER—Isn't that surprising? But in fairness to the Puritans, let's remember that they wanted to keep the birthday of Christ a holy day, not one of feasting and merrymaking. Ah, who are these folks? Are you the Carolers we heard in the distance?

CAROLERS—Yes, we are.

ANNOUNCER—Since the singing of carols is one of our most loved customs, I wonder if you'd sing one for our broadcast?

(Carolers sing one of their choice.)

ANNOUNCER—That was beautiful. Thank you. *(Carolers leave.)* Can anyone here tell why candles are so much a part of the Christmas season? *(Linda Lane steps to the microphone.)* Fine! And your name is—

LINDA LANE—Linda Lane. There is a very old legend that the Christ Child wanders over the world on Christmas Eve, bearing a bundle of evergreens. He may appear to people as a beggar or a traveler in need, and those who help Him are blessed. In Austria, candles were once placed in the windows to light His path.

ANNOUNCER—That *is* a lovely legend, and it's the real spirit of the season on which to end our broadcast. We now leave WZO's "Man on the Street," ladies and gentlemen, until next week, when we hope you will join us again. Meanwhile, a happy holiday to all! *(Turns to Assistant.)* O.K., Denny, pack it up and let's go. Merry Christmas, everybody!

Cowboys' Christmas

(Continued from page 33)

'Twas the night before Christmas,
When all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse—
(Cowbell rings off stage faintly.) What's that? Did you hear something, Pa?

PA—Nope. It probably was that mouse you was just telling the kids about.

PAUL—Maybe it's Santa Claus!

JOHNNIE—Come on, Santa! Come down our chimney!

MARY—It sounded like a cowbell!

HELEN—Please go on, Ma.

MA—
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there—
(Cowbell is rung again.) There goes that noise again!

(Bell becomes louder, sound of horses galloping, shouts of Whoa!)

PA—Paul, go to the door.

COWBOYS *(enter with Slick in the lead)*—Merry Christmas, everybody!

SHORTY—Howdy, folks! We're from the Bar Z Ranch. We heard you'd had a bit of hard luck so we thought we'd come over.

PA—Boys, this is mighty nice!

SLICK *(to Ma)*—We'd like to present you with this here grub. There's some candy and stuff for the kids.

MA—We sure are grateful.

PAUL—Are you really Santa Claus?

SPEED—Sonny, he ain't *exactly* the real thing; but he is the best we could dig up, on short notice. He's Santa Claus's cousin.

SLICK *(embarrassed)*—Me and Santa Claus was boys together.

MA—Sit down, boys, and make yourselves at home.

JOHNNIE *(looking Slick over critically)*—Your beard sure is funny. What makes it all stickery that way?

SLICK *(aside)*—I told you fellows that rope wasn't any good for a beard! *(To Johnnie.)* It's this way, Sonny. It got stiff with ice and snow on the way down from the North Pole! *(Sleigh bells ring off stage.)* Hey! What's that I hear?

(Sleigh bells ring again. Everyone listens. The bells get louder and the real Santa Claus enters.)

SANTA—My, my, I thought all these children would be in bed. I had trouble getting here. A wind blew one of the sky signs around so that it pointed *up* instead of *down!* I got almost halfway to Mars before I noticed something was wrong! Keller, you've got some family here!

PA—They aren't all our children, Santa. We had unexpected company tonight.

PAUL—I knew Santa would come!

SANTA *(looking at Slick)*—Bless my buttons, if it isn't someone dressed like me!

MARY—He is your cousin, Santa. Don't you remember him?

SANTA—My cousin? Oh, yes, to be sure. Merry Christmas, Cousin! Now, children, I'll just leave this sack of toys and presents and be on my way. I have lots of places to go yet tonight.

(Continued on page 78)

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The Mysterious Package

(Continued from page 36)

MRS. WILLIAMS—I guess you didn't win any prize, children. The contest was finished three months ago. This package is from faraway Austria.

BOB—Austria is in Europe. It came clear across the Atlantic Ocean. Wow!

TEDDY—Is it wet? (*He feels the paper.*) Nope, it's dry all over.

JILL—Teddy, don't be silly. It was probably put inside a mailbag on a big ship. (*She turns to her mother.*) But who could have sent it? We don't know anybody in Austria.

BOB—It must be a mistake.

MRS. WILLIAMS—It's addressed to Children Williams, 54 Adams Street, Small Town, U.S.A. (*She holds it so they can see.*)

TEDDY—Open it. Open it, now.

MRS. WILLIAMS—It says "Open on Christmas."

JILL—Let's put it in the package closet. Maybe it'll bring good luck. (*Mother hands her the package and she goes to the closet door.*)

BOB (*following Jill, looks at the postmark and spells out the words*)—Baden bei Wien. What a funny name, Jill. It sure is mysterious.

TEDDY—Miss who?

BOB—*Mysterious,* a mysterious package, you dope.

TEDDY—A 'sterious package, 'sterious, 'sterious. And we can't open it 'til Christmas.

Scene 2

(*Suppertime of the same day in the Williams living room. As the curtain opens, Mrs. Williams is playing the piano and the children are grouped around her singing carols. At the end of the song, Mr. Williams enters, carrying his brief case and evening paper. The children rush to greet him.*)

TEDDY—Guess what, Daddy? We've got a *'sterious* package!

MR. WILLIAMS—A what? (*Removes hat and coat.*)

JILL—The postman brought it this morning, Dad. (*She gets the box and shows it to him.*) Look, it's from Austria.

(*Mr. Williams looks at the postmark and reads aloud the address and the return address.*)

MR. WILLIAMS—Baden bei Wien, Austria. (*He pronounces it correctly—Bödden by Veen.*) Bob, get the atlas. We'll find out where this place is.

BOB—I tried to find it this afternoon, Dad, but I couldn't. (*He brings the atlas and they gather round the center table.*)

MR. WILLIAMS (*turning the pages slowly*)—Here's the map of Austria. Now, let's see. It should be near Vienna.

JILL—How do you know, Dad?

MR. WILLIAMS—B-E-I, by, in German means *near* and W-I-E-N is the German word for *Vienna.*

TEDDY (*climbing on a chair to look at the map*)—Gee, it's a pink country!

MRS. WILLIAMS—It's not really pink, Teddy. It's just colored that way to show how much of the map is Austria.

MR. WILLIAMS—Here it is. (*He points to a small dot on the page.*) Looks as if it's a suburb of Vienna, about the same size as our town.

BOB—I wonder who could be sending *us* a package from there.

JILL—Let's show it to the kids when they come caroling tonight. (*She takes the package to the closet.*)

MRS. WILLIAMS—I almost forgot you are going caroling tonight. Come, we'll have supper right away.

(*Curtain closes to show time lapse of one hour.*)

BOB—Get your things on, Jill. They'll be here any minute. (*The doorbell rings.*)

TEDDY—I'll let them in. (*A group of children come in singing a carol. The Williams family join in.*)

BOB—I've got something to show you. (*He brings out the package.*) Now on display before your very eyes —a mysterious package from Europe!

(*The children crowd around him.*)

ONE BOY—Looks mighty ragged to me. (*He points to the knotted string.*)

SECOND BOY—Maybe it's a time bomb. See if it ticks!

BOB (*holding it to his ear*)—No, sir. Besides, there is a return address on it. See: V. Reuter, Baden bei Wien, Austria.

ONE GIRL—Whoever sent it doesn't know very much about wrapping packages. Look at the knotted string and the wrinkled paper.

MR. WILLIAMS—Perhaps Mr. Reuter is poor and had nothing else to use.

BOB—The mystery of the knotted string will be solved two weeks from today. Tune in on Christmas morning, everyone. C'mon, let's go caroling.

(*Mother, Dad, and Teddy watch Jill and Bob leave with the Carolers.*)

Buy some clear acetate at an art supply house. A roll will do for an entire class. Cut sheets about 8½" x 11". Add figures or objects cut from paper to the back to make a scene. For a snow effect, apply rubber cement and sprinkle it with artificial snow. Add a piece of blue paper behind it and a cardboard back. Bind it with cloth adhesive tape and you have a lovely picture.

Scene 3

(*Christmas morning. The Williams family are unwrapping gifts around the lighted Christmas tree.*)

MRS. WILLIAMS—Now for the last package, children.

JILL (*eagerly*)—The one that came from Austria!

TEDDY—I'll get it, I'll get it. (*He crawls under the tree and brings out the box.*)

MRS. WILLIAMS—I wonder what it is. (*She cuts the strings and folds back the brown paper. She lifts the cover off the box. Three peaks of tissue paper stick out of the shredded paper packing.*)

BOB—Pull one out, Teddy.

JILL—Be careful. It might be breakable.

TEDDY (*gingerly lifting one out*)—Gee, I'm almost scared. (*He folds back the white paper, and sees a small carved wooden horse.*) Look, a horse! (*He holds it out for them to see.*)

BOB—There's some writing on it!

MR. WILLIAMS (*putting on his glasses and studying it, spells T-E-D-D-Y*)—It is carved in the wood.

TEDDY—How'd they know my name 'way over in that pink country?

(*Bob and Jill are taking out the other two peaks of tissue.*)

BOB—Will ya look at this? A leather belt with *my* name on it!

MRS. WILLIAMS—What is in yours, Jill?

JILL—A bracelet of tiny beads with my name in colors. It's beautiful!

BOB (*puts the belt around his waist to test the size*)—It just fits!

JILL—Look, the bracelet matches my new sweater.

MR. WILLIAMS—It's all very strange. (*He begins to clear away the paper, the box tips over, and a card falls out.*) We still don't know—

MRS. WILLIAMS (*reaching for the card*)—Here's something. (*She reads aloud.*) To children Williams, from children Reuter, in gratitude for their letter and food. Merry Christmas from Hans, Elfie, and Peter.

BOB—Did we send them food?

JILL—I didn't know we wrote to them. Who are they?

(*Mr. and Mrs. Williams look at each other, much puzzled. Suddenly Mrs. Williams smiles. She stands up.*)

MRS. WILLIAMS—Children, do you remember when you wrote a letter to some children in Europe at the suggestion of a radio commentator?

JILL—Yes, I remember. But—

BOB—And we put in some money to buy food for them.

MRS. WILLIAMS—Your letter must have reached the Reuter family.

MR. WILLIAMS—And your money bought some food for them.

BOB—Yeah, and now look what they've sent us. (*He holds up his belt.*)

JILL—Now we have friends in another country.

TEDDY—New friends for Christmas! And a little horse besides. Oh, boy!

BOB—Gee, wouldn't it be something if everyone in the world could be friends?

JILL—That would make it Christmas every day.

MRS. WILLIAMS—And there would be peace on earth and good will toward men. (*She gathers up the papers and ribbons from the floor.*)

(*Carolers off stage start singing softly.*)

BOB—Here come the Carolers.

JILL—Won't it be fun to show them what came in the mysterious package!

The Little Red Cuckoo

(Continued from page 13)

Santa Claus. "Christmas is no time for you to stay cooped up inside a cuckoo clock. I don't blame you for wanting to get out and see things."

"I was just leaning out as far as I could when it was time for me to sing," said the little red cuckoo. I'm sorry I hit you, Santa."

"Forget it!" said Santa Claus as he placed the little red cuckoo on top of the mantel. "I've been filling so many stockings and lighting the lights on so many trees that I'm a bit crochety. But everyone should be happy at Christmas time."

The little red cuckoo watched Santa fill the two long red stockings.

Then Santa pressed the light switch and all the colored lights twinkled on the Christmas tree. Santa took a few steps back to look at the tree. "Just one thing missing," he mumbled in his white whiskers. "This tree needs an ornament on the very tiptop. Why, little red cuckoo, you are just what I need!"

The little red cuckoo sat as still as he could while Santa twisted his piece of wire around the tiptop of the tree.

Santa had hardly gone up the chimney when Bobby and Jane came running into the room.

"Oh, what a *beautiful* tree!" shouted Jane.

"And look! the little red cuckoo is perched 'way up on top," laughed Bobby. "He's the prettiest ornament on the whole tree."

The little red cuckoo was *very* happy! His wish had come true. He could stay outside the old cuckoo clock for a long, l-o-n-g time, he could see everything, and he could watch all the fun around the Christmas tree.

The Christmas Fairy

(Continued from page 13)

was to her. "I wonder if he is hungry. I'll put some peanuts here on this big limb for him."

Sally stood very still while the squirrel darted down toward the nuts. Then he stopped to watch her. He went a little closer, then closer, and then he filled his cheeks with nuts.

"I must hurry home right away, Mr. Squirrel," Sally said.

The squirrel waved his tail and busied himself with the nuts. He scampered to his nest when he heard Sally laugh again.

"The squirrels like Christmas fairies, too," called Mr. Baker, who had been watching her.

"I don't look like a Christmas fairy, do I, Mr. Baker?" Sally called. "They wear white."

But Mr. Baker only smiled and went into the house.

When Sally got home she told her mother all about her trip to the store. Then she asked, "Mother, what are Christmas fairies?"

"They are little folks who help to make people happy," her mother said. "I'm glad we have one in our family."

Jack's Christmas Tree

(Continued from page 68)

work to do, huh? He's out in the sandbox, huh?" Jack had learned that you had to finish every sentence with "huh" if you wanted an answer. "You watch good, huh?"

"Yes, sir. I watch," answered Pedro with a yawn.

Pedaling his bicycle fast and hard, Jack dodged in and out through the stream of traffic of pony *caratelas*, chauffeured cars, and the funny little busses that used to be army jeeps.

He'd have no trouble getting through the gates at the pier. The policeman knew him from the many times he'd come with Dad to watch the unloading of diesel engines.

He got off his bike and padlocked it to the iron post. "*Mabuhay* (greetings), Mr. Garcia," he said to the policeman at the gate.

Dodging the barefooted stevedores who were unloading boxes and freight from the ships, he ran down the wide concrete wharf, watching for any signs of twigs or tree branches. They couldn't have cleaned up the mess this soon. His clothes were soaked and sweat dripped off the end of his nose. Now and then firecrackers exploded in the distance—a poor way to celebrate Christmas, he thought.

All at once a crackling sound under foot startled him. He looked down and there lay a pine branch, dead and brown. A few yards away were others. Forgetting the firecrackers and the heat, he began searching through every inch of the pile. Now and then a bit of green showed through the mass of scattered branches, and carefully he cut it from the brown part.

Jack was tying up the third bundle when the red sun dropped into the bay. That was another crazy thing about this place. One minute it was light and then without warning the sun seemed to sink out of sight.

Hugging three prickly bundles, he hurried to the gate. Luckily, the night policeman hadn't come yet, and Mr. Garcia was still there.

The trip home was slower. The branches stuck out over each side of his bicycle carrier and he had to be careful not to lose them.

Tired and hungry he got off his bike at the gate and wheeled it quickly into the garage. Hiding the bundles under a canvas, he went up the back steps and into the kitchen.

Pedro jumped when he opened the screen door. "Your mother and the little baby are home, Master Jack. Your mother has been asking for you."

Jack tiptoed into the bedroom. "Hi, Mother." Before she could answer he bent over and kissed her cheek. "Gee, it's good to have you home. How are you? How's the baby? Where's Teddy?"

"First, where have *you* been, Jack?"

"Tomorrow's Christmas, Mother, and it's a secret yet." His freckles pushed together in a big grin.

"I can't scold. I'm too glad to see you. Teddy's gone to bed. He said that you told him Santa wouldn't come if he didn't get to sleep quickly. What influence you must have, Jack! See his sock hanging on the chair."

"And the baby?" asked Jack.

"Right behind you," said his mother.

Jack turned. The Filipino *amah* (nurse) moved away from the crib, and Jack stared down in silent wonderment at the smallest bit of humanity he'd ever seen.

"Don't you like him?" his mother asked.

"Gosh, yes. But I didn't know they came *that* small. What does he want for Christmas?"

"Two good brothers and—" She paused.

"And what else?" asked Jack still looking at his new brother.

His mother didn't answer. As he turned to ask her, he saw a tear on her cheek. Embarrassed, and not knowing what to do or say, he just stood there beside the bed. He felt clumsy and helpless.

"I'm mighty glad you're home for Christmas," he assured her.

"Telephone, Master Jack," Pedro called.

"I am terribly sorry, Jack," said Dad as Jack listened: "I simply can't make it home until ten o'clock. Tell your mother how sorry I am. I hate to be away on Christmas Eve. Too bad about all the Christmas trees burning. I know you're disappointed."

"That's O.K., Dad. I'll look after things," Jack promised. "Don't worry about the tree."

Back in the kitchen, after giving Mother the message from Dad, Jack gulped some food while he gave Pedro his orders. "I want that bamboo pole, Pedro. You get it for me, huh?"

"You go fishing? Tonight?"

"No, Pedro. I have work to do in the garage. If Mother asks for me, tell her I'm busy, huh? Now get the pole. Quick."

Mumbling to himself, Pedro obeyed.

With pliers, wire, masking tape, scissors, and bamboo pole, Jack went back to the garage. He had two hours before Dad would be home.

He laid out the green branches, separating the larger ones. He measured the pole and with his jackknife cut the right length. Making notches along the sides, he whittled each branch to fit into a notch and wired it to the bamboo. Little by little the tree took shape. With strips of masking tape he covered the notches and wiring.

With the last sprig fastened in place, he stood the tree in a narrow-necked pottery jar and backed away to look at it. A broad smile came over his face. From a distance you'd hardly—

While street bands played their dissonant tunes and sounds of fire crackers pierced the warm night air, Jack carried his Christmas tree into the *sala* (living room). Then he went into his mother's room.

"Jack, I thought you were in bed."

"Close your eyes and count to ten," he said.

(Continued on page 80)

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Second Christmas

(Continued from page 70)

JOEL—Well, I don't understand, but this is as though it had been planned. This family was near my house when night overtook them. I had not a room to offer them. I came to ask your father what to do. Now if your mother and father are gone, you have plenty of room, and a cradle for the Baby, too.

LADY—May we rest here a few hours? We have been on the road since dawn.

MAN—We will be no trouble. We will arise before the day so that we can begin traveling again.

PAUL—Will your Baby be safe here? *(Looks upset.)* Oh, I didn't mean to say that!

MAN—Have no fear of us, boy. You are right. There is danger. But we must rest before we go farther. And we trust in the Lord. He watches over His Own.

LADY—May we stay?

JOSIAH—Of course. I will run and call my sister. She will prepare supper for you. *(Exits.)*

PAUL *(explaining)*—She is on the hill with Samuel, watching the sheep. Joseph will take her place.

JOEL—I must go back to watch over my own flocks. The wolves are crying in the hills tonight. Thanks be to you, Paul, and to your brothers and sister, for your hospitality. *(Turns to the Strangers.)* And may God bless you, good people, and speed you on your journey.

LADY—Thank you.

MAN—God be with you for your kindness.

JOEL—It has given me happiness. Good night. *(Exits.)*

PAUL *(to Strangers)*—Please make our home your home. If you will excuse me I will fetch fresh water from the well. *(Exits.)*

MAN—Ah, such a blessing is our finding this refuge in the hills.

LADY *(places Child in the cradle)*—Praise be to God! And blessed be the Angel that appeared to you in your dream. I know that we were warned in time and that we shall reach Egypt safely.

(Lady kneels beside the cradle and the Man stands behind her. They make a familiar tableau as a light suddenly shines upon their faces from the radiance of the Child. Softly, as if in the distance, are heard voices singing "O Come, All Ye Faithful." Angels appear dimly in background. Sarah enters softly, followed by Paul with a pail of water. They kneel in adoration near the cradle.)

SUGGESTIONS

Casting.—This play can easily be presented in a one-room school if desired. The role of Samuel has a slight touch of comedy that lightens the gravity of the rest of the play.

Staging.—No background is absolutely necessary. A heavy dark curtain tacked on the wall can be used to represent the curtain covering a window. A small table close to the window can be used to hold the candle.

Costuming.—Boys wear shorts or roll trouser legs above the knee. They can make sandal soles of cardboard and lace them up the leg with strips of dark cloth. A burlap sack with an opening for the head makes a good tunic. Use rope for belts. Squares of white or striped cloth are tied on heads with two circular bands of rope or twisted cloth. Men wear unbleached muslin tunics and very long sashes wound several times about the waist. The outer garment is a loose, coatlike affair with kimono sleeves. Sarah and women wear long dresses that hang from the shoulder, and colored girdles. For outside wear, they wrap a rectangular piece of cloth around head and shoulders. They also wear sandals, but not laced high. The hair is covered by a long scarf drawn around the forehead and pinned at the back of the neck.

A Christmas Box for the Family in the Shoe

(Continued from page 30)

MARY *(enters with toy lamb)*—
I'm Mary and I have a lamb
That followed me to school.
He followed me from day to day;
It was against the rule.
Now I keep him in the barn
Down on Grandpa Wilkens' farm.
This little lamb is just a toy
For the Woman in the Shoe's little baby boy.

(She puts the toy lamb in the box and sings "Mary Had a Little Lamb.")

Don't forget the front door and hallway of your school when you are decorating for Christmas. In fact, let your school council assign to individual classes the privilege of decorating special places such as the library and cafeteria. No prizes for the best decorations—this is Christmas. P.S. Don't forget the janitor's quarters.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE *(enters carrying some nighties)*—
I'm Wee Willie Winkie, in my nightgown.
I'm very well known all over town.
I've dozens of nighties—pink and blue.
So here are some for the Children in the Shoe.

(He puts them in the box.)

MOTHER CAT—Just what they need, I'm sure.

KING COLE *(enters carrying a small bag)*—
Ha! ha! Ho! ho! What a happy time!
You've the Christmas Spirit,
Now isn't that fine!
The best part of Christmas
Is not getting but giving.
Folks who make gifts like this
Are the happiest living.
Ho! ho! Ha! ha! I brought a gift too.
Do you think this bag of gold will do?

(He holds up the bag, jingles it merrily, and puts it in the box.)

MOTHER CAT—It will indeed. It will buy many things that those good folks need. *(All sing "Old King Cole." Then the children of Nursery Land follow King Cole out.)*

MOTHER CAT—Well! Well! Our box is full of gifts and our hearts are full of happiness.

(There is a knock at the door and in rushes the Ten O'clock Scholar all out of breath. His arms are full of books.)

SCHOLAR—
Oh, why am I late day after day?
I'm late for work and late for play.
I hurry and scurry to no avail,
Always on the end—like the old cow's tail.
I've brought some books as my good deed.
They are books that I don't have time to read.

(He puts the books in the box.)

KITTENS—
A dillar a dollar, a Ten O'clock Scholar,
This once you were almost on time.

MOTHER CAT—
You were good to come at all. Everyone has been so kind. There will be a happy family in the Shoe House tomorrow.

(The Kittens whisper together as Mother fusses with the box. They run out and come back in a second. They stand by Mother Cat with their hands behind their backs.)

MOTHER CAT—What is it, my little ones?

MUFF—May we—

FLUFF—Give our mittens—

PUFF—To the Children in the Shoe?

(They hold up their mittens.)

MOTHER CAT—
You dear, dear little kittens.
Yes, put in your mittens.

(They put them in the box.)

MUFF—I feel better.

PUFF—So do I.

FLUFF—Everyone else had something to give.

KITTENS—We wanted to put something in the box too.

MOTHER CAT—King Cole says people who give to others are happy people. You have given to the Shoe Children so now you feel happy. Your own Christmas Day will be more fun. Run along and wash your paws before supper. *(Follows Kittens off stage singing "Everywhere, Everywhere Christmas Tonight.")*

New Records

(Continued from page 24)

which entitles him to a club membership card, a Little Nipper pin, and periodic mailings of the "Little Nipper News." In case you are wondering, Little Nipper is the famous RCA Victor dog, popularly appearing with the slogan "His Master's Voice." With all these activities from a single record album, what more could a parent ask? Incidentally, the choice of subject matter is quite wide and includes three albums about Walt Disney characters (Mickey Mouse and Pluto, Goofy, and Donald Duck), two albums about Kukla, Fran, and Ollie, two about Captain Video, and three about standard favorites—Robin Hood, Aladdin, and Hansel and Gretel.

We all know how children love to see an airplane take off or land, or a fire engine whiz down the street, and from these interests have come many trips to firehouses or airports. Perhaps your school is not located near a large airport, or maybe your firehouse was dreadfully dull and quiet the day you decided to visit it, but cheer up—Columbia Records will solve your problem. A brand-new series of records presents authentic recordings of what happens at a fire, on a tugboat at sea, and on an airplane flight.

Your class will truly stand on deck as "Tugboat Peter Moran" brings an ocean liner to dock in New York City (Columbia MJV-142).

The sound of the fire bell ringing in the station house begins "Hook and Ladder No. 99" (MJV 143) and follows through with all the duties of a fireman at a real three-alarmer.

"Skyliner Flight 35" (MJV 144) was made at LaGuardia Airport with the co-operation of Trans World Airlines, and the progress of an actual TWA No. 93 flight from New York to Los Angeles is followed. Each authentic sound recording is available in both 78 and 45 rpm, and sells at $1.00 for the former and $.85 for the latter. How the boys will love these!

(Continued on page 79)

SPECIALLY FOR RURAL TEACHERS

Speech Devices for December

Louise Binder Scott

EDITORIAL NOTE: Although Miss Scott is Supervisor of Speech and Hearing in the San Marino City Schools of California, her suggestions are especially adaptable to the rural school. Her finger play, "The Green Christmas Tree," is also given below and will appeal to the younger pupils.

THE flannelgraph is a valuable aid for speech correction and improvement. Make your own by covering a piece of cardboard with flannel. Dark flannel is best but white flannel is preferred for a winter scene. Cut a green flannel Christmas tree and lay it on your flannelgraph. Add cotton snow at the base. The children will enjoy placing their pictures or cutouts on the tree and discussing them.

Christmas Puzzles. The children can make and paste their own Santas on flannel, weighting them with books so the edges will not curl. Then cut the Santas into pieces for reassembling later on the flannelgraph. Suggest that the children show how Santa comes down the chimney, feet first.

Santa's Pack. Fill a paper sack with small toys. The children can take turns removing a toy from Santa's pack while describing what they are doing. This game is good for the "s" sound in "Santa" which is frequently mispronounced or replaced by "th."

Seasonal Pictures. Current magazines have many attractive pictures that can be mounted. Look for pictures that suggest the use of desired sounds, not only at the beginning, but also in the middle and at the end, of words.

Playing Television. It's easy to make a television show by pasting small pictures on a strip of wrapping paper about four or five inches wide, the length depending on the number of pictures used. Cut a window in a piece of cardboard. Two loops of paper pasted firmly to the back of the cardboard hold the strip as it is pulled along behind the window. The children can take turns describing the pictures televised this way.

Dramatics. The Wide Awake Angel by Jane Flory (Grosset and Dunlap) makes a splendid flannelgraph story for Christmas. It provides excellent practice in the use of "s" and "sh."

Repetition is good for the primary child and all the children will join in as favorite stories are told. If a story does not lend itself readily to "joining in," write in special lines so that the whole group can participate.

Guessing Game. Cut paper in squares, circles, and rectangles. Suggest that the children guess what might be packed into boxes having those shapes.

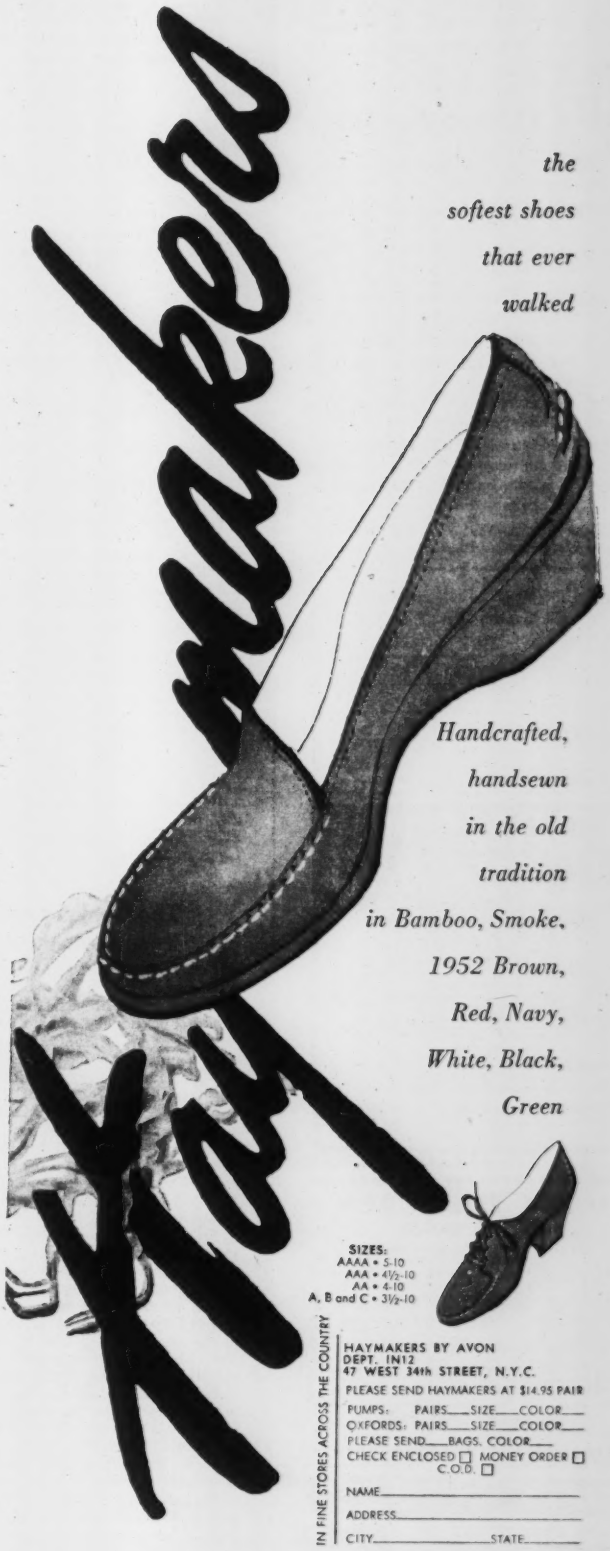
Tell and Share. Discussion topics such as decorating the tree, Christmas dinner, or buying a gift for Mother, are sure to create interest and natural enthusiasm for expressing ideas.

The Green Christmas Tree

A Finger Play

Ten green Christmas trees, fir and spruce and pine,
Waiting in the mountains till Christmas time.
The first one said, "I am going to go
To the deep, deep South where there is no snow."
The second one said, "I will ride in a car
To a home in the North not very far."
The third one said, "I would like to live
With folks who have no presents to give."
The fourth one said, "There's a tiny boy
In a hospital. I'll bring him joy."
The fifth one said, "There's a grandmother, gray,
Who would like me to brighten her Christmas Day."
The sixth one said, "Some people in town
Want me to decorate their front lawn."
The seventh one said, "I am rather tall,
So I think I shall stand in the big town hall."
The eighth one said, "I never did grow
Very strong, but someone will like me, I know."
The ninth one said, "On Christmas morn,
I'll remind everyone that Christ was born."
The tenth and last raised his branches high
In a prayer of peace toward the Christmas sky.

In finger play, children dramatize and learn at the same time. It is especially helpful to the primary child who needs practice in small-muscle co-ordination. He holds up ten fingers and then bends one down as each number is spoken in the rhyme. The thumb is used before the fingers in each hand. Begin with right or left hand.



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"Adoration of the Magi"

(Continued from page 24)

Michelangelo said of him, "Surely the good monk visited Paradise and was allowed to choose his models there."

His decoration of various churches in Italy made him so famous that he was invited to Rome by the Pope to decorate his own private chapel. When there, it is said that the Pope offered to make him archbishop of Florence, an honor which the artist friar refused.

Many of Fra Angelico's numerous paintings were small wooden panels but he became an excellent painter of frescoes. Probably his most famous work is the series of fifty frescoes, including "The Annunciation," on the walls of the San Marco monastery in Florence, which has become a museum of his work. One of his finest paintings is "The Coronation of the Virgin," in Florence.

John Walker, chief curator of the National Gallery of Art, says that the "Adoration of the Magi" ranks with the greatest Italian paintings in the world.

Fra Angelico chose the *tondo* or circular form of the panel, planned the composition, and began the painting; but it was probably finished by Fra Filippo Lippi about 1450.

Fra Filippo Lippi was very different from Fra Angelico. Born about 1412 in Florence, and left an orphan soon afterward, the lad was placed in the care of the Carmelite friars, who edulated him and encouraged his interest in art. Filippo took monastic vows to which he was not suited, so he was permitted to leave the Order and follow a career as a painter.

By nature he was jovial and enjoyed life and everyday people, as we can see in his paintings. Instead of merely painting souls, he added flesh and blood to his religious subjects.

Both artists lived in the beautiful city of Florence in its heyday. Fra Angelico died in 1425 and Fra Filippo Lippi in 1469.

The Golden Cup

(Continued from page 17)

was sixty ounces of the crude gold that I measured."

"But you put in extra in case there wouldn't be enough," reminded Rouget.

"That is true," said Marcus, "but not enough, for I did not know that the Master had said sixty ounces of finished gold."

"Quick," shouted the Master, half in anger and half in dismay, "you, Rouget, go up Goldsmith's Row and you, Jean, go down, and see if there is any other craftsman who has pure gold that he can spare for us to finish the Communion Cup."

Rouget and Jean ran from the shop, not even stopping to pull their jackets on. Along the stone walk of Goldsmith's Row their wooden shoes could be heard clattering as they went from door to door. Marcus gazed silently at the beautiful cup that stood unfinished on the workman's table. Master Anton looked moodily into the candlelight and said nothing. But the two apprentices were to return empty-handed. The other craftsmen had just finished Christmas orders for the nobles of the surrounding countryside, and they, too, had no pure gold.

Marcus' eyes lowered still further and Jean watched his brother sorrowfully. For seven long years Marcus had worked faithfully for Master Anton. Jean had thought that perhaps, when the Communion Cup was finished, at the Christmas celebration Master Anton would announce that Marcus was ready to be a member of the Guild. But now he knew this would not happen and besides that the goldsmiths would be in disgrace. All the other crafts would have their gifts to give when the Bishop arrived, but the beautiful new Communion Cup would be missing.

Rouget, who was the older and bolder of the two apprentices, spoke to Master Anton. "Why not finish the cup with the gold that we have?" he said. "It will shine and glisten and probably no one will notice."

Master Anton stared at the boy fiercely. "There is no Guild prouder of its work than the goldsmiths," he said. "Even though I have brought disgrace to them by not having the cup for tomorrow, I would bring them more dishonor if I were to present a cup that was not the finest that could be made. No, the old cup will have to be used tomorrow. Later the new cup can be presented to the church."

"But the Bishop will not be here to bless it," cried Jean.

"That is true, but then we must wait," replied Master Anton.

"It is all my fault," said Marcus miserably. "How could I have done such a thing! I have brought disgrace not only to our Guild, but also to you, Master Anton."

Little children still love to make old-fashioned ring chains. Let them add gay Christmas balls that they cut and color. Hang the chains low (around the wall, for example) where the small uns can reach them by standing on a chair. Make enough so that every child can have a yard or so to take home to drape on his own Christmas tree. You'll be a popular teacher.

For a moment it looked as if the master was about to speak angrily, but instead he looked away and turned his attention to Jean. "You, lad," he said, "You must go to the church. You must explain to the curate that the goldsmiths will not have their cup to present tomorrow. I must call the other goldsmiths together and tell them of my shame."

"Are you sure we could not get more gold processed in time?" asked Jean with one last hope.

"The ship bringing the Bishop arrives at Toulouse at nine o'clock tomorrow morning," replied Master Anton. "If we worked all night we could not have the gold purified by then. Go now," he added, "go before I lose my patience."

Outside the night air was cold as Jean hurried along on his errand. It was six o'clock now, and the great bells of St. Sernin pealed forth. Many people in the city stopped on the streets to pray. Jean, himself, turned toward the church spires that were just visible in the last traces of daylight in the sky. How the people of Toulouse loved the old church of St. Sernin! Had not the Bishop said that it was the most beautiful church in all of France!

As Jean went toward the church, he passed Chemists' Row, and suddenly he thought of something. Last week Master Anton had sent him to Master Duluz for nitric acid. As he entered the chemist's shop, he had heard men talking—talk about alchemy. He knew some of them but one was a stranger—a man with the heavy accent of the Bretons. Victor, the men had called him, and they had laughed as he talked about his ideas. It was gold that he had been talking about—not about alchemy, but about purifying the gold in a faster way. What was it he said could be used? Jean tried to remember, and suddenly the name came to him—hydrochloric acid.

By this time he was almost to Master Duluz's shop and suddenly he went in. A metal gong announced his presence and soon Master Duluz appeared from the back room. "What is it, boy?" he asked roughly. "This is Christmas Eve and my shop is closed."

"I come from Master Anton," replied Jean boldly. "He has sent me for a flask of hydrochloric acid."

"And why should Master Anton want a flask of hydrochloric acid?" asked Duluz. "I sell that only to the ironworkers."

"He needs it for his business," replied Jean. Master Duluz looked at him and then grumbling went into the back room to fill the flask. Suddenly Jean's heart sank, for he had no gold coins with which to pay Master Duluz. When the chemist appeared with the acid, Jean held out his hand for it. "I cannot pay," he said, "for the Master did not know how much it would be. He will settle with you tomorrow."

Jean started home with the acid, being careful not to travel too fast lest some should splash out from the flask and burn him. When he arrived, Marcus met him at the door. "Where have you been, brother? Already you have missed your supper."

"Where is Master Anton?" asked Jean excitedly, ignoring Marcus' concern.

"He has gone to call the master goldsmiths together," replied Marcus miserably. "When he tells them the bad news about the cup, I am sure I shall never get to be a goldsmith."

"Perhaps the cup can still be finished," replied Jean, and he explained to Marcus about the hydrochloric acid and what he had heard Victor, the Breton, say the week before.

"But that is impossible," said Marcus excitedly, "gold has never been purified in less than two days."

"This is a new method," replied Jean. "You do not pour the hydrochloric acid into the gold; you boil it separately and run a tube into the gold. Chlorine travels through the tube into the gold, and the silver chloride forms in hard balls, so it doesn't need to be skimmed from the top. It is much quicker. In only an hour you have pure gold."

"We dare not try it without the Master," said Marcus.

"Yes, we dare," replied Jean, "we *must* try it, for there is not a moment to lose."

"But suppose the gold is ruined," said Marcus.

"Then our father shall bind me to Master Anton for another seven years so that the gold can be paid for," replied Jean.

Rouget went with the brothers to the workshop. They built up the fire and Marcus began weighing the crude gold. Quickly it was melted and poured into the iron pan of water.

"Now," said Jean, "let us divide the fire into two parts. First we will blow the bellows to one and then to the other."

The gold was placed in one crucible and the acid in another crucible with a lid on top. A glass tube ran from one to the other, and Marcus watched the gold pot with anxious eyes.

"Do not get it too hot," warned Jean anxiously. "The silver chloride will not melt as easily as the silver nitrate did, and we must take the hardened pieces out as soon as they form."

(Continued on page 78)

John Pepper's Notes

FOR CANADIAN READERS

ELECTIONS

DECEMBER is civic election month in many Canadian municipalities. Principal Welsh and his staff at John Ross Robertson School, Toronto, have planned a system of school elections duplicating the city elections. Pupils take the names of the actual candidates for municipal offices and a miniature civic election is held. Boys and girls running for office listen to the radio speeches of the candidates and use the same platforms in their campaigns. Voting booths and ballot boxes are made and ballots printed. Campaign meetings are staged.

Because of the children's interest, their parents took a renewed interest in elections. Last year, this district had the highest voting percentage in the city.

Let's have more school municipal elections to demonstrate how democracy works, to interest pupils and parents in local government, and as a means of obtaining favourable press notices for the schools.

THOUGHTFULNESS

ROSEMARY CRUIT, Public Relations Officer of the British Columbia Teachers' Federation relates this story.

A principal, in a new elementary school on the outskirts of Vancouver, was directing the youngsters outdoors on a day that had suddenly turned bitterly cold. He saw that some didn't have gloves or mittens.

He told the pupils to wait and he soon came back with the school's Lost-and-Found box. He passed out gloves and mittens, with a firm order to return them. All were returned, along with the thanks of many concerned parents.

Thoughtful actions such as this help to sell teachers and schools to our pupils' parents. I'd be glad to hear about similar examples.

CREED

THE Home and School Associations and Parent-Teacher Federations have an excellent creed which teachers should know.

To be concerned with problems relating to the welfare of the child in home, school, and community.

To interest *all* people in *all* children and to look in common purpose to the home, school, and other educative forces in the child's life.

To learn firsthand all school and town conditions affecting the child.

To encourage influences and conditions which ensure the growth and safety of the child.

To create public sentiment which will provide good teachers, equipment, and adequate recreation.

To give service to the home by training for parenthood and homemaking, and to the school by adding parent power to school power.

The Association should be a cooperative, nonpartisan, nonsectarian, noncommercial effort to produce Canadian citizens able to perpetuate the best in our national life.

The principles which guide the Association are the embodiment of educational endeavour, social service, civic virtue, patriotism, and ideals of world peace.

ALBERTA EDUCATION

THE Registrar of the Alberta Department of Education, D. M. Sullivan, points with pride to these achievements in his province.

Twenty-two per cent of the teachers have a Bachelor of Arts degree.

It is the only province that has a two-year training course for a permanent certificate.

Alberta has fully carried out the slogan "Equal pay for equal work."

Over half of its schools operate on the single salary schedule.

In Canada, 15 per cent of the children who *enter* grade one *reach* grade twelve. In Alberta, the figure is 28 per cent.

SNAKES ALIVE

THAT was the headline when I saw Frank Darroch's picture in the *Toronto Daily Star*. It's not every day that a teacher gets a six-column, half-page picture in the newspaper. But there was our Toronto public-school science consultant teacher valiantly holding a sixteen-foot anaconda, the largest snake ever to come to Canada. Not only that, but Frank owns the giant snake and four others.

It started when a man in Welland ordered monkeys and jungle birds from Dutch Guiana. In error, the five giant snakes arrived. When delivery was refused, Dr. Darroch purchased them for express charges.

Canadian Teachers—As you can plainly see, this column is all yours, although many teachers in the States will read it too. Would you like to be a contributor to, as well as a reader of, Mr. Pepper's Notes? Send interesting short items to Canadian Notes, *The Instructor*, Dansville, N.Y., U.S.A., and we will forward them to him. Payment will be made for all contributions used. Unused items will not be returned.

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Cowboys' Christmas

(Continued from page 71)

(*Takes out list and studies it.*) I can cross off the Keller family and you boys from the Bar Z Ranch. Good night and Merry Christmas! (*Exits.*)

RUSTY—Now can you imagine that? Santa had us cowboys on his list!

SLIM—I guess this will be a merry Christmas after all. Come on, boys, we'd better hit the saddles and head for home!

ALL (*as cowboys leave*)—Good night! Good night, and Merry Christmas!

The Golden Cup

(Continued from page 76)

For a while nothing seemed to happen, and then Marcus noticed the first piece of silver chloride on the top. Quickly he took it from the surface and watched as others began to form. In less than half an hour the boys had pure gold.

"Now," said Jean excitedly, "the cup—not a moment is to be lost, for there are many hours of work to be done. Marcus, you take the Master's seat and I will hold the crucible. Rouget, you go for the Master."

"I cannot take the Master's place," said Marcus, "I am only a journeyman."

"You must, Marcus," insisted Jean. "The cup must be finished."

Marcus showed Jean how to hold the crucible and he sat down at the Master's seat and began working on the fleur-de-lis design. Rouget went after Master Anton to call him from the meeting.

"Do not tell him why," counseled Marcus anxiously. "Just say he is needed here."

Rouget did not come back quickly. Fifteen minutes passed, then a half hour, and an hour, before Marcus and Jean heard the noise of Master Anton's and Rouget's wooden shoes on the walk outside.

The Master burst into the shop, and this time he was very angry. "Ah, Marcus," he said, "I did not scold you when you failed to make enough gold. But now you are using impure gold to finish the cup, and you are sitting in the Master's chair besides. This I must report to the Guild," he said. "You have ruined the cup."

"But, Master," said Marcus, "it is pure gold that we have used," and he told how Jean had brought the hydrochloric acid.

"I can tell if it is pure gold," replied the Master. Without stopping to remove his cape, he had Jean place some on his work tray. Picking up his tiny mallet he began hitting the gold softly. His long years of experience would show him whether any silver alloy still remained.

A moment later he turned with a surprised and satisfied air to Marcus. "It is pure gold," he said. "Indeed, I cannot tell where I stopped and where you continued. You may go on and finish the design at the bottom."

"Yes, Master," said Marcus humbly, "but the figures of the two angels that are to be on the cup—that is for you to do. I am sure that I can never do any work so fine as that."

Again Master Anton inspected the fleur-de-lis design. "No," he said, "we shall do it together. I shall do the one on the left and you shall do the one on the right. I am sure your work is so fine that no one will be able to tell the difference."

Jean's heart swelled within him, and his eyes filled with tears of joy; now he knew for sure that Marcus would be greeted as a master craftsman on Christmas Day.

All through the night the two men toiled, with Jean and Rouget standing beside to help them. At times sleep would come to Jean's eyes but he rubbed them fiercely, and once Rouget took cold water from the iron pan to put on his face. The candles burned low and Jean hastened to replace them. Rouget got fresh charcoal for the fire and worked the bellows silently, lest he disturb the two craftsmen.

Just as dawn began to come and Rouget reached up to open the curtains Master Anton declared that the cup was finished.

"Quick," he said, "cold water in the pan."

But Rouget already had the pan ready. The gold cup was washed in the cold water with fine soap to remove any trace of the black soot from the charcoal. Jean held the soft cloth ready for the polishing and together Marcus and the Master rubbed the cup. Finally, it was finished to their satisfaction and they placed it on the table. How beautifully the cup glistened as the sunlight came through the side windows!

Marcus turned to Master Anton with grateful eyes. How generous the good Master had been not to scold him for his mistake. And then he turned to his brother, grateful for his remembering what he had overheard in the back room of Master Duluz's Chemist Shop.

Decorate both the inside and outside of your classroom door to look like a big Christmas package and let all the children write their names on the tag. Or, use another attractive idea some child may have. Sleigh bells that ring when the door opens are a nice touch. How nice a hallway looks with decorated doors!

"A Merry Christmas to you, Rouget, and Jean," he said, and then he stood before the goldsmith. "A Merry Christmas to you, Master Anton, and to your family," he said with a bow.

Master Anton faced the two younger boys. "A Merry Christmas to each of you," he said. "There are gold coins for you later." And then he turned to Marcus. "A Merry Christmas to you, Master Marcus," he said. "This day I shall present you proudly to the goldsmiths as a member of the Guild."

With a smile he turned to the weary boys. "Come," he said, "we must wash the tiredness from our faces. Jean, can you still run to the curate to tell him the good news that we will have the cup after all?"

Jean's eyes fell to the floor. "Do not be angry with me, Master Anton," he said. "I never went to the curate last night to give him your message. He is still expecting the cup. But Rouget and I will go to the craftsmen," he added, "to tell each one of them the good news that the goldsmiths can walk proudly in the procession and hold their banner high."

Master Anton turned to Marcus. "Come, Master Marcus," he said, "we must dress for the procession. We will carry the cup between us."

And so it was that the beautiful church of St. Sernin received the new Communion Cup on Christmas Day.

A Motel Christmas

(Continued from page 18)

Captain. "He's had a full house practically every night. In fact, he was thinking of closing up tonight since it's Christmas Eve but he already has some advance reservations."

"People traveling to visit their friends and relatives probably," suggested Glenn.

About thirty miles from town Captain Overly pulled off at the Glen Haven Motel and stopped for a cup of hot coffee with the Conrads before wishing them a Merry Christmas and going on to the barracks. Glenn's parents were happy to see their son.

The snow continued throughout the afternoon and about three o'clock Glenn's discussion of the military school was interrupted by a party wanting accommodations for the night.

"People stop early when it is bad weather," remarked Mr. Conrad, and sure enough by five o'clock every room in the motel was taken except one that was reserved.

It was during supper that Mrs. Conrad told Glenn of their plans for the evening. "When your father went to town last week he bought a lot of twenty-five cent gifts," she explained. "I wrapped them in Christmas paper, and we have put an invitation on the bureau in every room. Tonight at eight o'clock we are going to have a Christmas party here in the motel lobby. I made some Christmas cookies and we'll have hot cocoa."

"What a swell idea!" said Glenn, looking at his parents with pride. "No wonder the Glen Haven Motel has such a good reputation."

Just then the bell rang and Glenn's father started from the table.

"Let me go," said Glenn. "The sign says *No Vacancy*, so it must be the party with the reservation. I am sure that a cadet from the Mount Royal Military Academy would make a good bellboy," he added grinning.

The party turned out to be just one man, and as Glenn gave him the card to register he wondered where he had seen him before. It was not until he had escorted him to Number 14 and helped him take his bags into the room that he remembered. It was the same face that Captain Overly had shown him. Excitedly Glenn returned to his father. "That was your Mr. Herensta," he said.

"All by himself?" asked his father. "He made a reservation several weeks ago and said there would be three."

"He was all alone," replied Glenn. "I hate to tell you this, Dad," he said, "but I think you're sheltering an escaped convict," and he recounted the story of the picture. "Hadn't I better phone the barracks?" he concluded.

"I guess so," replied his mother. "But I hope we don't have any shooting, especially on Christmas Eve."

"Christmas Eve or not, I think we must report," said Mr. Conrad.

The Captain was out of the office, but Lieutenant McGarrity took the call. "I don't know what it's all about," he said, "but I'll get the Captain by radio telephone. It may be nine o'clock before he gets there, so keep an eye on the fellow if you can."

Shortly after eight, the guests began coming toward the lobby for the Christmas party. Glenn watched and sure enough Mr. Herensta was among them. Soon everyone was busy popping corn, dancing, or playing games.

Mr. Herensta made no move to participate but seemed to watch the proceedings with interest. Glenn kept an eye on him but also sat near the door where he could be handy when Captain Overly drove up.

(Continued on page 79)

A Motel Christmas

(Continued from page 78)

Shortly before nine o'clock the patrol car turned into the motel driveway. Glenn slipped on his jacket and went out. The picture was still on the seat of the car.

"He registered as Vladimir Herensta," said Glenn, excitedly.

"That's the man," replied Captain Overly. "I'll have to write the headmaster at Mount Royal and tell him what a sharpshooter his color guard is," he added.

The Captain strode into the motel lobby with Glenn at his elbow. As the officer went toward the man the party seemed to stop suddenly.

"Did you know the police have been trailing you halfway across the country?" asked the Captain. Mr. Herensta seemed to sink further into his chair but made no move to escape. "Well, I've found you at last, and I am certainly glad it is tonight," continued the Captain. "I'll call the station master at Mishetonka and you should all be together tomorrow."

There was a bewildered look on Mr. Herensta's face and he began to speak rapidly in his native tongue.

"Wait a minute," the Captain protested, "and I'll explain. You were expecting your family to arrive in New York City last week on the steamship 'Moravia.' Is that right?"

Mr. Herensta nodded.

"You had promise of work out here and so you planned to start for your new home as soon as your wife and children arrived."

Mr. Herensta again nodded.

"But your family were not on the boat when it docked."

Sadly, Mr. Herensta murmured, "My wife Josephine, she say if we do not come on 'Moravia' we don't come for three months."

"Ah!" exclaimed Captain Overly, "that accounts for it. The New York police couldn't figure out why you started west right away. You probably thought you had plenty of time to write your wife about your plans. Well, you won't have to write her. You can tell her tomorrow."

Mr. Herensta stared at him in disbelief. "You mean my family are in America?" he asked excitedly.

Captain Overly nodded. "After you left New York, the displaced-persons board received a letter saying the quota was full on the 'Moravia' but that your family would arrive on the steamship 'Alvarado.'

"The board has tried to get in touch with you ever since, so you could all be together by Christmas. Finally, they put your family on a train and started them west, leaving it up to us to locate you. We might not have succeeded if it hadn't been for Captain Conrad, here," and he smiled at Glenn. "Mrs. Herensta and the children will get into Mishetonka on the noon train tomorrow."

Tears streamed down Mr. Herensta's face. "I must go to Mishetonka right away," he said excitedly.

"Not so fast," replied the Captain. "Tomorrow morning when the snowplow has been through will be plenty of time. I'll pick you up in the morning and take you to the station."

The party started again with renewed gaiety. Glenn's mother went to speak to the bewildered Mr. Herensta while Captain Overly called the railroad station.

The next morning Glenn helped his mother with the Christmas dinner preparations. They peeled extra potatoes and onions and fixed more stuffing, for the Conrads were going to have guests for Christmas dinner. If all went according to schedule, Captain Overly would be driving up soon with Mr. Herensta and his family.

New Records

(Continued from page 74)

You cannot help but notice the new houses springing up all over America during this building boom. Here is a new record, "Build Me a House" (Children's Record Guild, CRG 5018 —$1.15) which is a delightful bit of whimsy, incorporating some accurate information as well. Mr. Jones decides to build a house, and each member of the family makes known his desires. The builder is consulted, and steam shovel, cement mixer, carpenters, brick layers, electricians, and plumbers all go to work. The whimsy centers around Mr. Jones's desire for a terrace and a yellow umbrella, and I'll not spoil the fun by telling how the yellow shade-piece arrives.

Best wishes for a happy ending of 1952!

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Last spring our reader-editors suggested that we make our coupons an easier job to fill in and we set to work to please them.

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While we were greatly flattered, we soon realized we had made a mistake. So here are your coupons back again, for you to cut out individually. They're still nice and big for you to fill in, and while doing it won't you please use your best handwriting, filling them in yourself instead of giving them to the children? Occasionally some coupons aren't even legible.

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What Kitty-Byrd Wanted

(Continued from page 14)

Grandmother gathered Kitty-Byrd into her arms and said, "No, darling. That's just a toy goat and cart for your dolls to ride in!"

"Come over here, Toots," Mother and Daddy both called, "over by the window!" Kitty-Byrd ran over to look and everybody followed her.

Whether or not white goats know what to say on Christmas morning, nobody knows, but that goat which Santa Claus had brought opened his mouth very wide, shook his stub of a tail, and made all the bells on his bright red harness jingle as he called out a big "Maaaaaaaarrrryyy!"

Kitty-Byrd finished it for him by calling, "Christmas!" And then she tried to hug everybody at once!

The Christmas TV Show

(Continued from page 18)

it took just exactly eight minutes. She would memorize it over the week end, even though Mr. Brewer had said that the story would be printed on large cards that would be placed where she could see them, but out of the range of the television cameras.

Kathy was decorating the front door Monday morning when she saw Midge leave her house with some packages under her arm. Quickly she got down from the ladder and went over to see Mrs. Baker.

"Where have you been, Kathy?" asked Mrs. Baker. "I haven't seen you for several days. Come in and taste my Christmas cookies."

"Oh, I can't, thank you," replied Kathy. "I have to be at the television station at ten o'clock. I just want to ask a favor," Kathy said. "Midge is my best friend and I know she is hurt because she did not win. And she really should have won it," she added quickly, "because her pictures were lots better than mine."

"I guess they were," replied Mrs. Baker, "and Midge had thought that only the pictures counted, but she must learn to be a good loser."

"Do you think you could get her to look at the program tonight, Mrs. Baker?" asked Kathy anxiously.

"I can't say for sure," replied Midge's mother, "but I'll tell you what I will do. We will all be trimming the Christmas tree and I will be sure the program is turned on."

"That will be fine," said Kathy gratefully as she started for the door.

"And Kathy," called Mrs. Baker after her, "even if Midge doesn't watch the program, I certainly shall, and I know it will be a success."

When the Children's Hour started that night, Kathy sat with the rest of the performers. Soon Mr. Brewer was telling about the contest at the Art Club and introducing her. Then he presented her with twenty-five dollars.

Kathy stood just where Mr. Brewer had told her to, but before she began to tell the story, she said, "The pictures that you will see tonight were drawn by my best friend, Midge Baker. I wrote a story to go with the pictures and I am going to tell it to you. Midge couldn't be here tonight, but we always do things together and half of the prize which Mr. Brewer gave me will go to her." Then Kathy began to tell her version of Midge's story. She had improved it and made it much more exciting. When the show was over, Mr. Brewer thanked her and gave her the set of Midge's drawings.

Kathy hadn't been home five minutes when there was a knock at her door. It was Midge, holding Kathy's Christmas present—a big box wrapped in gay paper and tied with red and green ribbon. Kathy had Midge's gift ready for her, and on the top was an envelope with half of the prize money.

"I won't take it," declared Midge. "If I had won, I would have never thought of having you help me with my story. And I've been just horrid the past few days."

"I want you to take the money," replied Kathy. "It's just like I said on the television program. We do things together."

Changing the subject, she said, "I've already decided to spend my money for a new sweater and skirt."

"I'll spend mine the same way," declared Midge happily.

"Good!" replied Kathy. "Let's go downtown together to buy them."

Jack's Christmas Tree

(Continued from page 73)

Quickly, he placed the tree in the doorway to her room. She opened her eyes, blinked, and closed them again. "Am I dreaming?" she said. The pungent odor of pine needles filled the room. "Where did you get it, Jack?"

"From Ohio, Mother. Is it okay?"

"It certainly is," said a man's voice.

Jack wheeled around. His father was standing in the doorway, his arms filled with packages.

"Whoever made that tree is a pretty good engineer," he said.

Jack's shoulders straightened as he looked over at his mother. "Would you like to watch me decorate it?"

"I'd love to, Jack," she replied. "A real Christmas tree—in the Philippines!" Tears of joy filled her eyes.

"Will you let me help?" asked Dad.

While he and his dad worked, Jack thought, "This is the happiest Christmas I've ever had, and I really *engineered* this Christmas tree!"

A Present for Kalawhak

(Continued from page 66)

In the days that followed, Kalawhak almost forgot about a Christmas present. He helped build corrals for the reindeer to keep them from straying when they arrived. He asked questions. What did the reindeer look like? Did reindeer meat taste like caribou? Was the milk as good as caribou milk? How did Andy Bahr train dogs to herd the reindeer? Was Andy Bahr more than ten when he learned to be a herder?

"A man does not ask questions," his father said.

On the day before Christmas, the corrals were finished but the reindeer had not arrived. There was only fish for the Christmas feast and no presents for the children.

Kalawhak's father was sad. He looked across the snow to the new corral. A leader could not give his son presents ahead of others, but he could give him work.

"Would the son like to be first to milk the new reindeer?" he asked.

Happy tears sprang to Kalawhak's eyes as he replied, "One would like that!" Then he added, "One would like to be a herder like Andy Bahr."

It was March 25 before Kalawhak got his present, but on that day he walked into the corral first. As he proudly carried his caribou-skin milk bucket, Andy Bahr himself stepped out and handed him a herder's staff.

Kalawhak was the happiest man in all Kittigazuit.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This story is based on historical fact (*Newsweek*, Dec. 15, 1934). The Eskimo language has no personal pronouns, and the conversation was written with this in mind.

21 Gift Suggestions for Girls and Boys

A careful selection you can recommend to parents in your school

Toy-A-Way

The toy box in the corner of the playroom has been outmoded by the Toy-A-Way. Toy-A-Way is a colorful rubber-padded box on ball-bearing casters, measuring 15" high and weighing less than twelve pounds. Yet it will hold 100 pounds, and costs only $8.00. The Kalasteel Products Co., 338 Parsons St., Kalamazoo, Mich., is the manufacturer and distributor.

Attachments for Toys

Any boy who received a toy fire engine or tractor last Christmas would be delighted with some lifelike attachments. The BMC Manufacturing Corp., Binghamton, N.Y., has an excellent variety including a fire fighter, grader, trailer, dump cart, wrecker, and bulldozer. Most toy stores carry BMC products.

Rig-A-Jig

Any child can make his own toys with Rig-A-Jig. Notched discs, squares, ovals, and other geometric shapes linked together with tubing make numerous figures. Rig-A-Jig also provides excellent and enjoyable practice in muscular coordination and creative activity for kindergarten and primary children. Department, chain, and toy stores sell Rig-A-Jig; or inquire where to purchase at the Landfield Co., 1047 W. Van Buren St., Chicago 6, Ill.

Tri-Scope

An inexpensive but worthwhile gift is the Tri-Scope, which makes ten children's stories "come to life" in three dimensions. A Tri-Story Gift Box which contains a Tri-Scope and ten Tri-Stories—"Cinderella and the Glass Slipper," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "The Night before Christmas," and seven others—costs only one dollar, postage prepaid. If it cannot be purchased locally, order from the Craftsmen's Guild, 1001 North Orange Drive, Hollywood 38, California.

Plastic Building Blocks

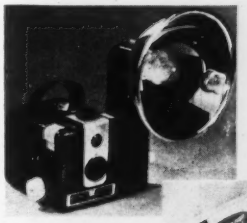
"Intriguing and educational" describes the American plastic bricks made by Halsam Products Co., Inc., Fifth Avenue Bldg., New York 10. Children will like the washable, polished, and bricklike blocks. Plastic windows and doors open and close, and simulated asphalt shingles make the roofs.

Jr. Mechanic's Kit

The Holgate Brothers Co., Kane, Pa., recently created the Jr. Mechanic's Kit to please the three- to six-year-old builder. Everything is almost like Dad's, but easier and more fun to use. The screw driver, wrench, hammer, bolts, and screws are especially designed for those children who are past the hammering stage. The colors are nontoxic.

New Erector Sets

A perennial Christmas favorite for boys of all ages is the famed Erector sets. The A. C. Gilbert Co. can suit every purse (sets cost from two to forty dollars). Among the new features in Erector sets are a flexomatic drive, stepped-up electric engines, and a new plating process for girders. Most toy-supply houses carry Erector sets, or you may write to the A. C. Gilbert Co., New Haven 6, Connecticut, to inquire where to buy them.



Brownie Hawkeye Camera

The young "camera bug" will not be hard to satisfy if he has a Brownie Hawkeye camera. Grownups, too, will find the large view finder and squeeze-type shutter to their liking. It is simple to operate. It's equipped with built-in flash and is a value at about $11.00 with flash attachments.

Kodacraft Printing Kit

For some photography fans, the taking of pictures isn't enough. They like to make their own prints from negatives. The Kodacraft Printing Kit for less than five dollars contains everything needed to make extra prints and yet is simple enough for a beginner to use successfully. The kit contains a variety of useful items, including three rocker-type trays, a printing frame, a darkroom thermometer, a glass stirring rod, printing paper, and a booklet of instructions. It may be purchased at any photography supply store.

Dustless Drawing Set

Any primary child will be pleased with the White Magic Dustless Whiteboard Drawing Set. Mothers and teachers will be pleased, too, since the wax crayons can be erased with a felt eraser, yet there's no dust. The set contains, in addition to the easel, crayons, and eraser, six attractive cards for picture suggestions. For convenience, the easel has its own supporting base for the table or floor. This practical yet entertaining item is produced by Globe Crayon Corporation of Barberton, Ohio.

Rag Doll to Make

Here is a rag doll that any little girl can make by herself. The colorful set contains washable cotton cloth, brightly colored yarn, a stencil pattern, and complete directions for sewing and stuffing this lovable doll. The set even includes two black buttons to sew in place for bright eyes. Each doll is packed in an attractive box 12" x 10", ideal for gift-giving. The Stitch 'N' Stuff Me doll is manufactured and sold by Milton Bradley Company, Springfield 2, Massachusetts, well-known school suppliers. There are many other Christmas gifts available from this company.

Modeling-Clay Kit

Practical, and entertaining too, is the Amaco Modeling and Decorating Kit No. 5508. It includes Marblex and Mexican Pottery Clay, which harden without firing, molds for making ash trays and costume jewelry, tempera paints, clear glaze, pin backs, brushes, and other modeling tools. An illustrated folder gives complete directions for making useful clay objects from this material. Ask to see this kit, produced by the American Art Clay Co., at stationery stores, or at craft and hobby shops.

Anchor Blocks

Anchor Blocks, a century-old child's block set, has been modernized by the A. C. Gilbert Co., New Haven, Conn. Molded under pressure, the new blocks are stonelike. Doors and windows are inset in many of them. Angles, peaks, and other building variations are also included.

Helpful Teaching Materials for You

MAIL TODAY

FILL IN COMPLETELY the coupons for the items you want. Clip these coupons and send them in one envelope—with any required remittance—directly to *Coupon Service, THE INSTRUCTOR Magazine, Dansville, N.Y.*

CLIP EACH COUPON INDIVIDUALLY

FREE **NATIONAL COTTON COUNCIL, Box 76.** Please send ..... copies (limit 25 per class) of your "Pattern Service for Sewing with Cotton Bags," suggesting ways to re-use thrifty cotton bags in home sewing and class projects.

71

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... School .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

FREE **THE JUDY COMPANY.** Please send full information on Judy Arithmetic materials, as shown on Page 67.

436

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... No. Pupils .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

FREE **BRITISH AND IRISH RAILWAYS.** Please send free illustrated folders, maps and other material, with details of special tickets available for American visitors to Britain.

188

Name .....

Street or R.D. .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

FREE **EYE GATE HOUSE, INC.** Please send me your colorful brochure which describes the Eye Gate Filmstrip Club Plan, and the fully illustrated 1952-1953 edition of the Eye Gate Filmstrip Catalog.

291

Name ..... Position .....

Street or R.D. ..... School .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

FREE **THE STRATHMORE COMPANY.** Please send me your 4-color Catalog on Educational Toys and Magic Slates for school use. (See ad on Page 73.)

282

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... No. Pupils .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

FREE **FIRST LOAN COMPANY, Dept. T133.** Please send me, in a plain envelope, complete information about your Borrow-By-Mail service for teachers, as described on Page 3.

328

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... School .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

FREE **F. E. COMPTON & CO.** Please send me ..... copies of your 2-page reprint on how to develop a classroom program.

73

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... No. Pupils .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

FREE **BITUMINOUS COAL INSTITUTE.** Please send me information on your complete selection of teaching aids for 1953—illustrated booklets, special display units, and films. Please include samples of aids that may be of special interest to pupils of my grade.

160

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... No. Pupils .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

FREE **FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU.** Please send me ..... copies of the booklet, "France, the Tourist's Dreamland," containing a general map and 24 pages of lovely photographs of all regions of France.

217

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... No. Pupils .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

Wardrobe Doll

Young misses from 6 to 12 like to keep their "families" neat. They can do just that with My Wardrobe Doll—D100. A beautifully decorated cardboard wardrobe with its own shelf and wooden bar comes complete with two cardboard dolls and their wardrobe of twelve dresses. The washable dresses can be hung on their own hangers. Hats, accessories, and safety scissors are included. Manufactured by Samuel Gabriel Sons & Co., it is found in most department stores.

Three-Dimensional Puzzles

Bring social science to the kindergarten and primary child with See Inside Puzzles. The puzzles contain 18 to 32 pieces each, on several subjects—airport, post office, circus, and others. To make them more valuable, there is a line drawing on the puzzle baseboard showing what occurs inside these fascinating places. These puzzles can be purchased for about two dollars through Creative Playthings (New York, Chicago, and San Francisco) or at your local department or toy store. Main office is 5 University Pl., New York 3, N.Y.

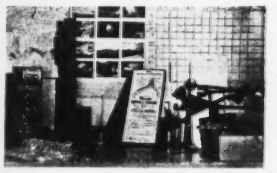
Tidi-Duk Reminder

Tidi Duk doesn't say "Quack, quack" but it is a cute pick-up-your-dirty-clothes reminder for young children. Made of a permanently embossed fabric, Tidi Duk is easily washed, requires no ironing, and can be hung on any doorknob. Available in yellow trimmed with aqua and in yellow trimmed with aqua and orange, for $2.98, it is sold by Charette, 15 West 24th St., New York 10, N.Y.

Electric TV Quiz

When the correct picture has been selected, the TV Quiz buzzer applauds and the red lamp lights. Just for fun, the younger child can make up his own pictures and answers. The game, complete with ninety-six pictures, is available for less than four dollars. The Electric TV Quiz is manufactured by the Electric Game Co., 762 Front St., Holyoke, Mass. Write for a catalog describing other electric games produced by this company.

Weather Station Kit



So you know a junior meteorologist? He'll be pleased if you remember his interest with this Model Weather Station Kit. Included in the kit are most of the materials necessary for building ten instruments which show changes in weather. A handbook outlines twenty-three experiments that illustrate the basic laws that affect weather. The kit sells for about five dollars. To order, see the audio-visual or textbook salesman for your school, or write directly to Models of Industry, Inc., 2804 Tenth St., Berkeley 2, California, for where-to-buy information.

Mek-N-Ettes

Boys in the upper elementary grades learn a great deal about mechanics by doing. The Mek-N-Ettes Laboratory, produced by The Judy Company, 310 North Second St., Minneapolis, encourages young scientists to experiment with gears, levers, cams, ratchets, pistons, and other devices dealing with mechanical motion. An instruction manual applying science and mathematics principles accompanies each set. Order the Mek-N-Ettes directly from The Judy Company, in time to insure delivery before Christmas.

Nature Puzzles

An enjoyable pastime can be an educational one, too, with quality puzzles. The Northwoods Workshop, P.O. Box 87, Minocqua, Wis., recommends one or more from their Animal Babies and Birds series. The pictures are mounted on plywood and coated with a lusterless print lacquer. Each puzzle is 10" x 12" and the number of pieces ranges from twenty to sixty. You will be impressed with the accurate reproductions and durable quality of these puzzles. There are twelve sets in a series, each set selling for $1.50 or $1.65, not including postage.

Sewing Box

"A stitch in time" now is good experience for later. Her first sewing box is just like Mother's with beads, buttons, spoons, "needles," yarn, and a place for scissors when she is older. The needles are of wood which can be strung with yarn and used to sew coarse materials. The box is manufactured by Playskool Manufacturing Co., 1750 North Lawndale Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

Your NEXT TRIP

Aren't teachers the lucky ones—to have so long a Christmas recess! Whether your tastes run to sun-drenched beaches or ski trails, to city festivities or rural delights, you will find no end of possibilities. And if you're staying home, it will be an ideal time for you to plan next summer's trip.

THREE CAPITOLS. Little Rock, Ark., is a City of Three Capitols. Besides its present Capitol and the old Statehouse (now known as the War Memorial Building), it boasts a Territorial Capitol in a group of 13 restored buildings. This was built in 1820 and remodeled in 1834. A folder entitled *A Glimpse into Yesteryear* includes photographs, a keyed drawing, and text relating to this historically interesting place. It can be obtained by addressing the Arkansas Resources and Development Commission, State Capitol, Little Rock, Ark.

LAVAL CENTENNIAL. Although Laval University in Quebec City is the oldest French university in North America, dating back to the mid-seventeenth century as a teaching institution, it received its royal charter just a hundred years ago. During 1952, the Centennial has been marked by a series of notable events. In summer, Laval is of interest not only as one of the sights of Quebec but because of its internationally known French Summer School, which draws students from all parts of Canada and the United States.

OVERNIGHT STOPS. A nation-wide credit-card system has been established by a leading motor-court association, enabling users to charge their accommodations. For details, and a copy of the *National Motor Travel Guide*, write United Motor Courts, Inc., 1460 Pennsylvania St., Denver 3, Colo.

HOP, SKIP, JUMP. The hop is across the Atlantic by air, the skip and jump will take you (still by air) to some of Europe's famed cities, so that even in three weeks you can get the "feel" of Britain and the Continent. To provide advance hints on what to wear, what to buy, where to eat, and how to have a good time on a "Skyway Cruise to Europe," the British Overseas Airways Corporation (342 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.) has issued a folder, *For Ladies Only*. Most of the suggestions are more general than the title would indicate.

SIX MILLIONTH. Luray Caverns, in Virginia, chalked up its six millionth visitor last summer. To celebrate the occasion, on August 20, a plaque was presented to the lucky person, Mrs. Alvin F. Mortimer, of Oaklyn, N.J. The presentation was made by little Sherry Jo Campbell, a direct descendant of

Andrew Campbell who, seventy-four years ago, discovered this natural wonder of the Shenandoah Valley. The honor guest was conducted on the Caverns tour by L. W. Shenk, veteran guide, who is shown in the picture. His total of underground traveling has been equivalent to walking twice around the world.

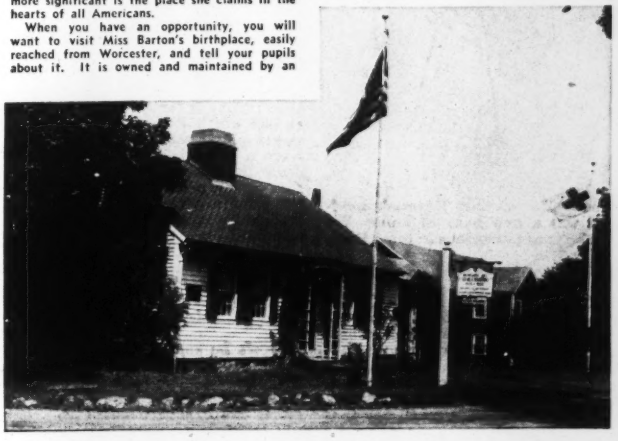
PLEASE NOTE! The booklet, *From Wagon Wheel to Stainless Steel*, issued last spring by the Burlington Railroad Company and mentioned in our October column, is no longer available.

On Christmas Day, 131 Years Ago . . .

In this sturdy New England homestead at North Oxford, Mass., Clara Barton was born on Christmas Day, 1821. Near by, in a little rural cemetery, is the last resting place to which she was brought in April, 1912. Between these far-separated dates stretched a lifetime of service to humanity. As founder, and long-time president, of the American Red Cross, she has a high place in American history; but far more significant is the place she claims in the hearts of all Americans.

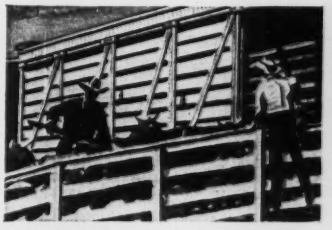
When you have an opportunity, you will want to visit Miss Barton's birthplace, easily reached from Worcester, and tell your pupils about it. It is owned and maintained by an association of church women, as a memorial, and is furnished much as it was in the 1820's.

In summer, part of the property is used for a girls' camp, to benefit those having need of special health-building measures. Surely, such a memorial would have pleased Clara Barton! (Photo by Dunhill Studios, Courtesy of The Association of Universalist Women.)



Here's why GOOD FOOD and GOOD RAILROADS go together!

Raising what it takes to feed 156,000,000 Americans is a tremendous job—done by America's farmers. And getting the food to market is another tremendous job—a great part of which is done by America's railroads.



Take the beef you enjoy. Steers ride in special livestock cars from range to farms and feeding lots all over the country. On the way they are fed, watered and rested on precise schedules. And dressed beef takes to the rails again in carefully cooled refrigerator cars.

The bread you eat is quite a railroad traveler, too. As big, modern combines harvest the ripening grain, it starts on its railroad trips — from track-side country elevators to terminal storage, and then on to miller, to baker, and finally to you.

And from groves, orchards and fields, sometimes as much as 3,000 miles away, fresh fruits and vegetables move by rail in cars which, depending on the season, may be heated to hold temperatures above freezing or refrigerated to keep foods fresh.

But getting food to market is only part of the railroads' job. The other part is getting to farmers the fertilizer, machinery and supplies they use in raising the volume and variety of good food that is so important to your health and happiness.

For railroad transportation is an essential ingredient in the food you eat—just as the low-cost, economical, mass-transportation service of the railroads is essential to American high-volume production in agriculture and industry . . . even to the existence and operation of other forms of transportation.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

Reprints of this advertisement about America's railroads and the country they serve will be mailed to you for use in your classroom work upon your request.

You'll enjoy THE RAILROAD HOUR every Monday evening on NBC.

Helpful Teaching Materials for You

MAIL TODAY

FILL IN COMPLETELY the coupons for the items you want. Clip these coupons and send them in one envelope—with any required remittance—directly to *Coupon Service, THE INSTRUCTOR Magazine, Dansville, N.Y.*

CLIP EACH COUPON INDIVIDUALLY

FREE **IDEAL SCHOOL SUPPLY CO.** Ideal Adventure Gummed Paper Samples. Please send FREE Color Samples of Adventure Gummed Paper (in black and 14 beautiful colors) as recommended for Christmas projects in the Ideal advertisement on Page 79.

260

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... No. Pupils .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

FREE **INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., Educ. Dept. I-122-K.** Please send me the set of 12 patterns for Kleenex tissue box covers. Also include order blank so that I may request extra patterns for individual girls.

358

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

FREE **SIFO COMPANY.** Please send me your free illustrated Sifo educational toy catalog, giving the recommended age and full explanation of what and how the children learn.

248

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... No. Pupils .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

FREE **GILBERTON CO., INC.** Please send me a teacher's brochure covering the Classics Illustrated Series.

63

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... School .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

FREE **GREYHOUND EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.** Please send me ..... copies of your illustrated Study Unit "How to See America by Highway" for distribution to my students. (This is shown in the center pages of Nov. issue.) With these reprints you will receive one 8-foot full-color wall display "Wayside Wonders" to complete your transportation unit.

93

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... No. Pupils .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

FREE **GENERAL MOTORS, Dept. of Public Relations.** Please send me, for myself and my pupils, ... reprints of your advertisement which appears on Page 10. Also a copy of your booklet "Power Primer."

83

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... No. Pupils .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

FREE **REVERE CAMERA.** Please send me information about Revere Tape Recorders including your new model, BALANCED TONE REVERE NO. 700, as shown on inside front cover.

431

Name ..... Grade .....

School Name & Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

10¢ **RCA VICTOR EDUCATIONAL SERVICES.** Please send me a copy of your new educational record catalog. Enclosed is 10c to cover cost and mailing charges.

163

Name ..... Grade .....

Street or R.D. ..... No. Pupils .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

25¢ **SCHOOL SERVICE CO.** Please send me your new booklet "TOOLS OF TEACHING," a graded, illustrated catalog of Hectograph and Spirit (Direct Process) Workbooks, Posters, Music, Games and other Teaching Aids. I enclose 25c to cover handling.

144

Name .....

Street or R.D. .....

City ..... Zone ..... State 12-52

Dear Miss Owen:

The picture on the October cover is very attractive for children. I hate to cut up the cover of my *Instructor* but I made an exception this time. We had an art lesson stressing the large figure in the center of the page, and then the children drew pictures of their own. I was very interested in the result.

The picture is also appropriate for fire prevention. I reminded the children that the jug by the little girl's side was probably to pour on the fire. Actually it is the only fire-prevention art subject that I know of.

Louella Crawford, *Kentucky*

How does it happen that your Miss Garrels did not point out the jar of water beside the little girl (October, page 26)? The picture is for Fire Prevention Week and I can't understand her overlooking it.

James Allen, *California*

She didn't overlook it, Mr. Allen. Notice the second paragraph where she says, "How will she subdue it if it burns too merrily? Notice the can near her." Incidentally we picked the picture because it was a lovely fall subject. We didn't realize that we were hitting Fire Prevention Week at the same time.

Dear Miss Owen:

Miss Kramer's play "Exclusive Broadcast of the Voyage" (October, page 46) was a delightful Columbus Day play. It is the first really new play of its kind that I have seen.

Amanda Clothier, *Texas*

It is a good play. Several other people reported how much they enjoyed it. However, we also received many compliments on "More Precious Than Gold," our other Columbus Day play. If you teachers missed both of these you'd better cut them out to file away for next year.

Dear Miss Owen:

My first-grade pupil, Deanna Ellestad, age 6, drew the accompanying picture free hand the first day of school.

Esther V. Andrews, *South Dakota*

We wonder whether Deanna's motivation was a new baby at home. We hope she is as precocious in other lines.

Dear Miss Owen:

I enjoy your magazine very much, but I wish it were possible for you to publish two or perhaps more issues each month—kindergarten, primary, and intermediate might be a good arrangement. I teach sixth grade and would prefer a magazine on just the intermediate level, and thus would avoid paying for extra material of no use whatsoever to me. Maybe some other subscribers feel the same way.

Elizabeth C. Kornegay, *North Carolina*

This letter was passed around the office and the staff immediately threatened mutiny. Besides that, if our efforts were so divided we couldn't give you half as good a magazine. And here is another argument—doesn't it help you in your work to understand the plannings and programs of a school as a whole? You're not teaching an isolated grade away from all the rest. How about it?

Dear Miss Owen:

I was surprised to see the article "We Made Candy" (October, page 37) in *The Instructor*. Everyone knows that candy is hard on the teeth and that teachers should work to get children not to eat candy—let alone make it in school.

Sylvia Lieper, *Florida*

That's the very reason we included the article, Sylvia. Children always eat a lot of candy on Halloween and we hope that some of it was the kind we suggested, for that is high in protein and mineral content. We'll bet you read the heading and didn't go any further. Now we advise you to go back and read the whole article.

Dear Miss Owen:

You may be interested in hearing one of the results of your cartoon on rockets (October, page 27). At recess today one of my boys hit another boy. The second boy immediately hit him back. I admonished the first boy severely and then turned to the second boy and told him that he gained nothing by continuing the fight. He immediately quoted from the page on rockets which we had been reading that morning, "For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction." I never thought of it before, but perhaps that is why children want to hit back when they are hit. When we try to improve human nature, we are really combating the laws of science . . .

Julia Kingsley, *Maine*

Maybe scientific principles can be thus applied to human conduct but this one could be taken the other way too. The law says "There is an equal and *opposite* reaction." This could mean the opposite type of behavior, where the boy reacts by *not* hitting back.

Dear Miss Owen:

What fun we had in singing "Waltzing Matilda." Some of my children had been singing it for a long time, but had no idea what the words meant. They felt very sophisticated once they knew, and made a great point of telling the sixth grade that they were one up on them. One of my parents who had forbidden her child to sing the song because she thought it was nothing but slang was very surprised when Jackie went home and told her that it had almost become the National Anthem of Australia. I hope you plan to continue this series throughout the school year.

Marlene Dunlop, *Washington*

Don't be surprised if your parents did not realize the origin of "Waltzing Matilda." To tell the truth, we didn't either, until Mrs. Daniels, our music editor, indoctrinated us.

Why!...do Boys and Girls of all ages love to use COMPTON'S?

Why do so many teachers say:

"During free periods my pupils enjoy browsing and reading in Compton's in preference to their storybooks."

"There are very few times during the school day when a number of Compton volumes are not in use on pupils' desks."

"The pictures in Compton's are worth the price of the set. Their accuracy, color and real interest appeal make these books as popular as the storybooks or magazines."

"Pupils wait in line for Compton's. It is the most popular reference book in our school."

"My primary school children never tire of leafing through Compton's studying its beautiful pictures. It is a great aid to reading readiness."

"My pupils find answers to questions through the Compton Fact-Index which they can't find anywhere else—and they find them so quickly."

"Whenever a problem arises the first thought is 'Let's look it up in Compton's'."

Here are some of the reasons:

Compton text is written to arouse the interest of the reader. All essential facts are given, but these facts are related so clear concepts are formed.

Compton articles are written to fit the grade levels where they are most frequently used.

Compton pictures represent visual education at its best. Every picture is functional—a teaching picture, carefully planned right with the text to tell its full share of the story.

Such pictures reproduced by the most advanced printing processes lend beauty and realism to all subjects.

Captions above Compton pictures arrest attention, create interest and provoke questions.

Legends below each picture explain the picture and give information not included in accompanying text.

The beautifully designed pages invite the eye.

Clear legible type printed on fine quality and nonglare English finish paper make for easy and pleasant reading.

The easy reference Fact-Index thumb-tabbed at the back of each volume—as easy to use as the dictionary—makes every fact throughout the work instantly accessible by exact volume and page number.

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia Belongs in Every Classroom

Write for prices and terms; also for free copy of Teaching Hints—no obligation

F. E. Compton and Company 1000 N. DEARBORN STREET • CHICAGO 10, ILLINOIS

AMERICA'S LARGEST DISTRIBUTOR OF *Xmas Gifts Children Appreciate!*

SEND NO MONEY

YOU PAY AFTER YOU GET YOUR GIFTS

STAMPED WITH YOUR CHOICE
OF THE FOLLOWING
"GREETINGS FROM YOUR TEACHER"
"SEASON'S GREETINGS"

HOLLY BOX
PENCIL SET

10¢ PER BOX

Give these red and green striped pencils in Christmas colors, for gifts this year. Three high quality 5¢ pencils and a 6" ruler, packed in a handsome Holly Box. Each pencil stamped in gilt with your choice of "Greetings from Your Teacher" or Season's Greetings."

(PRICE QUOTED IS FOR ANY QUANTITY)

12¢ PER SET

SIMULATED
LEATHER
PENCIL SETS

Well made and strongly stitched, containing three fine quality 5¢ pencils in red and green Christmas colors, and a 6" wood ruler. Each pencil stamped in gilt with your choice of "Greetings from Your Teacher" or "Season's Greetings."

(PRICE QUOTED IS FOR ANY QUANTITY)

12¢ EACH

MEMO BOOK
WITH PENCIL

A popular addition to the school bag and a handy homework reminder. Size 4" x 5¾". Made of simulated leather, fitted with a 50 sheet ruled bond pad and a fine quality No. 2 pencil. Your choice of "Greetings from Your Teacher" or "Season's Greetings" stamped on case in gilt.

(PRICE QUOTED IS FOR ANY QUANTITY)

ORDER BLANK

United States Pencil Co., Inc., 100 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

Please send me: (Prices quoted are for any quantity.)

..... HOLLY BOX PENCIL SETS ..... 10¢ Per Box
..... MEMO BOOKS WITH PENCIL ..... 12¢ Each
..... SIMULATED LEATHER SETS ..... 12¢ Per Set

Check choice of Greeting: ☐ "GREETINGS FROM YOUR TEACHER" ☐ "SEASON'S GREETINGS"

I will pay 5 days after I receive the gifts.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

I Teach at ..... School (Town) .....

UNITED STATES PENCIL CO., Inc., 100 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.